

ANGELICA'S
LADIES' LIBRARY;

OR,
PARENTS AND GUARDIANS
PRESENT.

With eight elegant Plates, designed by A. Kauffman, and H. Bunbury, Esq.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO
HER MAJESTY.



Ev'ry moral charm,
That leads in sweet captivity the mind
To Virtue. THOMSON.

London :

Printed for J. HAMILTON and Co. at the Shakspeare Library, Beech-
Street, near Finsbury-Square; and Mrs. HARLOW, Bookseller
to Her Majesty, Pall-Mall.

M. DCC. XCIV.



TO THE
QUEEN'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

MADAM,

THESE sheets were penned by some of the most amiable and well informed subjects of these realms, and intended as affectionate legacies from those noble and worthy persons to their amiable offspring, for whom they had so tender a regard, that it is impossible there should be any disguise. From such tendency, there is no doubt that the head and heart were exerted with energy, to point out whatever was desirable

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and just in forming and perfecting the virtues of the female character, towards making it amiable in this world, and happy in the next.

With this impression, to the most virtuous and exemplary of Queens, as a tribute of loyalty and affection for the blessings of living under the best administered government in the known world, this publication is submitted, with the most profound esteem and respect, by,

MADAM,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Dutiful and devoted Subject and Servant,

Shakspeare Library,

LONDON,

JOHN HAMILTON.

Sept. 15, 1794.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE cannot be a doubt that a book like this, purposely adapted for the use of the FEMALE SEX, by writers, whose characters are established without controversy, abounding with entertainment, and inculcating the purest principles of morality and religion, will not fail to contribute to the improvement of the rising generation, by infusing virtuous and liberal ideas into the minds of a class of readers, which must add inestimable happiness to thousands of worthy families, by forming and training the most beautiful part of the creation in the paths of virtue and true felicity ; in filling up the various stations of this transitory life in that rank of society, which Providence in his infinite wisdom allots them, with credit to themselves, and satisfaction to those, who are interested in their present and future welfare,

ADVERTISEMENT

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the ordinary object for the use of the female
sex, but a work which contains the establishment of
our country, according with the principles of morality and reli-
gion, will not fail to contribute to the improvement of
the rising generation, by teaching virtues and habits
which are the basis of a class of readers, which must
add infinitely to the happiness of the world, and
not by forming and raising the most beautiful part
of the creation to the path of virtue and true felicity;
in filling up the various stations of this transitory life in
the path of duty, which Providence in his infinite
wisdom allows them, with cheer to themselves, and a
satisfaction to those who are interested in their conduct
and future welfare.

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THE
LADIES LIBRARY;

O R,
PARENTAL PRESENT.

A FATHER'S LEGACY TO HIS
DAUGHTERS.

MY DEAR GIRLS,

YOU had the misfortune to be deprived of your mother at a time of life when you were insensible of your loss, and could receive little benefit either from her instruction or her example. Before this comes to your hands, you will likewise have lost your father.

I have had many melancholy reflections on the forlorn and helpless situation you must be in, if it should please God to remove me from you, before you arrive at that period of life when you will be able to think and act for yourselves. I know mankind too well; I know their falsehood, their dissipation,

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their coldness to all the duties of friendship and humanity. I know the little attention paid to helpless infancy. You will meet with few friends disinterested enough to do you good offices, when you are incapable of making them any return, by contributing to their interest or their pleasure, or even to the gratification of their vanity.

I have been supported under the gloom naturally arising from these reflections, by a reliance on the goodness of that Providence which has hitherto preserved you, and given me the most pleasing prospect of the goodness of your dispositions; and by the secret hope that your mother's virtues will entail a blessing on her children.

The anxiety I have for your happiness, has made me resolve to throw together my sentiments relating to your future conduct in life. If I live for some years, you will receive them with much greater advantage, suited to your different geniuses and dispositions. If I die sooner, you must receive them in this very imperfect manner,—the last proof of my affection.

You will all remember your father's fondness, when perhaps every other circumstance relating to him is forgotten. This remembrance, I hope, will induce you to give a serious attention to the advice I am now going to leave with you. I can request this attention with the greater confidence, as my sentiments on the most interesting points that regard life and manners, were entirely correspondent to your mother's, whose judgment and taste I trusted much more than my own.

You must expect that the advice which I shall give you will be very imperfect, as there are many nameless delicacies
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OR, PARENTAL PRESENT.

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in female manners, of which none but a woman can judge. You will have one advantage by attending to what I am going to leave with you; you will hear, at least for once in your lives, the genuine sentiments of a man who has no interest in flattering or deceiving you. I shall throw my reflections together without any studied order, and shall only, to avoid confusion, range them under a few general heads.

You will see, in a little Treatise of mine just published, in what an honourable point of view I have considered your sex; not as domestick drudges, or the slaves of our pleasures, but as our companions and equals; as designed to soften our hearts and polish our manners; and, as Thompson finely says,

To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life.

I shall not repeat what I have there said on this subject, and shall only observe, that from the view I have given of your natural character and place in society, there arises a certain propriety of conduct peculiar to your sex. It is this peculiar propriety of female manners, of which I intend to give you my sentiments, without touching on those general rules of conduct by which men and women are equally bound.

While I explain to you that system of conduct which I think will tend most to your honour and happiness, I shall, at the same time, endeavour to point out those virtues and accomplishments which render you most respectable and most amiable in the eyes of my own sex.

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

RELIGION.

THOUGH the duties of religion, strictly speaking, are equally binding on both sexes, yet certain differences in their natural character and education, render some vices in your sex particularly odious. The natural hardness of our hearts, and strength of our passions, inflamed by the uncontrouled licence we are too often indulged with in our youth, are apt to render our manners more dissolute, and make us less susceptible of the finer feelings of the heart. Your superior delicacy, your modesty, and the usual severity of your education, preserve you, in a great measure, from any temptation to those vices to which we are most subjected. The natural softness and sensibility of your dispositions particularly fit you for the practice of those duties where the heart is chiefly concerned. And this, along with the natural warmth of your imagination, renders you peculiarly susceptible of the feelings of devotion.

There are many circumstances in your situation that peculiarly require the supports of religion to enable you to act in them with spirit and propriety. Your whole life is often a life of suffering. You cannot plunge into business, or dissipate yourselves in pleasure and riot, as men too often do, when under the pressure of misfortunes. You must bear your sorrows in silence, unknown and unpitied. You must often put
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on a face of serenity and cheerfulness, when your hearts are torn with anguish, or sinking in despair. Then your only resource is in the consolations of religion. It is chiefly owing to these, that you bear domestick misfortunes better than we do.

But you are sometimes in very different circumstances, that equally require the restraints of religion. The natural vivacity, and perhaps the natural vanity of your sex, is very apt to lead you into a dissipated state of life, that deceives you under the appearance of innocent pleasure, but which in reality wastes your spirits, impairs your health, weakens all the superior faculties of your minds, and often sullies your reputations. Religion, by checking this dissipation and rage for pleasure, enables you to draw more happiness, even from those very sources of amusement, which, when too frequently applied to, are often productive of satiety and disgust.

Religion is rather a matter of sentiment than reasoning. The important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Fix your attention on these, and do not meddle with controversy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourselves. It spoils the temper, and, I suspect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books and all conversations that tend to shake your faith on those great points of religion which should serve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happiness depend.

Never indulge yourselves in ridicule on religious subjects, nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what

what they say. This, to people of good-breeding, will be a sufficient check.

I wish you to go no further than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace those you find clearly revealed. Never perplex yourselves about such as you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence. I would advise you to read only such religious books as are addressed to the heart, such as inspire pious and devout affections, such as are proper to direct you in your conduct, and not such as tend to entangle you in the endless maze of opinions and systems.

Be punctual in the stated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any sensibility or imagination, this will establish such an intercourse between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite consequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual cheerfulness to your tempers, give a firmness and steadiness to your virtue, and enable you to go through all the vicissitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

I wish you to be regular in your attendance on publick worship, and in receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your publick or private devotions, except the performance of some active duty in life, to which they should always give place. In your behaviour at publick worship, observe an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme strictness which I recommend to you in these duties, will be considered by many of your acquaintance as a superstitious attachment to forms; but in the advices I give you

you on this and other subjects, I have an eye to the spirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and dissipation in the present manners, a coldness and listlessness in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unless you purposely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional taste habitual.

Avoid all grimace and ostentation in your religious duties. They are the usual cloaks of hypocrisy; at least they shew a weak and vain mind.

Do not make religion a subject of common conversation in mixed companies. When it is introduced, rather seem to decline it. At the same time, never suffer any person to insult you by any foolish ribaldry on your religious opinions, but shew the same resentment you would naturally do on being offered any other personal insult. But the surest way to avoid this, is by a modest reserve on the subject, and by using no freedom with others about their religious sentiments.

Cultivate an enlarged charity for all mankind, however they may differ from you in their religious opinions. That difference may probably arise from causes in which you had no share, and from which you can derive no merit.

Shew your regard to religion by a distinguishing respect to all its ministers, of whatever persuasion, who do not by their lives dishonour their profession; but never allow them the direction of your consciences, lest they taint you with the narrow spirit of their party.

The best effect of your religion will be a diffusive humanity to all in distress. Set apart a certain proportion of your income

income as sacred to charitable purposes. But in this, as well as in the practice of every other duty, carefully avoid ostentation. Vanity is always defeating her own purposes. Fame is one of the natural rewards of virtue. Do not pursue her, and she will follow you.

Do not confine your charity to giving money. You may have many opportunities of shewing a tender and compassionate spirit where your money is not wanted. There is a false and unnatural refinement in sensibility, which makes some people shun the sight of every object in distress. Never indulge this, especially where your friends or acquaintances are concerned. Let the days of their misfortunes, when the world forgets or avoids them, be the season for you to exercise your humanity and friendship. The sight of human misery softens the heart, and makes it better: it checks the pride of health and prosperity; and the distress it occasions is amply compensated by the consciousness of doing your duty, and by the secret endearment which nature has annexed to all our sympathetic sorrows.

Women are greatly deceived, when they think they recommend themselves to our sex by their indifference about religion. Even those men who are themselves unbelievers, dislike infidelity in you. Every man who knows human nature, connects a religious taste in your sex with softness and sensibility of heart; at least we always consider the want of it as a proof of that hard and masculine spirit, which of all your faults we dislike the most. Besides, men consider your religion as one of their principal securities for that female virtue in which they are most

most interested. If a gentleman pretends an attachment to any of you, and endeavours to shake your religious principles, be assured he is either a fool, or has designs on you which he dares not openly avow.

You will probably wonder at my having educated you in a church different from my own. The reason was plainly this: I looked on the differences between our churches to be of no real importance, and that a preference of one to the other was a mere matter of taste. Your mother was educated in the Church of England, and had an attachment to it, and I had a prejudice in favour of every thing she liked. It never was her desire that you should be baptized by a clergyman of the Church of England, or be educated in that Church. On the contrary, the delicacy of her regard to the smallest circumstances that could affect me in the eye of the world, made her anxiously insist it might be otherwise. But I could not yield to her in that kind of generosity. When I lost her, I became still more determined to educate you in that Church, as I feel a secret pleasure in doing every thing that appears to me to express my affection and veneration for her memory. I draw but a very faint and imperfect picture of what your mother was, while I endeavour to point out what you should be.*

* The reader will remember, that such observations as respect equally both the sexes, are all along as much as possible avoided.

CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOUR.

ONE of the chief beauties in a female character, is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration.—I do not wish you to be insensible to applause; if you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women: but you may be dazzled by that admiration which yet rejoices your hearts.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility which it indicates, may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, as I have too often felt; but in yours it is peculiarly engaging. Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush when she is conscious of no crime? It is a sufficient answer, that Nature has made you to blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you because you do so.—Blushing is so far from being necessarily an attendant on guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

This modesty, which I think so essential in your sex, will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one.—People of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dullness. One may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable. The expression in the countenance shews it, and this never escapes an observing eye.

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I should be glad that you had an easy dignity in your behaviour at public places, but not that confident ease, that unabashed countenance, which seems to set the company at defiance. If, while a gentleman is speaking to you, one of superior rank addresses you, do not let your eager attention and visible preference betray the flutter of your heart: let your pride on this occasion preserve you from that meanness into which your vanity would sink you. Consider that you expose yourselves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman only to swell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honour in speaking to you.

Converse with men, even of the first rank, with that dignified modesty which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors.

Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess. It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy; yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated, and lose all self-command.

Humour is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited; but be cautious how you indulge it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Be even cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company.

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Be even cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company.

But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts, and a cultivated understanding.

A man of real genius and candour is far superior to this meanness; but such a one will seldom fall in your way; and if by accident he should, do not be anxious to shew the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your own secret, he will probably give you credit for a great deal more than you possess. The great art of pleasing in conversation consists in making the company pleased with themselves. You will more readily hear them talk yourselves into their good graces.

Beware of detraction, especially where your own sex are concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice—I think, unjustly. Men are fully as guilty of it when their interests interfere. As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent: for this reason be particularly tender of the reputation of your own sex, especially when they happen to rival you in our regards. We look on this as the strongest proof of dignity and true greatness of mind.

Shew a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women, especially to those who are rendered so by the villany of men. Indulge a secret pleasure, I may say pride, in being the friends and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of shewing it.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation, as shameful

ful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us. All double entendres is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at, when it comes from your mouths, or even when you hear it without pain and contempt. Virgin purity is of that delicate nature, that it cannot hear certain things without contamination. It is always in your power to avoid these. No man, but a brute or a fool, will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if she resent the injury with a becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached perhaps with prudery. By prudery is usually meant an affectation of delicacy. Now I do not wish you to affect delicacy; I wish you to possess it: at any rate it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting.

The men will complain of your reserve. They will assure you that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable. But, trust me, they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge, that on some occasions it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women—an important distinction, which many of your sex are not aware of. After all, I wish you to have great ease and openness in your conversation; I only point out some considerations which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.

Have a sacred regard to truth. Lying is a mean and despicable vice. I have known some women of excellent parts, who
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were so much addicted to it, that they could not be trusted in the relation of any story, especially if it contained any thing of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroines of the tale. This weakness did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbridled imagination. I do not mean to censure that lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain gentleness of spirit and manners extremely engaging in your sex; not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike. This arises either from an affectation of softness, or from perfect insipidity.

There is a species of refinement in luxury, just beginning to prevail among the gentlemen of this country, to which our ladies are yet as great strangers as any women upon earth; I hope, for the honour of the sex, they may ever continue so; I mean the luxury of eating. It is a despicable selfish vice in men, but in your sex it is beyond expression indelicate and disgusting.

Every one who remembers a few years back, is sensible of a very striking change in the attention and respect formerly paid by the gentlemen to the ladies; their drawing rooms are deserted; and after dinner and supper, the gentlemen are impatient till they retire. How they came to lose this respect, which nature and politeness so well entitle them to, I shall not here particularly inquire. The revolutions of manners in any country depend on causes very various and complicated. I shall only observe, that the behaviour of the ladies in the last age was very reserved and stately. It would now be reckoned ridiculously stiff

stiff and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage. To fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us, by the fullest display of their personal charms, by being always in our eye at public places; by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom as we do with one another; in short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can.—But a little time and experience will show the folly of this expectation and conduct.

The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, of men of the finest parts, is even beyond what she conceives. They are sensible of the pleasing illusion, but they cannot, nor do they wish to dissolve it. But if she is determined to dispel the charm, it certainly is in her power; she may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity in ingenuous modesty to be expected in your sex, which is your natural protection from the familiarities of the men, and which you should feel previous to the reflection that it is your interest to keep yourselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty should be reserved to bless the arms of the happy man to whom you give your heart, but who, if he has the least delicacy, will despise them if he knows that they have been prostituted to fifty men before him. The sentiment,
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that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of your sex.

Let me now recommend to your attention that elegance, which is not so much a quality itself, as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter; it gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to please. It is partly a personal quality, in which respect it is the gift of nature; but I speak of it principally as a quality of the mind. In a word, it is the perfection of taste in life and manners;—every virtue and every excellency in their most graceful and amiable forms.

You may perhaps think that I want to throw every spark of nature out of your composition, and to make you entirely artificial. Far from it. I wish you to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. I think you may possess dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and simple elegance without affectation. Milton had my idea, when he says of Eve,

Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

AMUSE-

AMUSEMENTS.

EVERY period of life has amusements which are natural and proper to it. You may indulge the variety of your tastes in these, while you keep within the bounds of that propriety which is suitable to your sex.

Some amusements are conducive to health, as various kinds of exercise; some are connected with qualities really useful, as different kinds of women's work, and all the domestic concerns of a family; some are elegant accomplishments, as dress, dancing, musick, and drawing. Such books as improve your understanding, enlarge your knowledge, and cultivate your taste, may be considered in a higher point of view than mere amusements. There are a variety of others, which are neither useful nor ornamental, such as plays of different kinds.

I would particularly recommend to you those exercises that oblige you to be much abroad in the open air, such as walking, and riding on horseback. This will give vigour to your constitutions, and a bloom to your complexions. If you accustom yourselves to go abroad always in chairs and carriages; you will soon become so enervated, as to be unable to go out of doors without them. They are like most articles of luxury, useful and agreeable when judiciously used; but when made habitual, they become both insipid and pernicious.

An attention to your health is a duty you owe to yourselves

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and to your friends. Bad health seldom fails to have an influence on the spirits and temper. The finest geniuses, the most delicate minds, have very frequently a correspondent delicacy of bodily constitution, which they are too apt to neglect. Their luxury lies in reading and late hours, equal enemies to health and beauty.

But though good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, never make a boast of it, but enjoy it in grateful silence. We so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at a description in a way she is little aware of.

The intention of your being taught needle-work, knitting, and such like, is not on account of the intrinsic value of all you can do with your hands, which is trifling, but to enable you to judge more perfectly of that kind of work, and to direct the execution of it in others. Another principal end is to enable you to fill up, in a tolerably agreeable way, some of the many solitary hours you must necessarily pass at home. It is a great article in the happiness of life, to have your pleasures as independent of others as possible. By continually gadding abroad in search of amusement, you lose the respect of all your acquaintances, whom you oppress with those visits, which, by a more discreet management, might have been courted.

The domestick oeconomy of a family is entirely a woman's province, and furnishes a variety of subjects for the exertion both of good sense and good taste. If you ever come to have
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the charge of a family, it ought to engage much of your time and attention; nor can you be excused from this by any extent of fortune, though, with a narrow one, the ruin that follows the neglect of it may be more immediate.

I am at the greatest loss what to advise you in regard to books. There is no impropriety in your reading history, or cultivating any art or science to which genius or accident lead you. The whole volume of Nature lies open to your eye, and furnishes an infinite variety of entertainment. If I was sure that Nature had given you such strong principles of taste and sentiment as would remain with you, and influence your future conduct, with the utmost pleasure would I endeavour to direct your reading in such a way as might form that taste to the utmost perfection of truth and elegance. "But when I reflect how easy it is to warm a girl's imagination, and how difficult deeply and permanently to affect her heart; how readily she enters into every refinement of sentiment, and how easily she can sacrifice them to vanity or convenience," I think I may very probably do you an injury by artificially creating a taste, which, if Nature never gave it you, would only serve to embarrass your future conduct. I do not want to *make* you any thing: I want to know what Nature has made you, and to perfect you on her plan. I do not wish you to have sentiments that might perplex you; I wish you to have sentiments that may uniformly and steadily guide you, and such as your hearts so thoroughly approve, that you would not forego them for any consideration this world could offer.

Dress is an important article in female life. The love of

dress is natural to you, and therefore it is proper and reasonable. Good sense will regulate your expence in it, and good taste will direct you to dress in such a way as to conceal any blemishes, and set off your beauties, if you have any, to the greatest advantage. But much delicacy and judgment are required in the application of this rule. A fine woman shows her charms to most advantage, when she seems most to conceal them. The finest bosom in nature is not so fine as what imagination forms. The most perfect elegance of dress appears always the most easy, and the least studied.

Do not confine your attention to dress to your public appearances. Accustom yourselves to an habitual neatness, so that in the most careless undress, in your most unguarded hours, you may have no reason to be ashamed of your appearance. You will not easily believe how much we consider your dress as expressive of your characters. Vanity, levity, slovenliness, folly, appear through it. An elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy.

In dancing, the principal points you are to attend to are ease and grace. I would have you to dance with spirit; but never allow yourselves to be so far transported with mirth, as to forget the delicacy of your sex. Many a girl dancing in the gaiety and innocence of her heart, is thought to discover a spirit she little dreams of.

I know no entertainment that gives such pleasure to any person of sentiment or humour, as the theatre. But I am sorry to say there are few English comedies a lady can see without a shock to delicacy. You will not readily suspect the
comments

comments gentlemen make on your behaviour on such occasions. Men are often best acquainted with the most worthless of your sex, and from them too readily form their judgment of the rest. A virtuous girl often hears very indelicate things with a countenance nowise embarrassed, because in truth she does not understand them. Yet this is most ungenerously ascribed to that command of features, and that ready presence of mind, which you are thought to possess in a degree far beyond us; or, by still more malignant observers, it is ascribed to hardened effrontery.

Sometimes a girl laughs with all the simplicity of unsuspecting innocence, for no other reason but being infected with other people's laughing:—she is then believed to know more than she should do. If she does happen to understand an improper thing, she suffers a very complicated distress: she feels her modesty hurt in the most sensible manner, and at the same time is ashamed of appearing conscious of the injury. The only way to avoid these inconveniences, is never to go to a play that is particularly offensive to delicacy. Tragedy subjects you to no such distress. Its sorrows will soften and ennoble your hearts.

I need say little about gaming; the ladies in this country being as yet almost strangers to it. It is a ruinous and incurable vice; and as it leads to all the selfish and turbulent passions, is peculiarly odious in your sex. I have no objection to your playing a little at any kind of game, as a variety in your amusements, provided that what you can possibly lose is such a trifle, as can neither interest you, nor hurt you.

In this, as well as in all important points of conduct, show a
deter-

determined resolution and steadiness. This is not in the least Inconsistent with that softness and gentleness so amiable in your sex. On the contrary, it gives that spirit to a mild and sweet disposition, without which it is apt to degenerate into infidelity. It makes you respectable in your own eyes, and dignifies you in ours.

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FRIEND.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, MARRIAGE.

THE luxury and dissipation which prevail in genteel life, as it corrupts the heart in many respects, so it renders it incapable of warm, sincere, and steady friendship. A happy choice of friends will be of the utmost consequence to you, as they may assist you by their advice and good offices. But the immediate gratification which friendship affords to a warm, open, and ingenuous heart, is of itself a sufficient motive to court it.

In the choice of your friends, have your principal regard to goodness of heart and fidelity. If they also possess taste and genius, that will still make them more agreeable and useful companions. You have particular reason to place confidence in those who have shown affection for you in your early days, when you were incapable of making them any return. This is an obligation for which you cannot be too grateful. When you read this, you will naturally think of your mother's friend, to whom you owe so much.

If you have the good fortune to meet with any who deserve the name of friends, unbosom yourselves to them with the most unsuspicious confidence. It is one of the world's maxims, never to trust any person with a secret, the discovery of which could give you any pain; but it is the maxim of a little mind and a cold heart, unless where it is the effect of frequent disappointments

ments and bad usage. An open temper, if restrained but by tolerable prudence, will make you, on the whole, much happier than a reserved suspicious one, although you may sometimes suffer by it. Coldness and distrust are but the too certain consequences of age and experience; but they are unpleasant feelings, and need not be anticipated before their time.

But however open you may be in talking of your own affairs, never disclose the secret of one friend to another. These are secret deposits, which do not belong to you, nor have you any right to make use of them.

There is another case, in which I suspect it is proper to be secret, not so much from motives of prudence, as delicacy—I mean in love matters. Though a woman has no reason to be ashamed of an attachment to a man of merit, yet Nature, whose authority is superior to philosophy, has annexed a sense of shame to it. It is even long before a woman of delicacy dares avow to her own heart that she loves; and when all the subterfuges of ingenuity to conceal it from herself fail, she feels a violence done both to her pride and to her modesty. This, I should imagine, must always be the case where she is not sure of a return to her attachment.

In such a situation, to lay the heart open to any person whatever, does not appear to me consistent with the perfection of female delicacy. But perhaps I am in the wrong. At the same time I must tell you, that, in point of prudence, it concerns you to attend well to the consequences of such a discovery. These secrets, however important in your own estimation, may appear very trifling to your friends, who possibly will

will not enter into your feelings, but may rather consider them as a subject of pleasantry. For this reason, love-secrets are of all others the worst kept. But the consequences to you may be very serious; as no man of spirit and delicacy ever valued a heart much hackneyed in the ways of love.

If, therefore, you must have a friend to pour out your heart to, be sure of her honour and secrecy. Let her not be a married woman, especially if she lives happily with her husband. There are certain unguarded moments, in which such a woman, though the best and worthiest of her sex, may let hints escape, which at other times, or to any other person than her husband, she would be incapable of; nor will a husband in this case feel himself under the same obligation of secrecy and honour, as if you had put your confidence originally in himself; especially on a subject which the world is apt to treat so lightly.

If all other circumstances are equal, there are obvious advantages in your making friends of one another. The ties of blood, and your being so much united in one common interest, form an additional bond of union to your friendship. If your brothers should have the good fortune to have hearts susceptible of friendship, to possess truth, honour, sense, and delicacy of sentiment, they are the fittest and most unexceptionable confidants. By placing confidence in them, you will receive every advantage which you could hope for from the friendship of men, without any of the inconveniences that attend such connexions with our sex.

Beware of making confidants of your servants. Dignity, not properly understood, very readily degenerates into pride, which

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enters into no friendships, because it cannot bear an equal, and is so fond of flattery, as to grasp at it even from servants and dependants. The most intimate confidants, therefore, of proud people, are valets-de-chambre and waiting-women. Shew the utmost humanity to your servants; make their situation as comfortable to them as possible: but if you make them your confidants, you spoil them, and debase yourselves.

Never allow any person, under the pretended sanction of friendship, to be so familiar as to lose a proper respect for you. Never allow them to tease you on any subject that is disagreeable, or where you have once taken your resolution. Many will tell you, that this reserve is inconsistent with the freedom which friendship allows. But a certain respect is as necessary in friendship as in love. Without it, you may be liked as a child, but you will never be beloved as an equal.

The temper and dispositions of the heart in your sex make you enter more readily and warmly into friendships than men. Your natural propensity to it is so strong, that you often run into intimacies which you soon have sufficient cause to repent of; and this makes your friendships so very fluctuating.

Another great obstacle to the sincerity as well as steadiness of your friendships, is the great clashing of your interests in the pursuits of love, ambition, or vanity. For these reasons, it would appear at first view more eligible for you to contract your friendships with the men. Among other obvious advantages of an easy intercourse between the two sexes, it occasions an emulation and exertion in each to excel and be agreeable: hence their respective excellencies are mutually communicated and blended.

As

As their interests in no degree interfere, there can be no foundation for jealousy, or suspicion of rivalry. The friendship of a man for a woman is always blended with a tenderness, which he never feels for one of his own sex, even where love is in no degree concerned. Besides, we are conscious of a natural title you have to our protection and good offices, and therefore we feel an additional obligation of honour to serve you, and to observe an inviolable secrecy, whenever you confide in us.

But apply these observations with great caution. Thousands of women of the best hearts and finest parts have been ruined by men who approach them under the specious name of friendship. But supposing a man to have the most undoubted honour, yet his friendship to a woman is so near akin to love, that if she be very agreeable in her person, she will probably very soon find a lover, where she only wished to meet a friend. Let me here, however, warn you against that weakness so common among vain women—the imagination that every man who takes particular notice of you is a lover. Nothing can expose you more to ridicule, than the taking up a man on the suspicion of being your lover, who perhaps never once thought of you in that view, and giving yourselves those airs so common among silly women on such occasions.

There is a kind of unmeaning gallantry much practised by some men, which, if you have any discernment, you will find really very harmless. Men of this sort will attend you to publick places, and be useful to you by a number of little observances, which those of a superior class do not so well understand, or have not leisure to regard, or perhaps are too proud to

submit to. Look on the compliments of such men as words of course, which they repeat to every agreeable woman of their acquaintance. There is a familiarity they are apt to assume, which a proper dignity in your behaviour will be easily able to check.

There is a different species of men whom you may like as agreeable companions, men of worth, taste, and genius, whose conversation, in some respects, may be superior to what you generally meet with among your own sex. It will be foolish in you to deprive yourselves of an useful and agreeable acquaintance, merely because idle people say he is your lover. Such a man may like your company, without having any design on your person.

People whose sentiments, and particularly whose tastes correspond, naturally like to associate together, although neither of them have the most distant view of any further connection. But as this similarity of minds often gives rise to a more tender attachment than friendship, it will be prudent to keep a watchful eye over yourselves, lest your hearts become too far engaged before you are aware of it. At the same time, I do not think that your sex, at least in this part of the world, have much of that sensibility which disposes to such attachments. What is commonly called love among you is rather gratitude, and a partiality to the man who prefers you to the rest of your sex; and such a man you often marry, with little of either personal esteem or affection. Indeed, without an unusual share of natural sensibility, and very peculiar good fortune, a woman in this country has very little probability of marrying for love.

It

It is a maxim laid down among you, and a very prudent one it is, That love is not to begin on your part, but is entirely to be the consequence of our attachment to you. Now, supposing a woman to have sense and taste, she will not find many men to whom she can possibly be supposed to bear any considerable share of esteem. Among these few, it is very great chance if any of them distinguishes her particularly. Love, at least with us, is exceedingly capricious, and will not always fix where reason says it should. But supposing one of them should become particularly attached to her, it is still extremely improbable that he should be the man in the world her heart most approved of.

As, therefore, Nature has not given you that unlimited range in your choice which we enjoy, she has wisely and benevolently assigned to you a greater flexibility of taste on this subject. Some agreeable qualities recommend a gentleman to your common good liking and friendship. In the course of his acquaintance he contracts an attachment to you. When you perceive it, it excites your gratitude; this gratitude rises into a preference; and this preference, perhaps, at last advances to some degree of attachment, especially if it meets with crosses and difficulties; for these, and a state of suspense, are very great incitements to attachment, and are the food of love in both sexes. If attachment was not excited in your sex in this manner, there is not one of a million of you that could ever marry with any degree of love.

A man of taste and delicacy marries a woman, because he loves her more than any other. A woman of equal taste and delicacy marries him, because she esteems him, and because he gives

gives her that preference. But if a man unfortunately becomes attached to a woman whose heart is secretly pre-engaged, his attachment, instead of obtaining a suitable return, is particularly offensive; and if he persists to tease her, he makes himself equally the object of her scorn and aversion.

The effects of love among men are diversified by their different tempers. An artful man may counterfeit every one of them so as easily to impose on a young girl of an open, generous, and feeling heart, if she is not extremely on her guard. The finest parts in such a girl may not always prove sufficient for her security. The dark and crooked paths of cunning are unsearchable and inconceivable to an honourable and elevated mind.

The following, I apprehend, are the most genuine effects of an honourable passion among the men, and the most difficult to counterfeit. A man of delicacy often betrays his passion by his too great anxiety to conceal it, especially if he has little hopes of success. True love, in all its stages, seeks concealment, and never expects success. It renders a man not only respectful, but timid to the highest degree, in his behaviour to the woman he loves. To conceal the awe he stands in of her, he may sometimes affect pleasantry, but it sits awkwardly on him, and he quickly relapses into seriousness, if not into dulness. He magnifies all her real perfections in his imagination, and is either blind to her failings, or converts them into beauties. Like a person conscious of guilt, he is jealous that every eye observes him; and to avoid this, he shuns all the little observances of common gallantry.

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His heart and his character will be improved in every respect by his attachment. His manners will become more gentle, and his conversation more agreeable; but diffidence and embarrassment will always make him appear to disadvantage in the company of his mistress. If the fascination continue long, it will totally depress his spirit, and extinguish every active, vigorous, and manly principle of his mind. You will find this subject beautifully and pathetically painted in Thomson's Spring.

When you observe in a gentleman's behaviour these marks which I have described above, reflect seriously what you are to do. If his attachment is agreeable to you, I leave you to do as nature, good sense, and delicacy shall direct you. If you love him, let me advise you never to discover to him the full extent of your love; no, not although you marry him. That sufficiently shews your preference, which is all he is intitled to know. If he has delicacy, he will ask for no stronger proof of your affection, for your sake; if he has sense, he will not ask it for his own. This is an unpleasant truth, but it is my duty to let you know it. Violent love cannot subsist, at least cannot be expressed, for any time together, on both sides; otherwise the certain consequence, however concealed, is satiety and disgust. Nature in this case has laid the reserve on you.

If you see evident proofs of a gentleman's attachment, and are determined to shut your heart against him, as you ever hope to be used with generosity by the person who shall engage your own heart, treat him honourably and humanely. Do not let him linger in a miserable suspense, but be anxious to let him know your sentiments with regard to him.

However

However people's hearts may deceive them, there is scarcely a person that can love for any time without at least some distant hope of success. If you really wish to undeceive a lover, you may do it in a variety of ways. There is a certain species of easy familiarity in your behaviour, which may satisfy him, if he has any discernment left, that he has nothing to hope for. But perhaps your particular temper may not admit of this.—You may easily shew that you want to avoid his company; but if he is a man whose friendship you wish to preserve, you may not chuse this method, because then you lose him in every capacity. You may get a common friend to explain matters to him, or fall on many other devices, if you are seriously anxious to put him out of suspense.

But if you are resolved against every such method, at least do not shun opportunities of letting him explain himself. If you do this, you act barbarously and unjustly. If he brings you to an explanation, give him a polite, but resolute and decisive answer. In whatever way you convey your sentiments to him, if he is a man of spirit and delicacy, he will give you no further trouble, nor apply to your friends for their intercession. This last is a method of courtship which every man of spirit will disdain. He will never whine nor sue for your pity. That would mortify him almost as much as your scorn. In short, you may possibly break such a heart, but you can never bend it. Great pride always accompanies delicacy, however concealed under the appearance of the utmost gentleness and modesty, and is the passion of all others the most difficult to conquer.

There is a case where a woman may coquet justifiably to the
utmost

utmost verge which her conscience will allow. It is where a gentleman purposely declines to make his addresses, till such time as he thinks himself perfectly sure of her consent. This at bottom is intended to force a woman to give up the undoubted privilege of her sex, the privilege of refusing; it is intended to force her to explain herself, in effect, before the gentleman deigns to do it, and by this means to oblige her to violate the modesty and delicacy of her sex, and to invert the clearest order of nature. All this sacrifice is proposed to be made, merely to gratify a most despicable vanity in a man, who would degrade the very woman whom he wishes to make his wife.

It is of great importance to distinguish, whether a gentleman, who has the appearance of being your lover, delays to speak explicitly, from the motive I have mentioned, or from a diffidence inseparable from true attachment. In the one case, you can scarcely use him too ill; in the other, you ought to use him with great kindness: and the greatest kindness you can shew him, if you are determined not to listen to his addresses, is to let him know it as soon as possible.

I know the many excuses with which women endeavour to justify themselves to the world, and to their own consciences, when they act otherwise. Sometimes they plead ignorance, or at least uncertainty, of the gentleman's real sentiments. That may sometimes be the case. Sometimes they plead the decorum of their sex, which enjoins an equal behaviour to all men, and forbids them to consider any man as a lover, till he has directly told them so. Perhaps few women carry their ideas of female delicacy and decorum so far as I do. But I must say, you are not

intituled to plead the obligation of these virtues, in opposition to the superior ones of gratitude, justice and humanity. The man is intitled to all these, who prefers you to the rest of your sex, and perhaps whose greatest weakness is this very preference. The truth of the matter is, vanity, and the love of admiration, are so prevailing a passion among you, that you may be considered to make a very great sacrifice whenever you give up a lover, till every art of coquetry fails to keep him, or till he forces you to an explanation. You can be fond of the love, when you are indifferent to, or even when you despise the lover.

But the deepest and most artful coquetry is employed by women of superior taste and sense, to engage and fix the heart of a man, whom the world and whom they themselves esteem, although they are firmly determined never to marry him. But his conversation amuses them, and his attachment is the highest gratification to their vanity; nay, they can sometimes be gratified with the utter ruin of his fortune, fame, and happiness.—God forbid, I should ever think so of all your sex! I know many of them have principles, have generosity and dignity of soul that elevate them above the worthless vanity I have been speaking of,

Such a woman, I am persuaded, may always convert a lover, if she cannot give him her affections, into a warm and steady friend, provided he is a man of sense, resolution, and candour. If she explains herself to him with a generous openness and freedom, he must feel the stroke as a man; but he will likewise bear it as a man: what he suffers, he will suffer in silence. Every sentiment of esteem will remain; but love, though it requires very little food, and is easily surfeited with too much, yet
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it requires some. He will view her in the light of a married woman; and though passion subsides, yet a man of a candid and generous heart always retains a tenderness for a woman he has once loved; and who has used him well, beyond what he feels for any other of her sex.

If he has not confided his own secret to any body, he has an undoubted title to ask you not to divulge it. If a woman chuse to trust any of her companions with her own unfortunate attachments, she may, as it is her own affair alone; but if she has any generosity or gratitude, she will not betray a secret which does not belong to her.

Male coquetry is much more inexcusable than female, as well as more pernicious; but it is rare in this country. Very few then will give themselves the trouble to gain or retain any woman's affections, unless they have views on them either of an honourable or dishonourable kind. Men employed in the pursuits of business, ambition, or pleasure, will not give themselves the trouble to engage a woman's affections, merely from the vanity of conquest, and of triumphing over the heart of an innocent and defenceless girl. Besides, people never value much what is entirely in their power.

A man of parts, sentiments, and address, if he lays aside all regard to truth and humanity, may engage the hearts of fifty women at the same time, and may likewise conduct his coquetry with so much art, as to put it out of the power of any of them to specify a single expression that could be said to be directly expressive of love.

This ambiguity of behaviour, this art of keeping one in sus-

pense, is the great secret of coquetry in both sexes. It is the more cruel in us, because we can carry it what length we please, and continue it as long as we please, without your being so much as at liberty to complain or expostulate; whereas we can break our chain, and force you to explain, whenever we become impatient of our situation.

I have insisted the more particularly on this subject of courtship, because it may most readily happen to you at that early period of life, when you can have little experience or knowledge of the world; when your passions are warm, and your judgments not arrived at such full maturity as to be able to correct them. I wish you to possess such high principles of honour and generosity, as will render you incapable of deceiving, and at the same time to possess that acute discernment which may secure you against being deceived.

A woman in this country, may easily prevent the first impressions of love, and every motive of prudence and delicacy should make her guard her heart against them, till such time as she has received the most convincing proofs of the attachment of a man of such merit, as will justify a reciprocal regard. Your hearts indeed may be shut inflexibly and permanently against all the merit a man can possess. That may be your misfortune, but cannot be your fault. In such a situation, you would be equally unjust to yourself and your lover, if you gave him your hand when your heart revolted against him. But miserable will be your fate, if you allow an attachment to steal on you before you are sure of a return; or, what is infinitely worse, where there are wanting those qualities, which alone can ensure happiness in a married state.

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I know nothing that renders a woman more despicable, than her thinking it essential to happiness to be married. Besides the gross indelicacy of the sentiment, it is a false one, as thousands of women have experienced. But if it was true, the belief that it is so, and the consequent impatience to be married, are the most effectual ways to prevent it.

You must not think from this, that I do not wish you to marry. On the contrary, I am of opinion, that you may attain a superior degree of happiness in a married state, to what you can possibly find in any other. I know the forlorn and unprotected situation of an old maid, the chagrin and peevishness which are apt to infect their tempers, and the great difficulty of making a transition, with dignity and cheerfulness, from the period of youth, beauty, admiration, and respect, into the calm, silent, unnoticed retreat of declining years.

I see some unmarried women, of active, vigorous minds, and great vivacity of spirits, degrading themselves; sometimes by entering into a dissipated course of life unsuitable to their years, and exposing themselves to the ridicule of girls, who might have been their grandchildren; sometimes by oppressing their acquaintances by impertinent intrusions into their private affairs; and sometimes by being the propagators of scandal and defamations. All this is owing to an exuberant activity of spirit, which, if it had found employment at home, would have rendered them respectable and useful members of society.

I see other women, in the same situation, gentle, modest, blessed with sense, taste, delicacy, and every milder feminine virtue of the heart, but of weak spirits, bashful, and timid: I see
such

such women sinking into obscurity and insignificance, and gradually losing every elegant accomplishment; for this evident reason, that they are not united to a partner who has sense, and worth, and taste, to know their value; one who is able to draw forth their concealed qualities, and shew them to advantage; who can give that support to their feeble spirits, which they stand so much in need of; and who, by his affection and tenderness, might make such a woman happy in exerting every talent, and accomplishing herself in every elegant art that could contribute to his amusement.

In short, I am of opinion, that a married state, if entered into from proper motives of esteem and affection, will be the happiest for yourselves, make you most respectable in the eyes of the world, and the most useful members of society. But I confess, I am not enough of a patriot to wish you to marry for the good of the public. I wish you to marry for no other reason but to make yourselves happier. When I am so particular in my advices about your conduct, I own my heart beats with the fond hope of making you worthy the attachment of men who will deserve you, and be sensible of your merit. But heaven forbid, you should ever relinquish the ease and independence of a single life, to become the slaves of a fool or a tyrant's caprice.

As these have always been my sentiments, I shall do you but justice, when I leave you in such independent circumstances, as may lay you under no temptation to do from necessity what you would never do from choice.—This will likewise save you from that cruel mortification to a woman of spirit; the suspicion that a gentleman thinks he does you an honour or a favour when he asks you for his wife.

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If I live till you arrive at that age, when you shall be capable to judge for yourselves, and do not strangely alter my sentiments, I shall act towards you in a very different manner to what most parents do. My opinion has always been, that, when that period arrives, the parental authority ceases.

I hope I shall always treat you with that affection and easy confidence, which may dispose you to look on me as your friend. In that capacity alone, I shall think myself intitled to give you my opinion; in the doing of which, I should think myself highly criminal, if I did not to the utmost of my power endeavour to divest myself of all personal vanity, and all prejudices in favour of my particular taste. If you did not chuse to follow my advice, I should not on that account cease to love you as my children. Though my right to your obedience was expired, yet I should think nothing could release me from the ties of nature and humanity.

You may perhaps imagine, that the reserved behaviour, which I recommend to you, and your appearing seldom at public places, must put off all opportunities of your being acquainted with gentlemen. I am very far from intending this. I advise you to no reserve, but what will render you more respected and beloved by our sex. I do not think public places suited to make people acquainted together. They can only be distinguished there by their looks and external behaviour. But it is in private companies alone where you can expect easy and agreeable conversation, which I should never wish you to decline. If you do not allow gentlemen to become acquainted with you, you can never expect to marry with attachment on
either

either side. Love is very seldom produced at first sight; at least it must have, in that case, a very unjustifiable foundation. True love is founded on esteem, in a correspondence of tastes and sentiments, and steals on the heart imperceptibly.

There is one advice I shall leave you, to which I beg your particular attention. Before your affections come to be in the least engaged to any man, examine your tempers, your tastes, and your hearts, very severely, and settle in your own minds, what are the requisites to your happiness in a married state; and, as it is almost impossible that you should get every thing you wish, come to a steady determination what you are to consider as essential, and what may be sacrificed.

If you have hearts disposed by nature for love and friendship, and possess those feelings, which enable you to enter into all the refinements and delicacies of these attachments, consider well, for heaven's sake, and as you value your future happiness, before you give them any indulgence. If you have the misfortune (for a very great misfortune it commonly is to your sex) to have such a temper and such sentiments deeply rooted in you, if you have spirit and resolution to resist the solicitations of vanity, the persecution of friends (for you will have lost the only friend that would never persecute you), and can support the prospect of the many inconveniences attending the state of an old maid, which I formerly pointed out, then you may indulge yourselves in that kind of sentimental reading and conversation, which is most correspondent to your feelings.

But if you find, on a strict self-examination, that marriage is absolutely essential to your happiness, keep the secret inviolable

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in your own bosoms, for the reason I formerly mentioned; but shun as you would do the most fatal poison, all that species of reading and conversation, which warms the imagination, which engages and softens the heart, and raises the taste above the level of common life. If you do otherwise, consider the terrible conflict of passions, this may afterwards raise in your breasts.

If this refinement once takes deep root in your minds, and you do not obey its dictates, but marry from vulgar and mercenary views, you may never be able to eradicate it entirely, and then it will embitter all your married days. Instead of meeting with sense, delicacy, tenderness, a lover, a friend, an equal companion, in a husband, you may be tired with insipidity and dulness; shocked with indelicacy, or mortified by indifference. You will find none to compassionate, or even understand your sufferings; for your husbands may not use you cruelly, and may give you as much money for your cloathes, personal expence, and domestic necessities, as is suitable to their fortunes. The world would therefore look on you as unreasonable women, and that did not deserve to be happy, if you were not so. To avoid these complicated evils, if you are determined at all events to marry, I would advise you to make all your reading and amusements of such a kind, as do not affect the heart nor the imagination, except in the way of wit or humour.

I have no view by these advices to lead your tastes; I only want to persuade you of the necessity of knowing your own minds; which, though seemingly very easy, is what your sex seldom attain on many important occasions in life, but particularly on this of which I am speaking. There is not a quality I

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more anxiously wish you to possess, than that collected, decisive spirit, which rests on itself, which enables you to see where your true happiness lies, and to pursue it with the most determined resolution. In matters of business, follow the advice of those who know them better than yourselves, and in whose integrity you can confide; but in matters of taste, that depend on your own feelings, consult no one friend whatever, but consult your own hearts.

If a gentleman makes his addresses to you, or gives you reason to believe he will do so, before you allow your affections to be engaged, endeavour, in the most prudent and secret manner, to procure from your friends every necessary piece of information concerning him; such as his character for sense, his morals, his temper, fortune, and family; whether it is distinguished for parts and worth, or for folly, knavery, and loathsome hereditary diseases. When your friends inform you of these, they have fulfilled their duty. If they go further, they have not that deference for you, which a becoming dignity on your part would effectually command.

Whatever your views are in marrying, take every possible precaution to prevent their being disappointed. If fortune and the pleasures it brings, are your aim, it is not sufficient that the settlements of a jointure and children's provisions be ample, and properly secured; it is necessary that you should enjoy the fortune during your own life. The principal security you can have for this will depend on your marrying a good-natured, generous man, who despises money, and who will let you live where you can best enjoy that pleasure, that pomp and parade of life, for which you married him.

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From what I have said, you will easily see that I could never pretend to advise whom you should marry; but I can with great confidence advise whom you should not marry.

Avoid a companion that may entail any hereditary disease on your posterity, particularly (that most dreadful of all human calamities) madness. It is the height of imprudence to run into such a danger, and, in my opinion, highly criminal.

Do not marry a fool; he is the most intractable of all animals; he is led by his passions and caprices, and is incapable of hearing the voice of reason. It may probably, too, hurt your vanity to have husbands for whom you have reason to blush and tremble every time they open their lips in company. But the worst circumstance that attends a fool, is his constant jealousy of his wife being thought to govern him. This renders it impossible to lead him, and he is continually doing absurd and disagreeable things, for no other reason but to show he dares do them.

A rake is always a suspicious husband, because he has only known the most worthless of your sex. He likewise entails the worst diseases on his wife and children, if he has the misfortune to have any.

If you have a sense of religion yourselves, do not think of husbands who have none. If they have tolerable understandings, they will be glad that you have religion, for their own sakes, and for the sakes of their families; but it will sink you in their esteem. If they are weak men, they will be continually teasing and shocking you about your principles. If you have children, you will suffer the most bitter distress, in seeing all your endeavours

vours to form their minds to virtue and piety, all your endeavours to secure their present and eternal happiness, frustrated and turned into ridicule.

As I look on your choice of a husband to be of the greatest consequence to your happiness, I hope you will make it with the utmost circumspection. Do not give way to a sudden fall of passion, and dignify it with the name of love. Genuine love is not founded in caprice; it is founded in nature, on honourable views, on virtue, on similarity of tastes and sympathy of souls.

If you have these sentiments, you will never marry any one, when you are not in that situation, in point of fortune, which is necessary to the happiness of either of you. What that competency may be, can only be determined by your own tastes. It would be ungenerous in you to take advantage of a lover's attachment, to plunge him into distress; and if he has any honour, no personal gratification will ever tempt him to enter into any connection which will render you unhappy. If you have as much between you as to satisfy all your demands, it is sufficient.

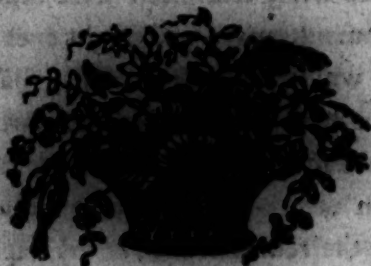
I shall conclude with endeavouring to remove a difficulty, which must naturally occur to any woman of reflection on the subject of marriage.—What is to become of all those refinements of delicacy, that dignity of manners, which checked all familiarities, and suspended desire in respectful and awful admiration? In answer to this, I shall only observe, that if motives of interest or vanity have had any share in your resolutions to marry, none of these chimerical notions will give you any pain; nay, they will very quickly appear as ridiculous in your own eyes,

as they probably always did in the eyes of your husbands.— They have been sentiments which have floated in your imaginations, but have never reached your hearts. But if these sentiments have been truly genuine, and if you have had the singular happy fate to attach those who understand them, you have no reason to be afraid.

Marriage, indeed, will at once dispel the enchantment raised by external beauty; but the virtues and graces that first warmed the heart, that reserve and delicacy which always left the lover something further to wish, and often made him doubtful of your sensibility or attachment, may, and ought ever to remain. The tumult of passion will necessarily subside; but it will be succeeded by an endearment, that affects the heart in a more equal, more sensible, and tender manner. But I must check myself, and not indulge in descriptions that may mislead you, and that too sensibly awake the remembrance of my happier days, which, perhaps, it were better for me to forget for ever.

I have thus given you my opinion on some of the most important articles of your future life, chiefly calculated for that period, when you are just entering the world. I have endeavoured to avoid some peculiarities of opinion, which, from their contradiction to the general practice of the world, I might reasonably have suspected were not so well founded.—But, in writing to you, I am afraid my heart has been too full, and too warmly interested, to allow me to keep this resolution. This may have produced some embarrassment, and some seeming contradictions. What I have written has been the amusement of some solitary hours, and has served to divert some melancholy reflections.

reflections. I am conscious I undertook a task, to which I was very unequal; but I have discharged a part of my duty. You will at least be pleased with it, as the last mark of your father's love and attention.



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THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

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THE

SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

IN the mountains of Savoy, near the road between Brisançon and Modena, lies a solitary valley; the appearance of which strikes the traveller with a pleasing melancholy. Three hills form an amphitheatre, through which are interspersed the cottages of shepherds. Natural cascades, promiscuous plantations of flowers and trees, and a continual verdure, combine in ornamenting this charming spot.

It was here that the Marquis of Fonrose, in returning from France to Italy with his lady, broke the axle-tree of his carriage; and the day being far advanced, they were compelled to seek in this valley a habitation for the night. As they walked towards the cottages, they saw a flock take the same road, conducted by a shepherdess whose gait astonished them. They approached nearer, and heard her in the most affecting and plaintive accents utter these words: "The sun is now going to rest himself after his labour; it is thus, at the close of a painful life, the exhaust-

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“ed soul reunites itself to the pure source of its immortality :
“but, alas ! how distant is that time, and how long is life !”
Saying these words, she turned into another path, and walked from them with an air, which, though quite negligent, was full of majesty and grace.

The Marquis and his Lady, struck with what they had seen, and still more with what they had heard, doubled their speed to overtake this shepherdess, whom they admired ; but what was their surprize, when, under the plainest dress, the humblest vestments, they saw all the graces, all the beauties united.

My pretty maid, said the Marchioness, seeing she endeavoured to avoid them, fear nothing ; we are travellers, whom accident obliges to seek in this village a lodging for a night ; will you be our guide ? I am sorry, Madam, said the shepherdess, casting down her eyes and blushing, that you are put to this hardship ; for these cottages are the habitations of the poor, and you will be badly lodged. You lodge there yourself, without doubt, replied the Marchioness, and I can very well support for a night, the inconveniencies which you suffer always. I am formed for it, said the shepherdess, with a charming modesty. No, certainly, said the Marquis, who could no longer dissemble the emotion which she caused within him ; No, you are not formed to suffer, and fortune has been unjust ; Is it possible, lovely creature, that so many charms should be concealed in this desert, under this habit ? Fortune, Sir, replied Adelaide, (for that was the name of the shepherdess) is not cruel when we can enjoy what she bestows on us ; my state has pleasures which are unknown in any other, and use makes that agreeable to us, which to you would be insupportable.

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That may be, said the Marquis, with those whom heaven has sent into the world in this obscure condition ; but you, wonderful girl, you whom I admire, you who enchant me, was never born what you are now ; your air, your look, your voice, your language, all betray you ; every word that you have spoken shows a cultivated understanding, and a noble way of thinking ; tell us by what strange misfortune you are reduced to this low situation. For a man that is unfortunate, replied Adelaide, there are a thousand ways by which he may make himself otherwise ; but for a woman, there is no honest resource but servitude : happy are they who serve good people. If you will go and see those I belong to, you will be charmed with the innocence of their lives, the candour, simplicity, and honesty, of their manners.

In a short time they arrived at the cottage, which was separated by a partition from the fold where the unknown drove in her sheep, counting them with the most serious attention. An old man and woman (such as they paint Philemon and Baucis) came to receive them with that rustick freedom which seemed to recal the golden age ; We have nothing to offer you, said the good woman, better than clean straw for a bed, and milk, fruit, and barley bread, for nourishment ; but the little which heaven has given us we will share with you, with all our hearts.

Our travellers, in entering the cottage, were surprized at the order in which every thing was placed ; the table, consisting of only one plank of walnut tree, was of a shining brown, on which were placed flowered earthen vessels designed for milk ; and every thing presented the image of contented poverty, by the satisfac-

tion they expressed in the enjoyment of the necessities of life.

It is our dear daughter, said the old woman, who takes care of the house. In the morning, before she drives her flock into the fields, and indeed as soon as the days dawn, she cleans and places every thing in the most decent order, so as to leave me no trouble. What! said the Marchioness, is this shepherdess your daughter? Ah! Madam, replied she, I would to heaven she was! but it is my heart only which gives her that name; for though I feel the love of a mother for her, yet I am not so happy as to have borne her: alas! I was not worthy to bring such a girl into the world. Who is she then? from whence did she come? and what misfortune has reduced her to this condition? All that is unknown to us, replied the dame. It is four years since she came hither, dressed like a country girl, and offered her service to look after our flocks. We made no scruple of taking her, and indeed would willingly have maintained her for nothing; so much did her good looks and sweet behaviour gain upon us. We were curious to know her birth; but our questions afflicting her, we thought it best to desist. Our respect still increases the longer we know her; but the more we endeavour to set her above ourselves, the more she humbles herself to us. Never had daughter more tenderness for her real parents than she for us. It is true, she cannot obey us, because we never command; but it seems as if she could divine; she anticipates all our wishes. Indeed I can look on her as no other than an angel sent to comfort our old age.

And does she really do all your outdoor business, demanded the

the Marchioness? Yes, madam: she gives fresh straw to the sheep, she milks the goats and cows, and it seems as if her hand gave new sweetness to the milk; for when I go to sell it in the town, I never have enough for my customers; they find it so delicious. This dear child is never idle; for she employs her leisure in works of straw and twigs, which every body admires. I wish you was to see how prettily she plaits them together: every thing becomes precious under her fingers. You see, Madam, we appear to live an easy and tranquil life: it is she who procures it us; it is this heavenly girl who renders us happy. Is she so herself, demanded the Marquis? She endeavours to persuade us that she is, replied the old man; but I have often observed to my wife, that in returning from the fields in an evening, she has had her eyes full of tears, and a countenance the most afflicted in the world. When she sees us she affects to smile; but we can plainly perceive that there is some grief which consumes her, though we dare not enquire the cause. Ah! Madam, rejoined the old woman, what pity is it that this girl should be so obstinate as to attend the flock in spite of rain and snow! A hundred times have I been on my knees, to beg she would let me take her place, but my prayers have been in vain. She rises with the sun; she goes out, and returns in the evening stiff with cold. Judge, says she to me with tenderness, if I would let you quit your fire, and expose your age to the rigours of the season, when I can hardly bear it myself. At the same time she carries under her arms the wood that warms us; and if I complain of the fatigue she gives herself, let me alone, my good mother, says she; it is by exercise that I preserve myself from cold; labour is proper

for my age. In fine, Madam, she is so good and so charming, that my husband and I never speak of her without tears in our eyes.

But suppose she should leave you, demanded the Marchioness? We would not willingly lose her for the whole world, interrupted the old man; but, if she was to become more happy by it, we should find consolation in that, and die content. Alas, yes, replied the old woman, bursting into tears. I wish to heaven she had a fortune more worthy of her! I did indeed hope that her dear hand might close my eyes; but I love her more than myself.

Here the arrival of Adelaide interrupted their discourse. She appeared with a dish of milk in one hand, and in the other a basket of fruit; and after having saluted them with an enchanting grace, she began to prepare for supper.

You give yourself a great deal of trouble, my dear child, said the Marchioness to her. I endeavour, Madam, replied she, to fulfil the intentions of my master and mistress, who desire to receive you in the best manner they are able. You will make (continued she, spreading a cloth on the table, which, though coarse, was extremely white) a frugal and rustick meal. This bread is not the whitest in the world, but it is well-tasted: these eggs are fresh, the milk is good, and the fruit such as the season yields.

The diligence, the attention, the noble and decent grace with which this wonderful shepherdess performed all the duties of hospitality, the respect she paid the old folks every time they spoke to her, and the attention with which she watched their eyes

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to know what they would have done, filled the Marquis and his lady with astonishment and admiration ; from the moment they retired, they talked of nothing else, and agreed, that in order to clear up this mystery, they should take the last away with them.

At break of day, one of their servants, who had passed the night in repairing the damage done to their carriage, came to let them know it was ready. The Marchioness called for the shepherdes, and addressed her as follows: Without desiring to penetrate into the secret of your birth, and the cause of your unhappiness, I find myself greatly interested in your favour ; I see your fortitude raises you above misfortune, and that you can accommodate your mind to your present condition. At the same time that I admire your virtue, I must think that conditon unworthy of you ; I can, amiable unknown, give you a better fate ; the intentions of my Lord agree perfectly with mine : I have at Turin a considerable estate, but I want a friend, and I believe I shall be possessed of an inestimable treasure, if I can make one of you ; if you will live with me, think of this proposal, and take from it, I beseech you, all idea of servitude ; I do not believe you was born in that state ; but if I am deceived, I had rather raise you above your birth than let you continue in it : I repeat it to you, it is a friend that I want ; be not concerned on account of these good people ; they shall be no losers by your quitting them, at least they shall have wherewithal to pass the remainder of their days in ease and comfort, and it is from your hands they shall receive those benefits.

The old people, who were present at the discourse, threw themselves at the feet of the Marchioness, and kissed her hands ;
they

they conjured the young shepherdes to accept of these generous offers representing to her, with tears in their eyes, that they were on the brink of the grave, and at their death should leave her in a state of total solitude, in which she could neither be happy nor safe. The shepherdes, embracing them, mingled her tears with theirs; she rendered thanks to the bounteous Marquis and Marchioness, with a sensibility that added to her charms. Though I cannot, says she, accept of your bounty, because heaven has marked this for my place of residence, and the will of heaven must be accomplished; yet your goodness is graven on my heart in characters which can never be effaced: the respected name of Fonrose will be ever present in my mind; and let me, says she, blushing and casting down her eyes, beg one favour more of those who do honour to that name; it is to bury this adventure in eternal silence, and leave the world ignorant of the fate of an unfortunate girl, who wishes to live and die in obscurity.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose heard her with grief and amazement, and repeated their requests, but she was immovable; and they at length parted, not without tears on both sides. The travellers, during the rest of their journey, could talk of nothing but this romantick affair; they could scarcely believe it real; their imaginations were still full of it when they arrived at Turin. They doubted not but the shepherdes must have some great reason for so strongly enjoining them secrecy, and what this reason was, furnished an inexhaustible source for reflection and conjecture.

A son of the Marquis's, who was generally present at these discourses, lost not a circumstance. He was at that age, when the

the imagination is the most susceptible of tender impressions. All that he heard recounted of the charms, the virtues, and the misfortunes of the shepherdess of Savoy, raised in his soul the most ardent desire to see her. He brought her image continually before him, and compared it with all he had ever seen, and found they all fell infinitely short of the idea he had conceived of her. The city of Turin grew odious to him; his thoughts were incessantly employed on that valley, which concealed from the world one of its greatest ornaments. At the same time he carefully hid what passed in his mind from his friends, fearing they should prevent his wishes. They will never, says he, consent to my taking a journey to see her; and she herself, was she apprized of my design, would be frightened at my pursuit, and would not fail to hide herself from me.

In these reflections he spent his time for about three months, when at length he took a resolution to quit all for her, and to go disguised like a shepherd to seek her in her solitude. He suddenly disappeared: his parents were filled with surprize and inquietude, which every day increased. They searched for him, but in vain; they were filled with despair. A quarrel, an assassination, every thing that was dreadful, presented itself to their fancy: and these unfortunate parents wept, without ceasing, for the loss of their son, their only hope. Meanwhile Fonrose, under the habit of a shepherd, offered his service to the villagers, whose sheep fed in the valley. His ambition was filled; they committed a flock to his care,

At first he let them guide him, hoping they might stray where the shepherdess kept her's. If, says he, this beautiful recluse is
unhappy,

unhappy, her heart will find some relief in a friend, if I can prove myself one : or if it is only a taste for an innocent and tranquil life, which keeps her here, she must sometimes feel uneasy moments, in which she would be glad of society to amuse her. If I could then render mine agreeable to her, we should in time become friends; for surely in this place we only are fitted for the conversation of each other; and acquaintance is not very distant from friendship, and friendship is still nearer to love.

One day, as he was indulging himself in these thoughts, his eyes at the same time wandering across the country, he heard, not far from him, the voice of her whose charms had been so much commended. It is here, said the shepherdes in the most plaintive tone, it is here that I taste the only pleasure which this world has for me! my grief and settled melancholy I prefer to all the deceitful joys of life.

These accents wounded the tender heart of Fonrose. What can, says he, be the cause of this grief which consumes her? ah, how desirable it would be to give her comfort! A hope still more sweet flattered his wishes. He feared to alarm the shepherdes by imprudently indulging his impatience of seeing her, and for the first time was satisfied with hearing only.

The next day he returned to the meadow, and placed himself at the foot of a rock, from whence on the day before he had heard that melodious voice. I must not forget to tell my reader, that Fonrose, to the finest person in the world, joined those talents which so much distinguish the young nobility of Italy. He played on the flute like Befuzzi himself, from whom he had received his lessons.

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Adelaide was now resting her flock on one side of the mountain, not far from the shepherd. She was so deeply sunk in affliction, that she did not even give it vent by words. The wind and every thing was still ; when on a sudden this profound silence was interrupted by plaintive notes from the flute of Fonrose. These uncommon sounds excited in the soul of Adelaide a surprize mingled with trouble. She had never before heard any from the shepherds but the most rustick musick. She stood fixed in attention, looking round to see who it was that made such sweet harmony ; and perceived a young shepherd sitting in a cavity of the rock, at the foot of which his flock was feeding. She walked nearer, the better to hear him. Here, says she, is an instance of what nature unassisted can arrive at. Had this shepherd been taught by the greatest artist, could he have exceeded what he does now ? What delicacy in the turns ! What variety in the notes ! Can it be said that taste is not a natural gift ?

Since the time Adelaide had lived in solitude, this was the first time that her grief had been suspended by any pleasing emotion, and she indulged it without restraint. Fonrose, who saw her approach without seeming to have done so, was sitting at the foot of a willow tree ; he seized the moment of her retreat, and led his flock so as to meet her on the brow of the hill ; he looked once at her, and continued his road as if busied only with the care of his sheep, but that slight view was sufficient to fill him with admiration : What eyes ! What a mouth ! What fine features ! How lovely, though obscured by that fixed gloom which was spread on her countenance ! It was plain that grief alone had faded the roses in her cheeks ; but that which struck him most of all her charms, was the noble elegance of her gait,

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the ease of her movements ; she seemed like a young cedar, whose tender stem yielded to the soft breeze of the zephyrs. My parents have not done her justice, says he ; they have too faintly described this unknown beauty, who merits the adoration of the world ; and is it in this desert that she lives ! She who is worthy to have kings at her feet, is employed in the care of a flock of sheep : under what vestments does she appear ! yet she adorns every thing, and nothing disfigures her : but what a life is this for so delicate a frame ! the coarsest food, a savage climate, and a bed of straw ! Great God ! Yes, I will draw her from this too wretched state, so unworthy of her.

These were his reflections the rest of the evening, until sleep put an end to them, only to present him with her image. Adelaide, on her side, was sensibly struck with the youth and beauty of Fonrose, and could not help admiring the caprice of fortune : How nature, says she, has adorned him with every grace ! but alas ! in the state he is, these gifts are entirely useless, and would, perhaps, in a more exalted one be a misfortune : What evils does not beauty cause in the world ! Fatal gift ! who would wish to be possessed of thee ? These reflections embittered all the pleasure she had tasted ; she reproached herself with having been sensible of it, and resolved for the future not to admit it.

The next day Fonrose thought she seemed to avoid him, and was filled with concern : Does she, says he, perceive my disguise ? Have I betrayed myself ? These unquiet thoughts took him up the whole day ; and his flute was neglected. Adelaide was not so distant but she could very well have heard him, and his silence
after.

astonished her: she began herself to sing one of her own plaintive compositions, the words of which were these:

All nature seems to share my pains ;
The birds on ev'ry tree,
With tender notes, and plaintive strains,
In concert join with me.

Fond echo to my song replies,
For me she kindly grieves ;
The zephyrs imitate my sighs,
As rustling through the leaves.

The murm'ring brook, through flow'ry vales,
The mournful theme pursues ;
With me it weeps, my woe bewails,
Which ev'ry day renews.

Fonrose heard her, and could not help joining with his flute: Never was a concert more affecting than that of Fonrose and Adelaide: Oh, heavens! says she, with astonishment, I dare not believe my senses! It is not a shepherd, but a God which I hear! Could the natural notion of harmony inspire these concords? As she spoke these words, a rural melody, or rather a celestial one, made the valley resound; Adelaide thought she saw realised all the wonders that poetry attributes to her charming sister: confused and speechless, she knew not whether she ought to fly from, or deliver herself to, this enchantment. As she was

in this dilemma, she perceived the shepherd assembling his flock to return home.

He is ignorant, says she, of what delight he gives his hearers; his mind is too simple to be vain. Great indeed is the power of musick! it is the only talent which can be enjoyed alone; all others require witnesses. This was the gift of heaven to man in the state of innocence; it is the purest of all pleasures: Alas! it is the only one that I am now capable of tasting; and I look upon this shepherd as a new echo, who is come to repeat my grief.

The following days Fonrose affected to keep at a distance in his turn: Adelaide was afflicted at it: Fate, says she, seems to envy me this feeble consolation; I delivered myself too easily to it, and for my punishment I am deprived of it. One day it happened that they met on the brow of the hill; Adelaide could not resist her desire of speaking; Shepherd, says she, do you keep your flock at any great distance from hence? I don't know, says he; for it is not I who conduct my flock, but they conduct me; they know these places much better than I do, and I leave it to them to chuse the best pasture. You are a stranger then, replied the shepherdess: Pray from whence came you? I was born on the other side of the Alps, answers Fonrose. Was you born among the shepherds, pursued she? Since I am one myself, returned he, casting down his eyes, you surely must believe I was born among them. Yet that is what I much doubt, replied Adelaide, observing him with attention: your talents, your language, your air, all convince me that you was born to a better fate.

You are very good, answered Fonrose; but why would you believe nature has denied every thing to shepherds; is it because
you

you was born a queen? Adelaide blushed at this reply, and answered hastily; The other day, said she, your flute accompanied my song with a tone, which would have been surprizing in a simple keeper of sheep. Your voice would not have been less so to me, replied Fonrose, in a simple shepherdes. But had you never any instructions, pursued she? Only as you have, returned he, the guide of my heart and my ear: you sung, I heard you; that which my heart felt, my flute explained; I breathed my soul into it: this is the whole secret; nothing can be more easy. That is incredible, said Adelaide. I said the same when I heard you, replied Fonrose; nevertheless we must believe it: do you think nature and love do not sometimes unite the most valuable qualities with the most humble fortune, to shew that riches alone will not ennoble us?

While they discoursed thus, they advanced into the valley; and Fonrose, animated by a ray of hope, began to sing a sprightly air; but Adelaide interrupted him. Ah! in pity, says she, spare my soul the image of a sentiment which it can never feel; this solitude is sacred to grief, her echoes are unaccustomed to repeat the profane sounds of joy; here every thing mourns with me. I have enough to complain of as well as you, replied the young shepherd; and these words, pronounced with a deep sigh, were followed by a long silence; until Adelaide first broke it: You have enough to complain of, you say, resumed she; is it of men, or is it of fate? I do not know, said he; but I am far from being happy; pray enquire no farther into the cause.

Hear me, said Adelaide: Heaven has certainly brought us together to be a comfort to each other; the secret griefs with which

my

my heart is oppressed, are too heavy for me, I sink beneath the weight of them. If you know what it is to be unhappy, you ought to be compassionate, and therefore fit for my confidence; but promise me it shall be mutual.

Alas! said Fonrose, my evils are of such a nature, I shall perhaps be condemned never to reveal them. This mysterious answer only redoubled the curiosity of Adelaide. Come to morrow, says she, to the foot of this hill, under this old bushy oak, where you have heard me sigh; here will I tell you things which will excite your pity.

Fonrose passed the night in a dreadful agitation: his fate depended on what he was to hear: a thousand frightful ideas employed his mind; but what he dreaded most was, to be made the confidant of an unfortunate and faithful amour. If she loves, says he, I am lost.

The next day, as soon as he arrived at the appointed place, he saw Adelaide coming towards it. The sun was obscured by clouds; and the gloom of the morning agreed well with the subject of their conversation.

When they were seated at the foot of the oak, Adelaide spoke thus: You see these stones which the grass begins to cover, they are the tomb of the most tender, the most virtuous of men, whom my love and imprudence deprived of life. I am of a distinguished family in France: the Count d' Orestan conceived for me the most tender passion; I was sensible of it, I was so to an excess; my parents opposed it, and my love, increased by that opposition, made me consent to a marriage, sacred to virtuous souls, but disallowed by the laws. Italy was then the theatre of war:

What! my lord was ordered to join the corps of which he was commander; I went with him to Brisanson, where my foolish tenderness detained him two days beyond his time. This young nobleman, full of honour, put off his journey with extreme reluctance; he sacrificed his duty to me, but what had I to sacrifice to him but myself? At length he resisted my tears, and tore himself from me when it was too late; I accompanied him to this valley, where I received his last adieu, and returned to Brisanson, there to wait till I heard from him. A few days after, news arrived of a battle; I feared for d' Orestan; I wished for his glory, but feared for his safety; when I received a letter to this effect: I shall be such a day, and such an hour, in the valley, and under the oak where we parted; I shall be there alone, and beg that you would be so too; I still live only for you. How great was my mistake! I perceived in this letter only an impatience to see me; I applauded that impatience; I was punctual to the appointment. D' Orestan appeared, and after the most tender salute, I have obliged you, my dear Adelaide, said he, and in doing so have failed in my duty to my country, when that duty was of more importance than my life: what I feared has happened; a battle has been fought; my regiment charged, performed prodigies of valour, and I was not there; I am dishonoured, lost without resource; I will not reproach you with my misfortune, I have but one sacrifice to make you, and I shall then have finished.

At this discourse, pale, trembling, and panting for breath, I caught my husband in my arms; at the same time I felt my blood freeze in my veins; my knees bent under me, and I fell with-

without motion; he took advantage of my swoon to tear himself from me, and I was soon recalled to life by the noise of the pistol which gave him his death: I will not endeavour to paint my situation, it is not to be described; and these tears which you see me shed, these sighs which stifle my voice, can give you no idea of the anguish of my soul.

After having passed a whole night sighing over the corpse in stupid grief, my first care was to bury with it my shame; my own hands dug his grave; I do not endeavour to move your pity by what I say; but the moment, in which the earth separated me from the sad remains of my husband, was a thousand times more terrible than that can be, which will part my soul from my body: exhausted by grief and want of nourishment, my weak hands employed two days in digging this grave with inconceivable pains; when my strength failed me, I reposed myself on the livid cold breast of my husband: in fine, I rendered him the duties of burial, and my heart promised to wait in this place for the time when we should be reunited. Meanwhile cruel hunger began to devour me; I thought it a crime to refuse nature the maintenance of a life much more grievous than death. I changed my dress for the simple habit of a shepherdess, and embraced this state as my only refuge; since that time all my consolation has been to weep over this grave, which shall be my own. You see, pursued she, with what sincerity I have opened my soul to you. I can with you, undisguised, weep in freedom; it is a solace I have need of. But I wait for the same confidence from you: think not that I will ever abuse it. I see clearly that the state of a shepherd is more new and strange to you than to me.

You

You are young, perhaps sensible ; and if I may trust my conjectures, our evils have the same source, and, like me, you have loved ; if so, we shall be the more inclined to pity each other. I look upon you as a friend, whom heaven, touched by my misfortunes, has kindly sent me in my solitude : look upon me as one capable of giving, if not the best councils, at least a consoling example.

You affect me sensibly, said Fonrose, overwhelmed with what he had heard ; nor can you conceive the impression the recital of your misfortunes has made upon me. Alas ! it is out of my power to return that confidence which you have testified to me, and of which you are so worthy : but such is the nature of my sufferings, that an eternal silence must bury them in the depth of my heart. You are very unhappy, continued he, with a deep sigh : I am still more so. That is all I can tell you : be not offended at my silence : I am condemned to it. Allow me to be your constant companion ; I will endeavour to sweeten your labour ; I will partake of your cares ; I will weep with you over this tomb ; I will mix my tears with yours ; you shall never repent the having trusted with your grief a heart, alas, but too sensible.

I repent it already, said she, with confusion ; and both with down cast eyes withdrew. Adelaide, in quitting Fonrose, thought she saw on his face the expression of deep sorrow. I have renewed the sense of his troubles, says she, and with what must that fill him, since he believes himself more miserable than I ! From that day Adelaide and Fonrose neither sought nor avoided each other ; when they met, looks of despair were all

I

their

their conversation; if he found her weeping on the grave of her husband, his heart was seized at once with pity, jealousy, and grief; he contemplated her in silence, and replied to her sobs only by the most profound sighs.

Two months passed away in this painful manner, and Adelaide saw the youth of Fonrose wither as a flower. She was the more afflicted at it, as she could not find out the cause; for she was far from suspecting it to be herself. However, as it is natural when two sentiments share the same soul, that one must weaken the other, it is certain the regret of Adelaide, for the death of d' Orestan, became less violent every day, in proportion as her pity for Fonrose increased. She was very sure that her pity was innocent; the object of this generous concern was continually present, and the languishing state, in which she saw him, made her think it her duty to endeavour to comfort him.

You die, said she to him, and you add to my other grief, that of seeing you consume before my eyes, without being able to afford a remedy. If the recital of the imprudence of my youth has not rendered me despicable to you; if the most pure friendship is valuable; in fine, if you are not willing to render me more miserable than I was before I knew you, trust me with the cause of your sorrow; you have only me with you to help and comfort you. Your secret, supposing it to be more important than mine, you need not fear being discovered. The death of my husband has put an abyss between the world and me, and the confidence which I exact will very soon be buried in that grave, where grief is swiftly conducting me.

I hope I shall be there first, said Fonrose; leave me, I beseech you,

you, to finish my deplorable life, without giving you reason to reproach yourself for having abridged the course of it.

Oh heaven ! what do I hear, cried she, astonished ! I ! have I contributed to the evils which overwhelm you ? you pierce my heart. What have I done ? what have I said ? alas, I tremble ! Oh God ! hast thou sent me into the world only to make others wretched ? Speak, tell me ; this is not a time to conceal who you are ; you have dissembled too long already.

I am then, said Fonrose, the son of the travellers whom you filled with admiration and respect. What they recounted of your virtue and charms inspired me with the fatal design of coming to see you under this disguise. I have left my family to weep the loss of their only son. I have seen you ; I know what fixes you in this place ; I know the only hope I have is to die in adoring you : spare, I beg, your useless counsels and unjust reproaches ; my resolution is as firm, as little to be shaken, as yours. If, by betraying my secret, you trouble the last moments of my life, you will do me an unnecessary wrong, which can be of no service to yourself.

Adelaide, touched by the calm despair which appeared in this young gentleman, began to consider how she could recal him to life, and restore him to his parents. Heaven, says she, offers me this opportunity of acknowledging their goodness. Thus, instead of putting on an ill-timed rigour, all that the most tender pity, all that the most consoling friendship, could do to comfort him, was put in practice.

Heavenly creature, cried Fonrose, I am sensible of your goodness, and how unwilling you are to be the cause of my unhappiness ;

ness; but fate has decreed it so; your heart is his who sleeps in that grave; I see that nothing can detach you from it; you kindly endeavour to hide from me my misfortune, your goodness overpowers me; but pardon me when I tell you, that though you look upon it as your duty never to love me, yet it is impossible I should ever cease adoring you.

Adelaide said little more, but took her leave, and returned to her cottage. My father, said she to the old man, do you think you are able to take a journey to Turin? I want a person that I can confide in, to go to the Marquis and Marchioness of Fonrose about a very interesting affair. The old man replied, that his zeal to serve her gave him strength. Go then, said she; you will find them weeping for the loss of their only son; tell them he is living, and in this valley; that I will conduct them to him; but that it is indispensably necessary that they should come themselves to seek him.

The good old man set out; he arrived at Turin, and made himself known for the old man of the valley of Savoy. Ah, cried the Marchioness! perhaps he is come to tell us of some misfortune that has happened to our shepherdess. I rather hope, answered the Marquis, he is come to acquaint us that she consents to live with us. Her company, replied the Marchioness, would be the greatest alleviation of our sorrow for the loss of our son. The old man being introduced, prostrated himself before them: they raised him. The loss of a son, said he, is now the object of your grief; I am come to tell you he lives; our dear child has discovered him; and with this agreeable news she dispatched me to Turin; but she says it is you alone that can recal him.

As

As he spoke thus, surprize and joy deprived the lady of her senses: the Marquis, affrighted, called for succour to his wife; they brought her to herself; and the whole house was acquainted with the joyful news. The Marchioness, recovering her spirits, said, what shall we do? seizing the hands of the old man, and embracing them tenderly. How shall we acknowledge the goodness which gives us life? Every thing was prepared for their journey; and they set out with the good man, travelling night and day until they arrived at the valley, which contained all that was dear to them.

The shepherdes was in the meadows; the old woman conducted them thither; but what was their surprize! their son, their dear son before them under the habit of a simple shepherd! their hearts and eyes immediately acknowledged him. Ah, cruel child! cried his mother, running into his arms, what anguish have you given us! why have you robbed us of yourself, whom we so tenderly loved? And what has brought you here? Adoration of her, said Fonrose, whom you so much admired. Pardon, Madam, said Adelaide, pardon your being left so long to weep the loss of your son. If I had known sooner who he was, you would have been sooner comforted.

After the first transports of filial affection were past, Fonrose fell back into his usual melancholy: Come, said the Marquis, let us go and rest ourselves in the cot, and forget the chagrin this young simpleton has given us. I confess with shame, sir, said Fonrose, that I deserve the name you give me; for nothing but want of reason could, for a moment, suspend in my heart my tendernefs for you, could make me forget the most sacred duties,
and,

and, in fine, detach me from all that was most dear ; but this folly, which you gave birth to, I am fully punished for. I love this incomparable girl ; I love her without hope. Alas ! you know but little of her ; she is virtue itself. I love her to idolatry. I know I can never be happy without her ; and I know she can never be mine.

Has she trusted you with the secret of her birth, demanded the Marquis ? I have learned enough, replied he, to assure me that it is in nothing inferior to mine : she has renounced a considerable fortune to bury herself in this desert. And know you what it is that engages her here ? Yes, sir, but it is a secret which she only must reveal. She is married, perhaps. No, sir, she is a widow ; but her heart, instead of being more at liberty by her widowhood, is bound by links stronger even than marriage.

The Marquis said no more, but went on musing until he arrived at the cottage, when he addressed Adelaide in these words : My dear girl, you see what a change you have made in him who was once Fonrose : the extravagant passion of this young man could be justified only by such an object as yourself. My wife's constant wish is to have your company and friendship ; my son cannot live without you : and I desire nothing more than to call you my child : think then how unhappy you will make us all by a refusal. Ah ! sir, said she, your goodness confounds me ; but hear, and judge for me.

She then recited her deplorable adventure ; to which she added the name of her family, till then unknown to M. de Fonrose ; and concluded with a vow of inviolable fidelity to her husband.

At

At these words a general consternation spread itself over all their faces. Young Fonrose, almost choaked with grief, retired to a corner of the cottage to give it free scope. The Marchioness pressing Adelaide in her arms, said, Can you, my dear girl, leave us to weep a second time the loss of our child? The old man and woman, with eyes full of tears, looked on Adelaide in painful expectation of her answer; who, after some deliberation, spoke thus: Heaven witness for me; I would lose my life rather than be ungrateful for your favours: nothing could add to my own misfortunes but my being the cause of yours; therefore I wish that Fonrose himself would be my judge; and I beg you would leave me for a moment to speak to him in private. They complied. As soon as they were alone; You know, said she, what sacred ties keep me in this place; if I could be forgetful of, or cease to weep for, a husband, whose only fault was loving me too well, I should be the most despicable of women: esteem, friendship, and gratitude, I feel for you; but these are feelings very different from love; you have conceived for me the most tender passion, it is not possible I should return it; at the same time I see you in a situation which would melt the hardest heart; it terrifies me to think myself the cause, and still more when your parents accuse me of being the author of their calamities: but to convince you I would do all in my power to make you happy, I put my destiny into your hands; chuse of these two situations, that which is most desirable to you, either to renounce me, or to possess a woman, whose heart is filled by another object, and whose regard for you must be too languid to satisfy the wishes of a lover.

It

It is enough, said Fonrose; from a soul like yours friendship is an equivalent for love. I shall, without doubt, be jealous of the tears you will shed to the memory of your former husband; but the cause of this jealousy, in rendering you more worthy, will render you still dearer to me. Then leading her to his parents, She is mine, says he, and it is to her respect for you that I owe my felicity and my life.

At this moment the Marchioness, unable to express her joy by words, caught Adelaide in her arms, and embraced her with the utmost affection. Thus, in yielding to pity and to gratitude, the character of Adelaide grew still more amiable. She was desirous, before she left the valley, of visiting her husband's grave; when looking at it with the utmost regret, her eyes drowned in tears, Oh! my dear d' Orestan, said she! if from the bed of death thou canst read what passes in my soul, thy ghost will not be offended at the sacrifice which I make; I owe it to this generous family; but my heart will ever remain with thee: I go with the design of making others happy, without a hope of being so myself.

They tore her from this place with a sort of violence. The first thing she did was to raise a monument to her deceased husband: the cottage also of the old peasants, who went with her to Turin, was changed into a country house as simple as solitary, where she resolved to come sometimes to weep the follies of her youth. But time, and the tender affection of Fonrose, with the fruits of a second marriage, have awakened in her soul some impressions of a new passion; and she is mentioned as a woman worthy of respect, even in her infidelity.

GUAL;





GUALTHERUS AND GRISELDA.

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GUALTHERUS AND GRISELDA;

OR,

HAPPINESS PROPERLY ESTIMATED.

A TALE.

DOWN at the foot of Vesulus the cold,
(Thus ancient bards this moral tale unfold)
Where first, thro' subterraneous caverns led,
The springs of Po expand their silver bed;
And, Italy from Italy, divide;
There lies a district, on the western side.
Where, rich in flock and herd, in fruit and grain
Abundant, nature spreads an ample plain.
Here, travel'd eyes the varied scene admire,
The rounded turret, and the gradual spire;
From towns and castles that aspiring rise,
Proud of their wealthy seats, and claim the skies.

K

At

At once for pleasure and for plenty fam'd;
The country all around Saluzzo nam'd.

A Marquis rul'd this happy tract of land;
Happy in him: he rul'd with easy hand.
Full ready were his subjects to obey
The mild indulgence of his gentle sway.
Obedient to his will, he govern'd all;
Both orders, the great vulgar and the small.
Whether, from merit due, or lucky fate;
For worth not always can secure the great.

Well was he born, his ancestry to trace,
No Lombard Prince cou'd boast a nobler race;
And fair of face, his face was fair as young;
Tho' strong of body, delicate tho' strong:
Nor was his beauty to his form confin'd,
His person was the image of his mind;
Where courtesy, alike, and honour meet.
Active, but wise! indulgent, but discreet!
In camp or council, equal to preside!
Direct in battle, and in law decide!
In this I blame Gualtieri (such his name),
In this, and almost this alone, to blame.
But free from love, from error who is free?
(The softer sex will sure admit the plea!)
Heirs, to support his name, he never sought,
But turn'd to lighter sport his daily thought.
He never weigh'd, how early or how late
He sat on matters that concern'd the state.

But

But thence releas'd, to hawk or hunt prepares ;
 And well nigh quite neglects all better cares.
 For cares, he deem'd the joys of married life :
 Fall what might fall, he wou'd not take a wife.

This specious cause new disaffection draws,
 And when cou'd subjects find no specious cause ?
 (Oft falsely feign'd, but here sincerely meant !)
 So, flocking on a day, to court they went.
 And one, in form, they chose from out the rest,
 The common voiae ! to utter their request ;
 Whether, as wisest, to themselves prefer'd,
 Or dearest to their lord, and better heard.

" Thrice noble Marquis !" (Thus with humble air,
 And suppliant voice, he spoke the public care.)

" If thus assur'd we meet that honor'd face ;

" 'Tis due to thy humanity and grace.

" These princely qualities our fears repel ;

" You prompt to ease our griefs as we to tell.

" My lowly pray'r then take not in disdain ;

" For love and duty force me to complain.

" But why shou'd I my pray'r, presumptive, call

" This universal suit ? the pray'r of all ?

" If from my lips these words of licence break,

" Thy faithful subjects dictate what I speak.

" Oft have I gain'd before like audience here !

" Nor wert thou wont to give an heedless ear.

" Then let me still find favour in thy sight,

" Still, pardon my request, if not requite.

- " While to the gen'ral good I point the way;
 " And we but wait your judgment, to obey.
 " Such is thy rule, and such is our content;
 " Aught to correct not envy could invent.
 " But still forgive, if here with sad presage
 " We doubt the equal bliss of future age;
 " And with those virtues rare, continued down
 " To latest times; that dignify our own.
 " To serve thee, in thy heirs, thy people want;
 " Nor think this royal gift too much to grant.
 " Then bow thy neck beneath the blissful yoke;
 " The ties of wedlock are not easy broke:
 " But love to beauty lends a filken rein:
 " Tis not a servile bond, but virtuous chain.
 " Then, oh! reflect, (for here the danger lies!)
 " Reflect, that time with hasty pinions flies.
 " Time, ever on the wing, time stays for none;
 " Whether we sleep or wake, or stand or run.
 " Tho' blooming now thy youth, thy vigour green;
 " Age, silent as the night, creeps on unseen,
 " And threatens ev'ry sex, and ev'ry state.
 " No pow'r can thum the certain doom of fate.
 " Certain the doom that he must yield his breath!
 " Uncertain yet the day assign'd by death.
 " If life's a blessing of so short a stay;
 " Judge what yourself must suffer by delay!
 " Judge what we suffer! for in this we claim
 " An equal int'rest; to preserve your name!

" Pre-

" Preserve your worth ! here ev'ry voice conspires,
 " To leave our sons as happy as their sires !
 " If never yet we disobey'd your will,
 " Accept our offer ! be our parent still !
 " Ourselves, to do thee same, will make the choice ;
 " A worthy bride, confirm'd by public voice !
 " Such as deriv'd from some exalted line,
 " Is fit, and only fit, to match with thine !
 " For this, in full assembly, we appear,
 " Then pardon our well-meant, tho' needless fear.
 " Better declare the grievance than conceal ;
 " If 'tis a forward, 'tis an honest zeal.
 " We fear your ancient rights (which heav'n defend !)
 " May to some new, some foreign lord descend.
 " Our free but duteous care, dread liege, excuse !
 " What much we value, much we dread to lose."

Their honest plea, in modest speech address,
 Touch'd with paternal care his gen'rous breast.
 By reason and by duty, they were mov'd ;
 But more than life his liberty he lov'd.
 That he cou'd ease their grief, exalts his mind ;
 The manner only leaves a sting behind.
 A doubtful course propos'd, thro' which to run,
 Of rough and smooth ; a course he wish'd to shun !
 At length the father o'er the man prevails,
 And public int'rest turns the private scales.

" Full dear (he said) is future welfare bought,
 " Constrain'd to act the thing I never thought ;

" Forego

" Forego my peace ; my freedom lay aside ;
 " Peace, all my pleasure ! freedom, all my pride !
 " Freedom and peace ! in marriage rarely found !
 " Then what is to be wiv'd, but to be bound ?
 " Yet to your good my quiet I resign,
 " And yield my liberty. Your good is mine.
 " Not born to govern for myself alone,
 " I ever held your int'rest as my own.
 " Then what you kindly ask, I freely give,
 " And this the last and surest proof receive.
 " This friend or foe ! this good, or ill of life !
 " This specious charge ! this doubtful chance ! a wife !
 " But for the choice ; be that our proper care ;
 " This mark of duty and affection spare.
 " Nor think it matters ought, whate'er she be,
 " Of rich or poor, of high or low degree ;
 " Ought ! to the present or succeeding age,
 " What parents for their children can engage ?
 " The son or well or ill supports his race,
 " As heav'n directs ; the glory or disgrace !
 " Nor vice nor virtue, rightly understood,
 " Descend like titles, running with our blood.
 " Was honour but entail'd upon our kind,
 " No well born prince cou'd shew a slavish mind.
 " Nought cou'd the seeds of infamy reclaim,
 " No vulgar progeny cou'd rise to fame.
 " Yet say what house observes an equal mean ?
 " Where fix'd was vice or virtue ever seen ?

" View

- " View fire and son with various souls endu'd !
" The polish'd fire begets a son as rude,
" Yet oft the circle ends where it begun,
" And the rude fire begets a polish'd son.
" No human care can destiny controul ;
" Superior is the pow'r that guides the whole.
" From springs unknown are nat'ral talents giv'n ;
" Call it the force of fate, or will of heav'n.
" Our lives are subject to divine decrees ;
" Man only acts as providence foresees.
" Our part perform'd, let providence prepare
" (Here all precaution fails !) the future heir ;
" Your weal or woe to frustrate or advance :
" Sprung from what line, you take an equal chance.
" I too the same resistless law obey,
" For ev'ry happy, or unhappy day.
" The pains or pleasures of the married state,
" Hang on the same necessity of fate.
" Yet far as human prudence can secure,
" There let your common oath my peace insure.
" Swear—When in form my plighted hands I bind,
" (Whate'er the object that shall take my mind)
" All due obedience to the chosen maid
" Be fully shown ; all homage freely paid :
" Her right acknowledg'd, from the nuptial hour
" As just, as had she brought the world in dow'r.
" And further ; be it solemnly agreed ;
" That none in thought, or look, in word, or deed :

" Or

" Or of her fortune grieve, or birth complain;
 " Oppose me here, I hold the treaty vain.
 " This I exact. And justice this requires.
 " Freedom and peace I yield to your desires.
 " Resign my body: to the public voice
 " Demands: but never will resign my choice.
 " Whate'er concerns the state is not withstood;
 " Slave I will be, with pleasure, for her good.
 " Yet, as a royal slave my port-maintain,
 " And to my fancy fit the fashion of my chain.
 Assent from all the just proposal bore,
 And solemnly the tender'd oath they swore;
 Praying, ere yet they took their sev'ral way,
 To fix the spousal, and assign the day:
 Still dreading that Gualtherus wou'd not wed.
 For when cou'd subjects find no cause of dread
 To leave no doubt of his determin'd mind,
 He fix'd the spousal, and the day assign'd.
 Term of his future war, or future rest
 A chance incur'd (he said) at their request!
 Full low they thank him on their bended knees;
 For vulgar minds well-tim'd concessions please.
 And home again all merrily they tend;
 Proud, by their conduct, to have gain'd their end.
 Mean time their lord (as marriage form requires)
 Appoints his privy knights, and trusty squires,
 As well for pomp as order to provide;
 To grace the rite, and dignify the bride.

Strict

Strict charge, on every chief attendant, lays,
And eager ev'ry chief the charge obeys.
Nor ought was spar'd of service or delight,
To dignify the bride, or grace the rite.

The day appointed for the nuptials came ;
The feast prepar'd : the Marquis still the same.
Not one the chosen consort cou'd devise ;
Tho' what escapes the courtier's busy eyes ?
To blame their lord the vulgar much incline ;
So close his speech, so covert his design !
And where they durst, in secret, or alone,
Impeach his good intent, because unknown.

" Slave to his ease, (in murmurs thus they said)

" Imagin'd ease ! he still forbears to wed ;

" Our suit, and ev'n his word, forgot the while :

" Why will he thus himself and us beguile ?"

The morning pass'd ; approach'd the noon of day ;
The ev'ning came : and still the same delay.
No name went round ! no bride appear'd in sight !
Yet were the nuptials fix'd to crown the night.
Ill cou'd the croud (suspended to despair)
Indure such myst'ry, such delusion bear.
For still the palace seem'd the promis'd word
To keep, and justify its thoughtless lord.
There neat in splendour, pompous in array,
Each spacious hall and princely chamber lay.
Rich furniture in costly order plac'd ;
Never was seat of marriage nobler grac'd.

Spread ev'ry table; ev'ry office stor'd
 With delicates to load the bridal board.
 All that the compass of Italian ground
 Cou'd yield, or might in foreign lands be found.
 But why prepar'd? no mortal cou'd decide!
 For what was bridal pomp without a bride?

At length appear'd Gualtherus, richly dress'd;
 And dawning hope revives each anxious breast.
 So wand'ring trav'lers hail the blushing ray,
 That first forebodes the kind return of day.
 And forth he rides. While all the royal court
 Attend; all bidden to the nuptial sport.
 With many a noble dame of beauty bright,
 And many a sprightly peer, and valiant knight;
 And all the chosen gentry of the land,
 Common or squire, an honorable band:
 With these, his trusty guard, and household train.
 And manfully their foaming steeds they rein.
 Who, snorting to the music's mingled sound,
 Pass to the vales, the neighb'ring hills rebound.

Rumour, the while, their close attention drew;
 And busily, from side to side, she flew.
 A noted dame attracts their ears and eyes;
 And mingles many truths, with many lies.
 A dame, long practis'd in intrigues of court,
 Early in youth she try'd the am'rous sport;
 Nor late in age cou'd wholly quit the trade.
 Well cou'd she prompt the half-consenting maid;

And

And to the wishing youth sage counsel lend:
In her, each found a most convenient friend.
Thrown out of play, she overlook'd the game;
True friend to love! Bauderia was her name.
Unask'd, tho' high of rank, she join'd the throng,
And thus she tattled as she pac'd along.

“ Well! now! the Marquis has reveal'd his mind.
“ (All hear, on right, on left, before, behind.)
“ Soon as you pass the wood, and reach the lawn,
“ Where oft in file the marshal'd troops are drawn;
“ You, from your steeds, fair ladies, must alight,
“ And single pass review, within his sight.
“ One he will chuse. For tho' he seems to fly,
“ He loves the sex: you read it in his eye.
“ Happy the fair, to fix his choice, assign'd!
“ And great his singularity of mind!
“ He lays his crown and scepter at her feet,
“ For unexpected good comes doubly sweet.
“ This he devis'd, for he is good as great,
“ In honor to the sex, and to the state;
“ Nor sought a foreign fair to deck his throne,
“ Proud to display the lustre of his own.
“ This, he declar'd the cause of his delay;
“ Declar'd in council, and declar'd to-day.
“ But 'twas a secret kept by his commands;
“ I know it to be fact, and from good hands.”

From fair to fair the pleasing rumour spread;
Hope fills each female heart, and female head.

Daughters of avarice his wealth devour;
 Swell the ambitious with the thoughts of pow'r.
 Rank fires the proud; and equipage the vain;
 But self-opinion seizes all the train.

Hence, fast they fall to scandal and surmise;
 As who might claim, but who must lose the prize.
 And strait each beauty ev'ry beauty nam'd;
 And ev'ry beauty strait each beauty blam'd.
 The mart of female censure knows no glut;
 Bring what you will, they tax it with a but.
 While thus, in scrutiny, all sentence all
 Daphne is handsome; but she is too tall!
 And honestly to judge 'twixt friend and foe,
 Silvia is pretty; but as much too low!
 Delia, men say, is fashion'd for a wife;
 But sure it is a piece of mere still life!
 And Cloe affable, she knows no pride;
 But is she not too free, or much belied?
 Aminta has a voice, divine to hear;
 But then a mouth that gapes from ear to ear!
 And Amarillis has a world of fire;
 But then a tongue that Socrates wou'd tire!
 Flavia has beauty, but her look is mean;
 Ah! think, my dear, how she wou'd act the queen!
 And Myra, dignity of voice and air;
 But oh! the color of her teeth and hair!
 Trivia is delicate; but then too lean,
 A living corps! half malady, half spleen!

And,

And, full of health Nerina, 'tis confest ;
 But 'tis a beast of burthen at the best !
 Nature in Phillis made not one mistake ;
 But she is young—who knows what she may make ?
 And Phœbus in Serpilla's eyes may shine ;
 But you will grant 'tis Phœbus in decline !
 The only charm of Sapho is her mind ;
 But to get lovers she must list the blind !
 And Delia's only merit is her shape ;
 But if you are not deaf you must escape !
 Cælia — (scarce envy here a fault cou'd spy,)
 Yes, 'tis not seen, but Cælia is awry !
 Not one was worthy (for the truth to own
 Each priz'd herself) or of his bed or throne.
 And well I ween, were they to chuse the wife,
 Full long the prince might lead a single life.

Mean time in royal pomp, and proud array,
 Along the dale Gualtherus shap'd his way ;
 To where a low but cleanly village stood,
 Wash'd by a stream, and border'd by a wood !
 Of homely cots compos'd ; for such as fed
 The fleecy kind, or lowing oxen bred ;
 For such as mow'd the meads, or plow'd the fields ;
 And liv'd on what industrious labour yields.

Here, lov'd by all, an honest rustic dwell'd,
 Of all the poorer swains the poorest held.
 Blest with a soul superior to his fate,
 For all his wish was suited to his state.

Here

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

Here in this narrow circle cou'd he find,
 What not the world can give, content of mind.
 But yet what all may on themselves bestow;
 And here it left the high to bless the low.
 The princely palace for the oxen stall.
 Him, good Janicola the neighbours call,
 A daughter crown'd his age, of spotless fame,
 Tho' noted form; Griselda was her name.
 A fairer, not the journeying sun surveys,
 Or with his rising, or his falling rays.
 A chaster, never happy mother bore,
 In days of present, or in days of yore:
 Strict in her duty, faithful to her trust,
 She shun'd temptation, specious lure to lust.
 Yet, for as virtue may, she sought to please;
 And honest toil prefer'd to dang'rous ease.
 Of diet temp'rate, cautious of excess,
 Drank oftner of the spring, than of the press.
 For wine adds fuel to the tender breast,
 The springs of youth not motion want, but rest.
 Wisely she shun'd all adventitious heat:
 Simple her dress, but yet tho' simple, neat.
 Tho' blest of face, and of a tender age,
 She wou'd not be engag'd, nor wou'd engage.
 Free from the dart of love she kept her heart,
 Nor yet at others strove to throw the dart.
 Such swains as sought her father's voice to gain,
 In birth not soul her equals, met disdain.

Base

Base commerce with superiors she declin'd,
For conscious worth sat scepter'd in her mind.
Her aged father was her tenderest care,
His failing nature studious to repair;
And oft his life her diligence repriev'd,
Repaying back the breath she had receiv'd.
And next to that her duty was to keep,
Nor great the charge, his scanty flock of sheep.
And forth she led them, soon as day begun,
And home she drove them, with the setting sun.
Then was she wont with filial joy to bring,
Whate'er produc'd, the summer, or the spring,
Of herbs, or fruits: what autumn might afford,
Or winter spare to spread the frugal board.
In household thrift she spent each vacant hour,
Arm'd against pleasure, for she fear'd the pow'r;
Hence no false bait cou'd her chaste heart entice:
For sloth she counted the first step to vice.

Her, as he us'd to cross the neighb'ring green,
Gualtherus joy'd to see, and oft had seen.
Her matchless beauty took his wand'ring sight,
And hap'ly minister'd unknown delight.
'Twas the first dawn of passion in his breast;
And neither settled care, nor total rest.
More frequent came he here, the various game
To rouse; nor knew himself, why here he came.
'Twas thought, the near adjacence of the place,
The country round commodious for the chase;

Still

Still to this spot his course inclines and draws;
 Or any thing besides the real cause.
 Yet hither when he led the sportive train,
 A secret pleasure thrill'd in ev'ry vein;
 But if averse, he turn'd the flying prey,
 Tedious the course, and joyless was the day.
 Next, as she charm'd his eye, she charm'd his ear,
 'Twas sweet delight her modest voice to hear?
 The native language of an artless mind,
 Unpractis'd in the trains of womankind.
 Oft, by design, he from the crowd wou'd stray,
 And oft pretend occasions of delay;
 Loss of the sport! or failure of his horse!
 And tempt her to more free, but chaste discourse.
 Still pleas'd (whate'er she said, whate'er declin'd)
 In humble state exalted worth to find,
 And note each decent look, and just reply,
 With glad attention, but with watchful eye.
 Watchful! lest ev'n to distant view betray'd,
 Envy might wrong the inoffensive maid.
 Prudential cares the best affection prove;
 No vanity he knew, nor yet knew love.
 Sincere regard protects the fair from blame;
 Hence what he priz'd, he dreaded to defame.
 Then, home as he returns, his thoughts retrace,
 Her winning innocence! her bashful grace!
 Her pious care! her unaffected mien!
 (Beauties in courtly dames too rarely seen.)

Her

Her form, not spoil'd by art, by nature wrought !
And far above her sex her manly thought !
No poverty of language to express !
No ! nought of poverty but in her dress.
Thus homeward musing, was he wont to ride ;
And thus himself, himself unknowing, try'd.
" Blest is the swain, that to his faithful breast
" This virgin joins, cou'd marriage make him blest.
" Yes, I will own, was I reduc'd to wed,
" Or fear'd not, more than death, that bondage bed ;
" None, but Griselda, wou'd I chuse for wife :
" But ah ! what woman answers slavish life ?
" Not for the cause, the many may misguide,
" That in our ancient ancestry I pride ;
" And rather than their dignity disgrace,
" Wou'd torture nature, than demean my race.
" Tho' this be common sense, 'tis without ground ;
" Sense is by truth, not by opinion bound.
" Much fashion'd vice from false opinion springs ;
" But lasting virtue from the truth of things.
" Let vulgar souls the worldly worth define,
" Of hoarded wealth, or long continued line :
" With me, to be well born, is to be good ;
" And merit, the pure stream of noble blood.
" But whither wou'd these wild conclusions drive ?
" To where I neither tend nor can arrive.
" Full happy may the maid (where'er her fate
" Bestows her) make, and find that casual state !

M

" A bliss

" A bliss, so dear the price, by me unfought :

" An idle question ! and a wand'ring thought !"

Thus wou'd he war, to strong mistrust inclin'd,
'Twixt sense of love, and prejudice of mind.

But now, to quit his boasted peace, constrain'd,

Now, that no hope of liberty remain'd;

These barriers of his passion once remov'd,

With rapture he reflects on her he lov'd.

Then the fair object, rooted in his breast,

Stood forth, in all the pow'r of fancy dress'd.

So the pent stream, obstructed in his course,

The dams o'erthrown, pours with redoubled force.

So the tam'd steed with fury scours the plain,

When from the curbing hand he snaps the rein.

Meantime the maid, full innocent of mind,

Nor knew the smother'd flame, nor grace design'd.

With snow white pail she sought the silver spring,

Thence, nature's pure munificence to bring,

Or for her own, or for her father's need ;

And home return'd with more than wonted speed.

For now, she heard her rustic neighbours say,

Her lord wou'd wed, and this the promis'd day.

And tho' gay sport was not her fond delight,

Full fain wou'd she have seen this courtly sight.

For this, with haste she bears the limpid freight,

Nor dreamt, how near she verg'd on better fate :

How soon to change her cottage for a throne ;

And celebrate no nuptial but her own.

She

She but propos'd to end without delay
The household labours of the short'ning day;
Then, at her homely gate resolv'd to stand,
And with her equals view the royal band,
While to the lawn their splendid course they hold,
As swains returning from Saluzzo told.

Yet something here she found; nor yet cou'd find
The cause, that pain'd her heart, and griev'd her mind;
Something, that seem'd to trouble and perplex:
Envy (you'll say), inseparable from the sex.
A virtuous envy still, and well refin'd!
Corrected vice, uncommon to the kind!
'Twas not, that other's pleasure gave her pain;
'Twas not, that his regard had made her vain;
Nor malice to the bride, to her unknown;
Yet cou'd she wish her any other throne.
Gualtherus too, her innocence confess'd,
She cou'd not wish debas'd, to have possess'd.
But had, revers'd, their distance been as great;
His low as her's, and high as his her state;
His worth, she inly thought, had fix'd her choice;
No pow'r, or wealth had brib'd her partial voice.

His steed, Gualtherus quitting at the gate,
Gave to a squire, and bade th' attendance wait.
Scarce had he enter'd, when Griselda came,
At distance known: he call'd her by her name.
She down her pail, beside the oxen stall,
Hastes to dispose, and on her knees to fall.

And thus in humble guise continues still,
As one that waits to hear the royal will.

Tho' fix'd all sign of passion to withstand,
Forward he step'd, and rais'd her with his hand.
While all, that of her innocence or truth
He fram'd, or of her beauty felt or youth,
Fell short, to what his present thoughts admire ;
Her eyes, so full of modesty yet fire !
The discomposure of her face and frame,
Blushing, and trembling, with ingenuous shame !
" Say—is—Janicola—" His tongue affords
Uneasy utterance to these easy words.

And, cover'd with confusion as she stands,
" He—is (she cries), he waits—his lord's commands."

Within the homely cot not long she sought,
And to his lord her ancient father brought.
Him, by the hand he takes, and leads aside ;
Then thus : " In me, Janicola, confide.
" My faithful vassal wert thou wont to rest ;
" Nor let the father with the prince contest.
" No longer will I boast the pow'r or art,
" To check my will, or to disguise my heart ;
" Thy daughter, chaste of fame as fair of sight,
" I claim, but wou'd not claim by force but right."

On earth the honest rustic fix'd his eyes,
Shock'd with mistrust, astonish'd with surprize.
At length he rais'd ; unable to controul
The pow'r of virtue working in his soul.

" My

" My sovereign Liege, oh ! pardon (he reply'd)—
" To serve you, was my joy ; to please, my pride ;
" To please you, and to serve you, as I ought.
" But sure, my ignorance mistakes your thought !
" If my Griselda may some merit claim,
" She shou'd not pass thro' infamy to fame.
" Not such my early care, not such appears
" Her cautious youth ; she will not wrong my years,
" Nor wrong her own. Tho' daughter of a swain,
" And bred in want, she lives without a stain.
" And may I, of thy slaves, the meanest slave,
" Ere virtue she forsake, prepare her grave.
" Here, in this narrow compass, fortune grants
" Sufficient for her wishes and my wants.
" Sufficient yields our flock, tho' small our fold,
" To guard both her and me from heat and cold.
" The stream gives liquor, and the forest, fire.
" Possess we little ? little we desire.
" Ev'n this to your benevolence we owe ;
" But rather re-assume what you bestow,
" Than we from simple honesty depart,
" And know a mind corrupt, or vicious heart.
" Still may we live, in innocence and ease,
" Pleas'd with our charge, nor basely seek to please.
" And, if so far a father may presume,
" Bear her to court, you bear her to her tomb."
The pleasure that from virtuous action flows,
The man of virtue only feels and knows.

Gualtherus own'd a joy that rose to pain,
 To find so worthy, yet so poor a swain.
 He smil'd; and to himself in secret sport :
 " Few had return'd this negative at court."

Then to Janicola. " My fair design
 " Mistake not, friend. By right I claim her mine ;
 " With me (consent but thou) to lead her life,
 " Not, as you wrong my sense, but as my wife."

Mute with amazè, and with confusion red,
 " Thy will be mine," was all the father said.

Gualtherus strait, pursuing his intent,
 Within the lowly cot full humbly went ;
 The bashful maid he bade approach him nigh ;
 (All this he will'd beneath the father's eye.)
 Surpris'd she stood with wonder and delight,
 For never had she seen so fair a sight.
 And unaccustom'd to so great a guest,
 Pale grew her cheeks, and much disturb'd her breast.

He mark'd the sweet disorder of the maid,
 And thus completes the plan, maturely laid.
 " Griselda, know my purpose is to wed,
 " And make thee partner of my throne and bed.
 " Thy father yields consent our hands to join ;
 " What more remains but to solicit thine ?
 " Ought need I add ? the offer shows my love ;
 " And time, I hope, thy constancy will prove.
 " All that I ask is quietly to live ;
 " Then freely give, what only you can give.

" The

" The match, 'tis true, too much of haste requires ;

" Your thoughts I know not, tho' I feel my fires.

" To speak my passion, or thy truth to try,

" Time fails ; then let me add this further tie.

" Swear, that with ready will, and honest heart,

" Like or dislike, without regret or art,

" In presence, or alone, by night or day,

" All that I will, you fail not to obey ;

" All I intend, to forward that you seek,

" Nor ever once object to what I speak ;

" Nor yet, in part alone, my wish fulfil ;

" Nor tho' you do it, do it with ill-will.

" Nor with a forc'd compliance half refuse,

" And showing duty, all the merit lose.

" To strict obedience add a willing grace,

" And let your soul be painted on your face.

" No reasons giv'n, and no pretences sought,

" To swerve in deed or word, in look or thought."

Hard terms, I doubt, may judge the modern maid,

Marriage dear bought ! and grandeur overpaid !

Not so Griselda. And observe her life ;

All that the maid propos'd, perform'd the wife.

" How much thy vassal falls below thy care,

(This just reply she made with modest air)

" I own ; in indigence begot and bred :

" Stain to thy race, dishonour to thy bed !

" This known, was neither oath nor vow to bind,

" What honest heart cou'd stray, what virtuous mind ?

" Had'

" Had fortune join'd me to the meanest swain,
 " That tends your lowing herd, or bleating train;
 " Him to obey, had been my choice in life,
 " The meanest swain had found a faithful wife.
 " Thus honour'd, ill I merited to live,
 " Gave I not that, which only I can give:
 " What ev'ry slave might claim. But if those eyes
 " Have found ought here to prize, myself I prize:
 " Mindful to whom I owe my happier fate;
 " Nor yet forgetful of my former state.
 " Sense of your worth, and gratitude conspire
 " To fix this bond; I swear, as you require:
 " Still to remain observant of your will,
 " Your ev'ry charge religiously fulfil;
 " By that sole rule my future life to lead:
 " Nor swerve in thought or look, in word or deed."
 " No other dow'r I ask (Gualtherus cried);
 " The world shou'd tempt me to no other bride."
 Then led her to the door: and thus aloud
 Accosts the menial and the noble crowd.
 " Here, on this seat of hope, I rest my life,
 " This maid, and none but her, I take no wife.
 " To this, my better part, that homage show,
 " All that you owe your prince, or think you owe."

The ladies then he bade reform her dress,
 (Retir'd within the cot's remote recess)
 And richly deck, as princely rites require,
 Nor leave one remnant of her old attire;

Re-

Resolv'd, that e'er she reach'd the royal gate,
 Her bridal pomp shou'd suit her wifely state ;
 Her mind so noble, and her form so fair,
 First fix'd his choice ; and last requir'd his care.

In flock the fair, to dress the rural maid,
 On nuptials pleas'd to lend their useful aid.
 Some mov'd by duty ; by good-nature some :
 Some meditating marriages to come ;
 And ruminating some on pleasures past :
 Some curious, and some envious : most, the last.
 But all, on entrance, loud surprise expres'd,
 To see the courtly bride, so country dress'd.
 For nobly born, and delicately bred,
 Her rude apparel rais'd a gen'ral dread.
 Such linen, never felt ! seen, garments such !
 So rough ! so coarse ! they almost swoon to touch !
 Deep-principl'd in vain affected airs,
 Of framing fears, and counterfeiting cares ;
 Of feigning woe, where they rejoice at heart ;
 And pain dissembling, where they feel no smart ;
 Not one less horror witness'd than the rest,
 Not one so low, as not to seem distress.
 Each, as the painful office they pursue,
 Oft gave her injur'd hand, and oft withdrew ;
 Oft turn'd her head, ev'n in Griselda's sight,
 Lest other dames might think her less polite ;
 Unless some show of censure she had shown,
 That any thing, so dress'd, shou'd mount a throne.

N

Then

Then, sends the speedy embassage of eyes,
To prove her taste, and witness her surprise;
Then, starting back, her supple body bends,
As if infection the vile work attends.
For softer tasks their polish'd limbs were made;
This was mere drudg'ry! mere mechanic trade!
Ill cou'd their whiter fingers bear the soil;
Or weaker arms support the grievous toil.
" But this the prince—and he is free to chuse,
" And none in common manners can refuse."
This vast fatigue, with mighty pain, subdued;
More easy was the charge that next ensued.
The sight of rich apparel glads the fair,
Fond to admire, tho' destin'd not to wear!
For now, more sumpt'ous cloaths th' attendants brought,
In secret, by their lord's direction, wrought;
Shap'd to the fairest maiden of the court:
(The measure gayly taken as in sport)
Cælia the maid; alike her turn and size.
Such just observers still are lovers eyes!
Full-well each fashion'd dame performs her part;
Skill'd in the myst'ries of the toilet art.
By each some happy master-stroke was shown,
The flowing robe adjusting by her own.
Rich was the robe, and glorious to behold,
Beset with costly stones incas'd in gold;
The plainer ground of pure cerulean dye;
And oft the hand was stop'd to feast the eye.

Her

Her hair they comb'd, that rudely lay untrest,
But soon reclaim'd, and in new order dress'd :
And store they add of adventitious charms,
Rings for the hands and bracelets for the arms ;
With pearly rows, with golden bands was grac'd
The rising bosom, and the falling waist ;
And last a crown was plac'd upon her head,
That prominent with gems a mingled lustre shed.
Patient, beneath their hands, Griselda sits,
And to their various wills her limbs submits ;
But secret wish'd, less pomp had been prepar'd,
And much of their polite exactness spar'd.
The vain with sudden change are soon elate,
The stupid have no relish of their fate ;
The two extremes she wisely steer'd between ;
Her rule of action was the golden mean.
She nor with idiot-laugh her bliss proclaims,
Nor with vain triumph treats the courtly dames ;
Not tho' she saw her fortune inly vex :
She mild forgave the failure of the sex ;
And yet not senseless of her good remains ;
But rising pleasure prudently restrains.
The wise their bliss in contemplation find ;
Joy is not of the tongue but of the mind !
Yet oft with quicker throbs her bosom rose,
And oft her face with warmer blushes glows ;
And softer smiles to paint her lips arise,
And brighter rays to animate her eyes.

The fair themselves that joint assistance lend,
 Not apt the charms of others to commend,
 With looks of silent praise, alternate thrown,
 Well nigh prefer her beauty to their own.
 Who (still improv'd beneath their forming hands)
 At once their love and their respect commands.
 But loud applause (produc'd in public view)
 The vulgar add, still fond of what is new!
 Transform'd (they thought) a new Grifelda shown:
 Slaves to appearance, not transform'd but known!
 Not such material change their lord confess'd,
 Who bore her fairer image in his breast;
 Who, not by outward show her form survey'd,
 And more her merit than her beauty weigh'd.
 Yet, for he knew that dress improves the face,
 (As eloquence to sense adds better grace)
 Her just adornment gratify'd his sight,
 Pleas'd to behold her in the fairest light.
 He on her hands, uprais'd with decent shame,
 Affix'd the ring, that binds the nuptial claim.
 Then, on a snow-white steed, the virgin plac'd,
 With crimson reins and silver trappings grac'd.
 Loud shout the coming and returning throng,
 As to the royal court they pass along;
 In revel there the finish'd day he spends;
 Till down the western steeps the sun descends.
 But not on things minute to dwell too long—
 (For copious is the remnant of our song.)

The

The new-made bride with such true merit shone,
She gave (not borrow'd) lustre from the throne.
So form'd her speech, so fashion'd was her mien;
So just but mild! so awful but serene!
Not envy in her look or soul cou'd trace,
Her low condition or ignoble race.
In nought she seem'd by rustic parents fed,
In meanness nurtur'd, or in rudeness bred;
No daughter of a cottage humbly born,
But sprung a princely palace to adorn;
Nor only to adorn, but to support,
Not only fill, but dignify a court.

Her spreading fame the crowd with wonder hears
(Who knew her birth) and scarce believe their ears;
Gaze the nobility with like surprise,
And doubt the nearer evidence of eyes.
For tho' her lowly virtue was the same,
Exalted thus it show'd a brighter flame.
Virtue lies undiscover'd when confin'd,
Unfelt the will, unless the power be join'd.
Her known example may this truth declare,
So witty, yet so wise, so chaste, yet fair!
So strictly merciful, so humbly great!
Such winning grace, and such complying state!
Her looks their love, her words their wonder won,
Diffus'd on all, indulgent as the sun!

Not only thro' Saluzzo spread her fame,
But distant regions heard her bounteous name;

And

And ever lavish on her praises dwell:
Well as one spoke, another spoke as well.
And thousands came, alike the young as old,
Women as men, to hear her and behold.

Thus honesty for once and honor wed,
And humble fortune decks a princely bed.
The disbelieving lord himself confess'd,
'Twas possible in marriage to be blest.
At home his peace preserv'd the prudent wife,
Abroad his wealth supply'd the wants of life:
And more than life requires. For kept from waste,
Enough remains for elegance of taste.
And for that worth, thro' poverty's disguise,
Discern'd their lord, the people held him wise.
This as no common incident be told;
'Tis what the people are not apt to hold.

Yet not in household cares (tho' these alone
Are worthy praise) her excellence was shown;
Absent her lord, full wisely cou'd she guide
The public state, the common good provide:
In judgment equal, easy of access,
Complaints to hear, or errors to redress.
And ready, as successful, to assuage,
Or private discontent, or public rage.
Of counsel prudent, steady to her trust,
Strong in persuasion, in discernment just.
And when at strife (for strife all states afford),
She reconcil'd the people to their lord.

So fought his peace, and so their welfare fought,
Urg'd with such pow'r of speech, and strength of thought;
That rarely was her judgment found to fail :
And if he held the sword, she held the scale.
Hence all degrees, the senate and the crowd,
Her justice own'd, her clemency allow'd ;
A gift of heaven, their fortune to attend,
Not only to preserve the state, but mend.

Blest was the subject, and the sov'reign blest !
All shar'd her worth, he all her worth possess'd.
Nor yet the sun had fill'd his annual round,
E'er a new pledge of love the nuptials crown'd.
A daughter crown'd ! whose sweetly-op'ning face
Adorn'd the bed with near-resembling grace.
And tho' (the better to reward her care)
The anxious mother wish'd a manly heir ;
Pleas'd was Gualtherus, nor displeas'd the state,
To find their wishes half indulg'd by fate.
For, from that sample of inferior kind,
The promise of a nobler—they divin'd.

The charge Griselda, mistress of a throne,
Intrusted to no care, beside her own.
Gualtherus long oppos'd, at length comply'd,
Dissenting most from love, but much from pride.
No matrimonial jar ! for here the strife
Was not to burthen, but to spare the wife.
He press'd their common dignity and ease,
And yielded but to humour, and to please.

Yet

Yet she maintain'd, (her argument was strong)
" Whole nature bias'd to preserve their young.
" Of all the habitants of earth and air,
" Shall human kind take less than savage care?
" I own (she said) this seems a country strain,
" The language of the daughter of a swain;
" What to the crowd may furnish mirth and sport,
" And give distaste and wonder to the court.
" Yet will I say, (for this you taught my youth)
" Trust not to show of things, but to the truth.
" Be truth the rule; polite or impolite,
" I weigh not what is thought, but what is right.
" The point let courtly dames with leave contest,
" This lovely child shall never quit my breast.
" 'Tis vice of fashion! 'tis neglect of kind!
" 'Tis indolence! 'tis cruelty of mind!"
To such a husband added such a wife;
What fairer scene cou'd yield domestic life?
Each seems of each the fortune to controul,
Each worthy each in body as in soul.
So fair the road, and so direct to bliss,
Their way a pair so form'd cou'd hardly miss.



LOVE

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

A TALE.

WHAT state of life can be so blest
As Love, that warms a lover's breast ?
Two souls in one the same desire,
To grant the bliss, and to require :
But if in heav'n a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousy,
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind !

All other ills, tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love ;
In absence, or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain :

O

But,

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

But, Oh ! no cure but death we find,
 To set us free
 From Jealousy;
 O Jealousy,
 Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
 Thou tyrant of the mind !

False in thy glass all objects are,
 Some set too near, and some too far :
 Thou art the fire of endless night,
 The fire that burns, and gives no light.
 All torments of the damn'd we find
 In only thee,
 O Jealousy,
 Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
 Thou tyrant of the mind !



OR, PARENTAL PRESENT,

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A N

UNFORTUNATE MOTHER'S ADVICE

T O

HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR JENNY,

WAS there any probability that a letter from me would be permitted to reach your hand alone, I should not have chosen this least eligible method of writing to you. The public is no way concerned in family affairs, nor ought to be made a party in them; but my circumstances are such, as lay me under a necessity of either communicating my sentiments to the world, or concealing them from you; the latter would, I think, be the breach of an indispensable duty, which obliges me to wave the impropriety of the former.

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A long train of events, of a most extraordinary nature, conspired to remove you, very early, from the tender care of an affectionate mother; you was then too young to be able to form any right judgment of her conduct; and since that time it is very probable that it has been represented to you in the most unfavourable light. The general prejudice against me I never gave myself the useless trouble of any endeavour to remove.— I do not mean to infer from hence, that the opinion of others is of no material consequence; on the contrary, I would advise you always to remember, that, next to the consciousness of acting right, the public voice should be regarded, and to endeavour, by a prudent behaviour, (even in the most trifling instances) to secure it in your favour. 'Twas my misfortune to be educated in a different opinion: I was early and wisely taught, that virtue was the one thing necessary, and without it no happiness could be expected either in this, or in any future state of existence; but with this good principle, a mistaken one was at the same time inculcated; namely, that the self-approbation arising from conscious virtue was alone sufficient, and the censures of an ill natured world, ever ready to calumniate, when not founded on truth, were beneath the concern of a person, whose actions were guided by the superior motive of obedience to the will of heaven: this notion, strongly imbibed before reason had gained sufficient strength to discover its fallacy, was the cause of an inconsiderate conduct in my subsequent life, which stamped my character with a disadvantageous impression. To you I speak with the utmost sincerity, nor will conceal a fault that you may profit by the knowledge of; and therefore
freely

freely own, that, in my younger years, satisfied with keeping strictly within the bounds of virtue, I took a foolish pleasure in exceeding those of prudence, and was ridiculously vain of indulging a latitude of behaviour that others of my age were afraid of launching into: but then, in justice to myself, I must at the same time declare, that this freedom was only taken in public company; and so extremely cautious was I of giving, what to me appeared any just ground for censure, that I call heaven to witness, your papa was the first man I ever made any private assignation with, or met in a room alone, nor with him, till after the most solemn mutual engagement, that of the matrimonial ceremony, had bound us to each other. My behaviour then, was such, as, he has frequently since acknowledged, fully convinced him that I was not only innocent of any criminal act, but of every vicious thought; and that the outward freedom of my deportment proceeded merely from great gaiety of temper, and a very high flow of spirits, never broke (if the expression may be allowed) into the formal rules of decorum. To sum up the whole in a few words, my private conduct was what the severest prude could not condemn; my public, such as the most finished coquet alone would have ventured upon; the latter only could be known to the world, and, consequently, from thence must their opinion be taken, which, you will easily see, could not be favourable to me, but, on the contrary, gave a general prejudice, that has since been made an argument to gain credit for the malicious falsehoods laid to my charge: for this reason (convinced by long experience that the greater part of mankind are so apt to receive, and so willing to retain, a bad
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impression of others, that when such prepossessions are once established, there is hardly a possibility through life of removing them), I have, for some years past, silently acquiesced in the dispensations of providence, without attempting any justification of myself; and being conscious that the infamous aspersions cast on my character were not founded on truth, have set down content with the certainty of an open and perfect acquittal of all vicious dispositions, or criminal conduct, at that great day, when all things shall appear as they really are, and both our actions and the most secret motives of them, be made manifest to men and angels.

Had your papa been amongst the number of those who were deceived by appearances, I should have thought it my duty to leave no method untried to clear myself in his opinion;—but that was not the case: he knows that many of those appearances, urged against me, were given, not only under his direction, but by his absolute command, (which, contrary to reason and my own interest, I was, for more than twelve years, weak enough implicitly to obey) and that others, even since our separation, were occasioned by some particular instances of his behaviour, which rendered it impossible for me to act with safety in any other manner; to him I appeal for the truth of this assertion, who is conscious of the meaning, that may hereafter be explained to you. Perfectly acquainted with my principles and natural disposition, his heart, I am convinced, never here condemned me. Being greatly incensed that my father's will gave to me an independant fortune, which will, he imagined, I was necessary to, or at least, could have prevented; he was thereby

thereby laid open to the arts of designing men, who (having their own interest solely in view) worked him up into a desire of revenge, and from thence, upon probable circumstances, into a public accusation; though that was supported only by the single testimony of a person, whose known falshood had made him a thousand times declare, that he would not credit her oath in the most trifling incident; yet, when he was disappointed of the additional evidence he might have been flattered with the hope of obtaining, 'twas too late to recede. This I sincerely believe to be the truth of the case, tho' too well know his tenacious temper to expect a present justification; but whenever he arrives on the verge of eternity, if reason holds her place to that awful moment, and religion has any power on his heart, I make no doubt, he will then acquit me to his children, and with truth confess, that no part of my behaviour to him ever deserved the treatment I have met with.—Sorry am I to be under the necessity of pointing out faults in the conduct of another, which are perhaps long since repented of, and ought then to be as much forgot as they are most truly forgiven: heaven knows, that so far from retaining any degree of resentment in my heart, the person breathes not whom I wish to hurt, or to whom I would not this moment render every service in my power. The injuries by me sustained, had I no children, should contentedly be buried in silence till the great day of retribution; but the false impressions which, by such silence, might be fixed on your mind, and those of your brothers and sisters, whom I include with you, 'tis incumbent on me, in justice to you, to them, and to myself, as far as possible, to efface.

face. To this end it will be necessary to enter into a circumstantial history of near fifteen years, full of incidents, of a nature so uncommon as to be scarcely credible, which I am convinced will effectually clear me, in your opinions, of the imputations I now lie under, and prove, almost to a demonstration, the true cause of those proceedings against me, that were couched under pretended motives, as injurious to my reputation as they were false in themselves. But this must be deferred some time longer; you are all yet too young to enter into things of this kind, or to judge properly of them. When a few years shall, by ripening your understandings, remove this objection, you shall be informed of the whole truth, without disguise or partiality,—till then suspend your belief of all that may have reached your ears with regard to me, and wait the knowledge of those facts my future letter will reveal for your information.

Thus much I thought it necessary to premise concerning myself, tho' foreign to the design of this epistle, which is only to remind you, that you have still an affectionate mother, anxious for your welfare, to give you some advice with regard to your conduct in life, and to lay down a few precepts, that, if attended to, will in the best manner in my power supply the deprivation of a constant tender maternal care: the address is to you in particular, your sisters being yet too young to receive it; but my intention for the equal service of you all.

You are just entering, my dear girl, into a world full of deceit and falshood, where few persons or things appear as they really are: vice hides her deformity with the borrowed garb of virtue; and though discernable, by the unbecoming awkwardness

ness of her deportment under it, passes on thousands undetected: every present pleasure usurps the name of happiness, and as such deceives the unwary pursuer; thus one general mask disguises the whole, and it requires a long experience, and a penetrating judgment, to discover the truth.—Thrice happy those, whose docile tempers improve the instructions of maturer age, and thereby attain some degree of this necessary knowledge, while it may be chiefly useful in directing their conduct!

The turn your mind now takes, fixes the happiness or misery of your whole future life; and I am too nearly concerned for your welfare not to be most solicitously anxious that you may early be led into so just a way of thinking, as will be productive of a prudent, rational behaviour, and secure to yourself a lasting felicity. You was old enough, before our separation, to convince me that heaven had not denied you a good natural understanding, which, properly cultivated, will set you above that trifling disposition, too common among the female world, that makes youth ridiculous, maturity insignificant, and old age contemptible; it is therefore needless to enlarge on that head, since good sense is there the best adviser, and without it all admonitions or directions on the subject would be as fruitless, as to lay down rules for an idiot not to act foolishly.

There is no room to doubt but that sufficient care will be taken to give you a polite education; but a religious one is of still greater consequence; necessary as the former is toward your making a proper figure in the world, and being well accepted in it, the latter is yet more so, as that only can secure to you the approbation of the greatest and best of Beings, on

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whose favour depends your everlasting happiness: let, therefore, your duty to God be ever the first and principal object of your care; as your creator and governor, he claims adoration and obedience; as your father and friend, submissive duty and affection: remember, that from this common parent of the universe you received your life; that to his general providence you owe the continuance of it; and to his bounty, all the health, ease, advantages, or enjoyments, which help to make that life agreeable. A sense of benefits received naturally inspires a grateful disposition, with a desire of making some suitable returns; all that can here be made, for innumerable favours every moment bestowed, is a thankful acknowledgment, and a willing obedience; in these be never wanting: make it an invariable rule to begin and end the day with a solemn address to the deity. I mean not by this, what is commonly with too much propriety called saying of prayers, viz. a customary repetition of a few good words, without either devotion or attention, than which, nothing is more inexcusable and affrontive; it is the homage of the heart that can alone be accepted. Expressions of our absolute dependence and entire resignation, thanksgiving for the mercies already received, petitions for those blessings it is fit for us to pray for, and intercessions for all our fellow-creatures, compose the principal parts of this duty; which may be comprised in very few words, or more enlarged upon, as the circumstances of time and disposition may render most suitable; for it is not the length, but the sincerity and attention of our prayers that will make them efficacious: a good heart, joined to a tolerable understanding, will seldom be at a loss for proper words
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with which to cloathe these sentiments ; and all persons being best acquainted with their own particular circumstances, may reasonably be supposed best qualified for adapting their petitions and acknowledgments to them ; but for those who are of a different opinion, there are many excellent forms of prayer already composed ; amongst these none, that I know of, are equal to Doctor Hoadly's (the present bishop of Winchester), which I recommend to your perusal and use ; in the preface to which, you will find better instructions on this head, than I am capable of giving, and to those I refer you.

It is acknowledged, that our petitions cannot in any degree alter the intention of a being, who is in himself invariable, and without a possibility of change ; all that can be expected from them is, that by bettering ourselves, they will render us more proper objects of his favourable regard ; and this must necessarily be the result of a serious, regular, and constant discharge of this branch of our duty ; for it is scarcely possible to offer up our sincere and fervent devotions to heaven, every morning and evening, without leaving on our minds such useful impressions, as will naturally dispose us to a ready and chearful obedience, and inspire a filial fear of offending,—the best security virtue can have ; therefore, as you value your own happiness, let not the force of bad examples ever lead you into an habitual disuse of secret prayer ; or an unpardonable negligence so far prevail, as to rest satisfied with a formal, customary, inattentive repetition of some well chosen words ; let your heart and attention always go with your lips, and experience will soon convince you, that this permission of addressing the supreme being, is the most valuable

prerogative of human nature; the chief, nay, the only support, under all the distresses and calamities this state of sin and misery is liable to; the highest rational satisfaction the mind is capable of, on this side the grave, and the best preparative for everlasting happiness beyond it. This is a duty ever in your own power, and therefore you only will be culpable by the omission; public worship may not always be so, but whenever it is, do not wilfully neglect the service of the church, at least on Sundays, and let your behaviour there be adapted to the solemnity of the place, and the intention of the meeting. Regard neither the actions or dress of others; let not your eyes rove in search of acquaintance; but in the time of divine service avoid, as much as possible, all complimentary civilities, of which there are too great an intercourse in most of our churches; remember, that your only business there is to pay a solemn act of devotion to almighty God, and let every part of your conduct be suitable to this great end. If you hear a good sermon, treasure it in your memory, that you may reap all the benefit it was capable of imparting; if but an indifferent one,—there must be some good things in it; retain those, and let the remainder be buried in oblivion; ridicule not the preacher, who no doubt has done his best, and is rather the object of pity, than contempt, for having been placed in a situation of life, which his talents were not equal to, and may perhaps be a good man tho' no great orator. I would also recommend to you the early and frequent participation of the communion (or, what is commonly called receiving the sacrament), as the indispensable duty of every christian; there is no institution of our religion more simple, plain, and

and intelligible than this is, as delivered to us by our Saviour; and most of the elaborate treatises wrote, since his time, on the subject, have served only to puzzle and disturb weak minds, by throwing the dark veil of superstition and human invention over a plain positive command, given by him in so explicit a manner, as to be easily comprehended by the meanest capacity, and which, it is doubtless in the power of all his sincere followers, to pay an acceptable obedience to. Nothing has more contributed to the neglect of this duty, than the numerous well-meaning books that have been wrote, to enjoin a month's or a week's preparation, as previously necessary to the due performance of it; by this means, filling the minds of many with needless terror, putting it even out of the power of some to receive it at all, and inducing great numbers to rest satisfied with doing it only once or twice in a year, on some high festival, whereas it was certainly the constant custom of the apostles, and primitive christians, on every Sunday; and ought to be received by us as often as it is administered in the church we frequent (which in most places is but once in a month); nor do I think it excusable, at any time, to turn our backs upon the table we see prepared for that purpose, on pretence of not being fit to partake worthily of it: the best, the only true preparation for this, and every other part of religious duty, is a good and virtuous life, by which the mind is constantly kept in such a devotional frame, as to require but a little recollection, to be suited to any particular act of worship or obedience that may occasionally happen; and without that, there cannot be a greater, or more fatal mistake, than to suppose, that a few days or weeks spent in humiliation and prayer,

prayer, will render us at all the more acceptable to the deity, or the better fitted for any one instance of that duty, which must be universally paid, to be either approved by him, or advantageous to ourselves: I would not therefore advise you to read any of those weekly preparatives, which are too apt to lead the mind into error, by teaching it to rest in a mere shadow of piety, wherein there is nothing rationally satisfactory. The best book I have ever met with on the subject is the bishop of Winchester's plain account of the nature and end of the sacrament of the Lord's supper (to which the prayers before-mentioned are annexed): this is well worth your careful perusal; the design of the institution is there fully explained, agreeable both to scripture and reason, stript of all that veil of mystery, which has been industriously thrown over it, by designing or mistaken men, and laid as plainly open to every capacity, as it was at first left us by our great master. Read this book with due attention; you will there find every necessary instruction concerning the rite, and every reasonable inducement to the constant and conscientious performance of it.

The sincere practice of these religious duties naturally leads to the proper discharge of the social ones, which may be all comprehended in that one great general rule, of doing unto others as you would they should do unto you;—but of these more particularly hereafter. I shall first give you my advice concerning employment; it being of great moment to set out in life in such a method, as may be useful to yourself and beneficial to others. Time is invaluable, its loss irretrievable! the remembrance of having made an ill use of it must be one of the sharpest

sharpest tortures to those who are on the brink of eternity ! and what can yield a more unpleasing retrospect, than whole years idled away in an irrational insignificant manner : examples of which are continually before our eyes. Look on every day as a blank sheet of paper put into your hands to be filled up ; remember the characters will remain to endless ages, and can never be expunged ; be careful therefore not to write any thing but what you may read with pleasure a thousand years hence : I would not be understood in a sense so strict as might debar you from any innocent amusement suitable to your age, and agreeable to your inclination ; diversions, properly regulated, are not only allowable, they are absolutely necessary to youth, and are never criminal, but when taken to excess ; that is, when they engross the whole thought, are made the chief business of life, give a distaste to every valuable employment ; and by a sort of infatuation, leave the mind in a state of restless impatience, from the conclusion of one till the commencement of another : this is the unfortunate disposition of many : guard most carefully against it ; for nothing can be attended with more pernicious consequences : a little observation will convince you, that there is not, amongst the human species, a set of more miserable beings, than those who cannot live out of a constant succession of diversions : these people have no comprehension of the more satisfactory pleasures to be found in retirement ; thought is insupportable to them, and consequently solitude must be intolerable ; they are a burthen to themselves, and a pest to their acquaintance, by vainly seeking for happiness in company, where they are seldom acceptable (I say vainly, for true happiness exists only

only in the mind; nothing foreign can give it: the utmost to be attained by what is called a gay life, is a short forgetfulness of misery, to be felt with accumulated anguish in every interval of reflection). This restless temper is frequently the product of a too eager pursuit of pleasure in the early part of life, to the neglect of those valuable improvements, which would lay the foundation of a more solid and permanent felicity. Youth is the season for diversions; but it is also the season for acquiring knowledge, for fixing useful habits, and laying in a stock of such well chosen materials, as may grow into a serene happiness, that will encrease with every added year of life, and bloom in the fullest perfection at the decline of it. The great art of education consists in assigning to each its proper place, in such a manner, that the one shall never become irksome by intrenching on the other: our separation having taken from me the pleasing task of endeavouring, to the best of my ability, to suit them occasionally as might be most conducive both to your profit and pleasure, it only remains to give you general rules, which accidents may make it necessary sometimes to vary;—that must be left to your own discretion; and I am convinced you have a sufficient share of understanding, to be very capable of making such casual regulations advantageously to yourself, if the inclination is not wanting.

It is an excellent method to appropriate the morning wholly to improvement; the afternoon may then be allowed to diversions; under the last head I place company, books of the humorous kind, and entertaining productions of the needle, as well as plays, balls, cards, &c. which more commonly go by that name: from dinner till supper may be variously by these
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employed, with innocence and propriety; but let none of them ever be suffered to intrude on the former part of the day, which should be always devoted to more useful employments. One half hour either before, or immediately after breakfast, I would have you constantly give to the attentive perusal of some rationally pious author, or some part of the new testament (which last, and indeed the whole scripture, you ought to make yourself perfectly acquainted with, as the basis on which your religion is founded); this practice you will reap more real benefit from, than can be supposed by those who have never made the experiment. The other hours may be divided amongst those necessary and polite acquisitions, which are suitable to your sex, age, and rank in life. Study your own language thoroughly, that you may speak correctly, and write grammatically; do not content yourself with the common use of words, which custom has taught you from the cradle, but learn from whence they are derived, and what are their proper significations. French you ought to be as well acquainted with as English; and Italian might, without much difficulty, be added. Acquire a good knowledge of history; that of your own country first, then of the other European nations; read them, not with a view to amuse, but to improve your mind; and to that end make reflections on what you have read, which may be useful to yourself, and render your conversation agreeable to others: learn so much of geography, as to form a just idea of those places you read of; this will make history more entertaining to you.

It is necessary for you to be perfect in the four first rules of arithmetic; more you can never have occasion for; and the

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mind should not be burthened with needless application. Music and drawing are accomplishments well worth the trouble of attaining, if your inclination and genius lead to either; if not, do not attempt them, for it will be only much time and great labour unprofitably thrown away; it being next to impossible to arrive at any degree of perfection in those arts, by the dint of perseverance only, if a good ear, and a native genius are wanting. The study of natural philosophy you will find both pleasing and instructive; pleasing from the continual new discoveries to be made of the innumerable various beauties of nature (a most agreeable gratification of that desire of knowledge wisely implanted in the human mind); and instructive, as those discoveries lead to the contemplation of the great author of nature, whose wisdom and goodness so conspicuously shine through all his works, that it is impossible to reflect seriously on them, without admiration and gratitude.

These, my dear, are but a few of those mental improvements I would recommend to you; indeed there is no branch of knowledge that your capacity is equal to, and you have an opportunity of acquiring, which I think ought to be neglected. It has been objected against all female learning, beyond that of household economy, that it tends only to fill the minds of the sex with a conceited vanity, which sets them above their proper business, occasions an indifference to, if not a total neglect of, their family-affairs, and serves only to render them useless wives, and impertinent companions. It must be confessed, that some reading ladies have given but too much cause for this objection; and could it be proved to hold good throughout the sex, it would certainly

certainly be right to confine their improvements within the narrow limits of the nursery, the kitchen, and the confectionary; but I believe it will upon examination be found, that such ill consequences proceed chiefly from too great an imbecility of mind to be capable of much enlargement, or from a mere affectation of knowledge, void of all reality. Vanity is never the result of understanding; a sensible woman will soon be convinced, that all the learning her utmost application can make her mistress of will be, from the difference of education, in many points inferior to that of a school-boy; this reflection will keep her always humble, and be an effectual check to that loquacity, which renders some women such insupportable companions.

The management of all domestic affairs is certainly the proper business of woman; and unfashionably rustic as such an assertion may be thought, it is certainly not beneath the dignity of any lady, however high her rank, to know how to educate her children, to govern her servants, to order an elegant table with oeconomy, and to manage her whole family with prudence, regularity, and method; if in these she is defective, whatever may be her attainments in any other kinds of knowledge, she will act out of character; and, by not moving in her proper sphere, become rather the object of ridicule than approbation: but I believe it may with truth be affirmed, that the neglect of these domestic concerns has much more frequently proceeded from an exorbitant love of diversions, a ridiculous fondness for dress and gallantry, or a mistaken pride, that has placed them in a servile light (fit only for the employment of dependants, and below the attention of a fine lady), than from too great an at-

tachment to mental improvements; yet, from whatsoever cause such a neglect proceeds, it is equally unjustifiable. If any thing can be urged in vindication of a custom, unknown to our ancestors, which the prevalence of fashion has made so general amongst the modern ladies, I mean, that of committing to the care and discretionary power of different servants, the sole management of their family-affairs; nothing certainly can be alleged in defence of such an ignorance in things of this nature, as renders a lady incapable of giving proper directions on all occasions; an ignorance, which, in ever so exalted a station, will render her contemptible even to those servants, on whose understanding and fidelity she, in fact, becomes dependent for the regularity of her house, the propriety, elegance, and frugality of her table; which last article is seldom regarded by such sort of people, who too frequently impose on those, by whom they are thus implicitly trusted. Make yourself, therefore, so thoroughly acquainted with the most proper method of conducting a family, and the necessary expence which every article, in proportion to their number, will occasion, that you may come to a reasonable certainty of not being materially deceived, without the ridiculous drudgery of following your servants at the heels, and meanly peeping into every obscure corner of your house; nor is this at all difficult to attain, it requiring nothing more than an attentive observation.

It is of late, in most great families, become too much the custom to be long upon the books of every tradesman they employ: to assign a reason for this is foreign to my purpose; but am certain it would in general be better, both for themselves, and the people they deal with, never to be on them at all; and what difficulty

difficulty or inconvenience can arise, in a well-regulated family, from commissioning the steward or housekeeper to pay for every thing at the time of its being brought in? This obsolete practice (though in itself very laudable) is not at present, and perhaps never may again, be authorised by fashion; however, let it be a rule with you to contract as few debts as possible; most things are to be purchased, both better in their kind and at a lower price, by paying for them at the time of purchasing; but, if to avoid the supposed trouble of frequent trifling disbursements, you choose to have the lesser articles thrown together in a bill, let a note of the quantity and price be brought with every such parcel; file these notes, compare them with the bill when delivered in, and let such bills be regularly paid every quarter; for it is not reasonable to expect that a tradesman should give longer credit, without making up the interest of his money, by an advanced price on what he sells; and, be assured, if you find it inconvenient to pay at the end of three months, that inconvenience must arise from living at too great an expence, and will consequently increase in six months, and grow still greater at the end of the year: by making short payments, you will become the sooner sensible of such a mistake, and find it at first more easy to retrench any supernumeraries, than after having been long habituated to them.

If your house is superintended by, and your servants accountable to, an housekeeper, let her be accountable to yourself, and entirely governed by your directions; carefully examine her bills, and suffer no extravagancies or unnecessary articles to pass unnoticed; let these bills be brought to you every morning;
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what they can contain will then be easily recollected, without burthening your memory; your accounts, being short, will be adjusted with less trouble and more exactness. Should you at any time have an upper servant, whose family and education were superior to that state of subjection, which succeeding misfortunes may have reduced her to, such ought to be treated with peculiar indulgence; if she has understanding enough to be conversable, and humility enough always to keep her proper distance, lessen, as much as possible, every painful remembrance of former prospects, by looking on her as an humble friend, and making her an occasional companion; but never descend to converse with those, whose birth, education, and early views in life, were not superior to a state of servitude; their minds are suited to their station; intoxicated by any degree of familiarity, they become useless and impertinent.—The habit very many ladies have contracted of talking to, and consulting with, their women, has so spoiled that set of servants, that few of them are to be met with, who do not commence their service, by giving their unasked opinion of your person, dress, or management, artfully conveyed in the too generally accepted vehicle of flattery; and if allowed in this, will next proceed to offer their ridiculous advice on any occasion, that may happen to discompose or ruffle your temper; check the first appearance of such impertinence, by a reprimand sufficiently severe to prevent a repetition of it.

Give your orders in a plain, distinct manner, with good nature, joined to a steadiness, that will shew they must be punctually obeyed; treat all your domestics with such mildness
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and affability, that you may be served rather out of affection than fear; let them live happily under you; give them leisure for their own business, time for innocent recreation, and more especially for attending the public service of the church, to be instructed in their duty to God; without which you have no right to expect the discharge of that owing to yourself: when wrong, tell them calmly of their faults; if they amend not after two or three such rebukes, dismiss them; but never descend to passion and scolding, which is inconsistent with a good understanding, and beneath the dignity of a gentlewoman. Be very exact in your hours, without which there can be no order in your family; I mean those of rising, eating, &c. Require from your servants punctuality in these, and never be yourself the cause of breaking through the rules you have laid down, by deferring breakfast, putting back the dinner, or letting it grow cold on the table, to wait your dressing; a custom by which many ladies introduce confusion, and bring their orders into neglect. Be always dressed, at least, half an hour before dinner.—Having mentioned this important article, I must be allowed a little digression on the subject.

Whatever time is taken up in dress, beyond what is necessary to decency and cleanliness, may be looked upon (to say no worse) as a vacuum in life, entirely lost: by decency, I mean, such an habit as is suitable to your rank and fortune; an ill-placed finery, inconsistent with either, is not ornamental, but ridiculous: a compliance with fashion, so far as to avoid the affectation of singularity, is necessary; but to run into the extreme of fashions, more especially those which are inconvenient,

venient, is the certain proof of a weak mind; have a better opinion of yourself, than to suppose you can receive any additional merit from the adventitious ornaments of dress; leave the study of the toilet to those adapted to it, I mean, to that insignificant set of females, whose whole life, from the cradle to the coffin, is but a varied scene of trifling, and whose intellectuals fit them not for any thing beyond it; such may be allowed to pass whole mornings at their looking-glass, in the important business of suiting a set of ribbons, adjusting a few curls, or determining the position of a patch,—one, perhaps, of their most innocent ways of idling; but let as small a portion of your time as possible, be taken up in dressing; be always perfectly clean and neat, both in your person and cloaths, equally so when alone, as in company; look upon all beyond this, as immaterial in itself, any farther than as the different ranks of mankind have made some distinction in habit generally esteemed necessary; and remember, that it is never the dress, however sumptuous, which reflects dignity and honour on the person; it is the rank and merit of the person that gives consequence to the dress.—But to return.

It is your own steadiness and example of regularity that alone can preserve uninterrupted order in your family; if, by forgetfulness or inattention, you at any time suffer your commands to be disobeyed with impunity, your servants will grow upon such neglect into an habit of carelessness, till repeated faults, of which this is properly the source, rouse you into anger, which an even hand would never have made necessary. Be not whimsical or capricious in your likings; approve with judgment,

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and condemn with reason; that acting right may be as certainly the means of obtaining your favour, as the contrary of incurring your displeasure.

From what has been said you will see, that in order to the proper discharge of your domestic duties, it is absolutely necessary for you to have a perfect knowledge of every branch of household œconomy, without which you can neither correct what is wrong, approve what is right, or give directions with propriety. It is the want of this knowledge that reduces many a fine lady's family to a state of the utmost confusion and disorder on the sudden removal of a managing servant, till the place is supplied by a successor of equal ability: how much out of character, how ridiculous must the mistress of a family appear, who is entirely incapable of giving practical orders on such an occasion! let that never be your case; remember, my dear, this is the only proper temporal business assigned you by providence; and in a thing so indispensibly needful, so easily attained, and where so little study or application is necessary, to arrive at the most commendable degree of it, the want even of perfection is almost inexcusable; make yourself mistress of the theory, that you may be able, the more readily, to reduce it into practice; and when you have a family to command, let the care of that always employ your principal attention, and every part of it be subjected to your own inspection. If you rise early (a custom I hope you have not left off since you was with me), waste no unnecessary time in dressing, and conduct your house in a regular method, you will find many vacant hours unfilled up by this material business; and no objection can lay against employ-

ing those in such improvements of the mind as are most suitable to your genius and inclination. I believe no man of understanding will think, that under such regulations, a woman will either make a less agreeable companion, a less useful wife, a less careful mother, or a worse mistress of a family, for all the additional knowledge her industry and application can acquire.

The morning being always thus advantageously engaged, the latter part of the day may, as I before said, be given to relaxation and amusement; some of these hours may be very agreeably, and not unusefully, employed by entertaining books; a few of which, together with some of a religious and instructive kind, are annexed, as a specimen of the sort I would recommend to your perusal*. Novels and romances never give yourself the

* Tillotson's
Hoadly's
Sherlock's
Clarke's
Seed's

} Sermons;

Locke, Woollaston,
Mason on Self-Knowledge,
Young's Night Thoughts,
Seneca's Morals,
Cicero's Works,
Collier's Antoninus,
Epictetus,

Leonidas,
Pope's Essay on Man,
Rapin's History of England,
Hook's or Echard's Roman History,
Universal History,
Potter's Antiquities,
Kennet's Antiquities,
The Spectators,
The Guardians,
Thomson's Seasons,
Pope's Translation of Homer's Iliad and
Odyssey, &c.

By these you may form a judgment of that sort of reading that will be both useful and entertaining to you. In the sermons, the practical ones of each author are meant. Our rule of faith should be taken from the scripture alone, which we must understand for ourselves; therefore the controverted opinions of others serve in general rather to puzzle than improve the mind.

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trouble of reading; though many of them contain some few good morals, they are not worth picking out of the rubbish intermixed; it is like searching for a few small diamonds amongst mountains of dirt and trash, which when found, are too inconsiderable to answer the pains of coming at them; ridiculous as these fictitious tales generally are, they are so artfully managed, as to excite an idle curiosity to see the conclusion; by which means the reader is drawn on, through a tiresome length of foolish adventures, to the common catastrophe of a wedding, or sometimes a funeral; from which useless knowledge neither pleasure or profit accrues: the best I have met with of these kind of writings, to say no worse, it is little better than the loss of time to peruse; but some of them have more pernicious consequences; for by drawing characters that never exist in life, by representing persons and things in a false and extravagant light, and by a series of improbable causes bringing on impossible events, they are apt to give a romantic turn to the mind, that is often productive of great errors in judgment, and fatal mistakes in conduct; of this I have seen frequent instances, and therefore advise you never to meddle with this tribe of scribblers.

Works of the needle, that employ the fancy, may, if they suit your inclination, be sometimes a pretty amusement; but let this employment never extend to large pieces, beyond what can be accomplished by yourself without assistance. There is not a greater extravagance under the specious name of good housewifery, than the furnishing of houses in this manner;

whole apartments have been seen thus ornamented by the sup-
posed work of a lady, who, perhaps, never shaded two leaves in
the artificial forest, but has paid four times its value to the
several people employed in bringing it to perfection: the ex-
pence of these tedious pieces of work I speak of experimentally;
having many years past undertaken one of them, which, when
finished, was not worth fifteen pounds; and, by a compu-
tation since made, did not cost less than fifty, in the hire and
maintenance of the people employed in it; this indeed was at
the age of seventeen; the thoughtless inexperience of youth
could alone excuse such a piece of folly. Embroideries in gold,
silver, or shades of silk, come within a narrower compass: work
of that kind, which may, without calling in expensive assistance,
or tiring the fancy, be finished in a summer, will be a well
chosen change of amusement, and may (as there are three of
you) be made much more agreeable by one alternately reading
aloud, while the other two are thus employed. All kinds of
what is called plain work (though no very polite accomplish-
ment) you must be so well versed in, as to be able to cut out,
make, or mend, your own linen: some fathers and some hus-
bands choose to have their daughters and their wives thus at-
tired in the labour of their own hands; and, from a mistaken
notion, believe this to be the great criterion of frugal oeconomy;
where that happens to be the inclination, or opinion of either,
it ought always to be readily complied with; but exclusive of
such a motive, I see no other that makes the practical part at
all necessary to any lady; excepting, indeed, such a narrowness
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of fortune as admits not conveniently the keeping of an Abigail, to whom such exercises of the needle much more properly appertain.

The theatre, which, by the indefatigable labour of the inimitable Mr. Garrick, is now brought to very great perfection, will afford you, when in town, an equally rational and improving entertainment: at his house your judgment is not called in question, or your understanding affronted, by the impertinent representation of ridiculous pantomimes; nor your modesty offended by the indecent ribaldry of those authors, who, to their defect in wit, have added the want of good sense and good manners: faults of this kind (that from a blameable compliance with a corrupted taste, have sometimes crept into the works of better writers) are, by his prudent direction, generally rectified, or omitted on the stage; you may there see the best plays performed in the best manner: do not, however, go to any that you have not before heard the character of; be present only at those which are approved by persons of understanding and virtue, as calculated to answer the proper ends of the theatre, viz. that of conveying instruction in the most pleasing method.—Attend to the sentiment, apply the moral, and then you cannot, I think, pass an evening in a more useful, or a more entertaining diversion.

Dancing may also take its turn as an healthful exercise, and generally suitable to the taste and gaiety of young minds.

Part of those hours appropriated to relaxation, must of necessity be less agreeably taken up in the paying and receiving visits of mere ceremony and civility, a tribute, by custom authorised,

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by good manners enjoined: in these, when the conversation is only insignificant, join in it with an apparent satisfaction; talk of the elegance of a birth-day suit, the pattern of a lace, the judicious assortment of jewels, the cut of a ruffle, or the set of a sleeve, with an unaffected ease; not according to the rank they hold in your estimation, but proportioned to the consequence they may be of in the opinion of those you are conversing with: the great art of pleasing is to appear pleased with others; suffer not an ill-bred absence of thought, or a contemptuous sneer, ever to betray a conscious superiority of understanding, always productive of ill-nature and dislike; suit yourself to the capacity and taste of your company, when that taste is confined to harmless trifles; but where it is so far depraved, as to delight in cruel sarcasms on the absent, to be pleased with discovering the blemishes in a good character, or repeating the greater faults of a bad one, here religion and humanity forbid the least degree of assent: if you have not any knowledge of the persons thus unhappily sacrificed to envy or malice, and consequently are ignorant as to the truth or falshood of such aspersions, always suspect them to be ill grounded, or, at least, greatly exaggerated: shew your disapprobation by a silent gravity, and by taking the first opportunity to change the subject; but where any acquaintance with the character in question, gives room for defending it, let not an ill-timed complaisance prevail over justice; vindicate injured innocence with all the freedom and warmth of an unrestrained benevolence; and, where the faults of the guilty will admit of palliation, urge all that truth can allow in mitigation of error; from this method, besides the pleasure

pleasure arising from the consciousness of a strict conformity to the great rule of doing as you would be done by, you will also reap to yourself the benefit of being less frequently pestered with themes ever painful to a humane disposition. If unfortunately you have some acquaintance, whose malevolence of heart, no sentiment of virtue, no check of good manners, can restrain from these malicious sallies of ill-nature, to them let your visits be made as seldom, and as short, as decency will permit, there being neither benefit or satisfaction to be found in such company; amongst whom only cards may be introduced with any advantage; on this account it will be proper for you to know how to play at those games most in use, because it is an argument of great folly to engage in any thing without doing it well; but this is a diversion that I hope you will have no fondness for, as it is in itself, to say no worse, a very insignificant one.

With persons for whom you can have no esteem, good-breeding may oblige you to keep up an intercourse of ceremonious visits, but politeness enjoins not the length or frequency of them; here inclination may be followed without a breach of civility; there is no tax upon intimacy, but from choice, and that choice should ever be founded on merit, the certainty whereof you cannot be too careful in previously examining; great caution is necessary not to be deceived by specious appearances; a plausible behaviour, often, upon a superficial knowledge, creates a prepossession in favour of persons, who, upon a nearer view, may be found to have no claim to esteem; the forming a precipitant judgment sometimes leads into an unwary intimacy, which it may prove absolutely necessary to break off, and yet that breach
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be attended with innumerable inconveniencies, nay, perhaps, with very material and lasting ill consequences: prudence, therefore, here enjoins the greatest circumspection. Few people are capable of friendship, and still fewer have all the qualifications one would choose in a friend; the fundamental point is a virtuous disposition; but to that should be added, a good understanding, solid judgment, sweetness of temper, steadiness of mind, freedom of behaviour, and sincerity of heart; seldom as these are to be found united, never make a bosom friend of a person greatly deficient in either. Be slow in contracting friendship, and invariably constant in maintaining it: expect not many friends, but think yourself happy, if, through life, you meet with one or two who deserve that name, and have all the requisites for the valuable relation. This may justly be deemed the highest blessing of mortality; uninterrupted health has the general voice; but, in my opinion, such a friend as much deserves the preference, as the mental pleasures, both in nature and degree, exceed the corporeal: the weaknesses, the pains of the body, may be inexpressibly alleviated by the conversation of a person, by affection endeared, by reason approved; whose tender sympathy partakes your afflictions, and shares your enjoyments; who is steady in the correction, but mild in the reproof of your faults; like a guardian angel, ever watchful to warn you of unforeseen danger, and, by timely admonitions, prevent the mistakes incident to human frailty, and self-partiality. This is the true office of friendship; with such a friend, no state of life can be absolutely unhappy; but destitute of some such connection, heaven has so formed our natures for this intimate society,

ciety, that, amidst the affluence of fortune, and the flow of uninterrupted health, there will be an aching void in the solitary breast, that can never know a plenitude of happiness. Should the supreme disposer of all events bestow on you this superlative gift, to such a friend let your heart be ever unreservedly open; conceal no secret thought, disguise no latent weakness, but bare your bosom to the faithful probe of honest friendship, and shrink not, if it smart beneath the touch; nor with tenacious pride dislike the person that freely dares condemn some favourite foible; but, ever open to conviction, hear with attention, and receive with gratitude, the kind reproof that flows from tenderness: when sensible of a fault, be ingenuous in the confession, sincere and steady in the correction of it.

Happy is her lot, who in an husband finds this invaluable friend! yet so great is the hazard, so disproportioned the chances, that I could almost wish the dangerous die was never to be thrown for any of you! but as most probably it may, let me conjure ye all, my dear girls, if ever any of you take this most important step in life, to proceed with the utmost care, and deliberate circumspection. Fortune and family it is the sole province of your papa to direct in, who certainly has always an undoubted right to a negative voice, though not to a compulsive one; as a child is very justifiable in the refusal of her hand, even to the absolute command of a father, where her heart cannot go with it; so is she extremely culpable, by giving it contrary to his approbation.—Here I must take shame to myself! and for this unpardonable fault, do justly acknowledge, the subsequent ill consequences of a most unhappy marriage were the proper

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punishment: this and every other error in my own conduct, I do, and shall, with the utmost candour, lay open to you; sincerely praying, that you may reap the benefit of my experience, and avoid those rocks, I have, either by carelessness, or sometimes, alas! by too much caution, split against. But to return,—

The chief point to be regarded in the choice of a companion for life, is a real virtuous principle, an unaffected goodness of heart; without this you will be continually shocked by indecency, and pained by impiety. So numerous have been the unhappy victims to the ridiculous opinion, that a reformed libertine makes the best husband, that, did not experience daily evince the contrary, one would believe it impossible for a girl, who has a tolerable degree of common understanding, to be made the dupe of so erroneous a position, that has not the least shadow of reason for its foundation, and which a small share of observation will prove to be false in fact. A man who has been long conversant with the worst sort of women, is very apt to contract a bad opinion of, and a contempt for the sex in general; incapable of esteeming any, he is suspicious of all; jealous without cause, angry without provocation, and his own disturbed imagination is a continual source of ill humour; to this is frequently joined a bad habit of body, the natural consequence of an irregular life; which gives an additional sourness to the temper. What rational prospect of happiness can there be with such a companion? And that this is the general character of those who are called reformed rakes, observation will certify: but admit there may be some exceptions, it is a hazard

hazard that no considerate woman would venture the peace of her whole future life upon. The vanity of those girls, who believe themselves capable of working miracles of this kind, and give up their persons to a man of libertine principles, upon the wild expectation of reclaiming him, justly deserve the disappointment they will generally meet with; for, believe me, a wife is, of all others, the least likely to succeed in such an attempt.—Be it your care to find that virtue in a lover, which you must never hope to form in an husband. Good sense and good nature are almost equally requisite; if the former is wanting, it will be next to impossible for you to esteem the person, of whose behaviour you may have cause to be ashamed; (and mutual esteem is as necessary to happiness in the married state, as mutual affection); without the latter, every day will bring with it some fresh cause of vexation; till repeated quarrels produce a coldness, that will settle into an irreconcilable aversion; and you not only become each other's torment, but the object of contempt to your family and acquaintance.

This quality of good nature, is, of all others, the most difficult to be ascertained; which proceeds from the general mistake of blending it with good humour, as in themselves the same, though, in fact, no two principles of action are more essentially different; this may require some explanation.—By good nature, then, I mean, that true benevolence, which partakes the felicity of all mankind, that promotes the satisfaction of every individual within the reach of its ability, that relieves the distressed, comforts the afflicted, diffuses blessings, and communicates happiness, as far as its sphere of action can extend; and, in the

private scenes of life, will shine conspicuous in the dutiful son, the affectionate husband, the indulgent father, the faithful friend, and the compassionate master, both to man and beast; whilst good humour is nothing more than a chearful, pleasing deportment, arising either from a natural gaiety of mind, or an affectation of popularity, joined to an affability of behaviour, the result of good breeding, and a ready compliance with the taste of every company. This kind of mere good humour, is, by far, the most striking quality; it is frequently mistaken for, and complimented with, the superior name of real good nature; a man, by this specious appearance, has often acquired that appellation, who, in all the actions of his private life, has been a morose, cruel, revengeful, sullen, haughty tyrant.—Let them put on the cap, whose temples fit the galling wreath!—On the contrary, a man of a true benevolent disposition, and formed to promote the happiness of all around him, may sometimes, perhaps, from an ill habit of body, an accidental vexation, or a commendable openness of heart, above the meanness of disguise, be guilty of little sallies of peevishness, or ill humour, that may carry the appearance of, and be unjustly thought to proceed from ill nature, by persons who are unacquainted with his true character, and take them for synonymous terms; though, in reality, they bear not the least analogy to each other. In order to the forming a right judgment, it is absolutely necessary to observe this distinction, which will effectually secure you from the dangerous error of taking the shadow for the substance; an irretrievable mistake, pregnant with innumerable consequent evils!

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From what has been said, it plainly appears, that the criterion of this amiable virtue, is not to be taken from the general opinion; mere good humour being, to all intents and purposes, sufficient, in this particular, to establish the public voice in favour of a man, utterly devoid of every humane and benevolent affection of heart. It is only from the less conspicuous scenes of life, the more retired sphere of action, the artless tenor of domestic conduct, that the real character can, with any certainty, be drawn; these undisguised proclaim the man; but as they shun the glare of light, nor court the noise of popular applause, obscure, they pass unnoted, and are seldom known till after an intimate acquaintance; the best method, therefore, to avoid deception in this case, is to lay no stress on outward appearances, too often fallacious, but to take the rule of judging from the simple, unpolished sentiments of those, whose dependent connections give them an undeniable certainty; who not only see, but hourly feel, the good or bad effects of that disposition they are subjected to; by this I mean, that if a man is equally respected, esteemed, and beloved by his tenants, his dependants and domestics, from the substantial farmer to the laborious peasant, from the proud steward to the submissive wretch, who, thankful for employment, humbly obeys the menial tribe; you may justly conclude, he has that true good nature, that real benevolence, which delights in communicating felicity, and enjoys the satisfaction it diffuses; but if by these he is despised and hated, served merely from a principle of fear, devoid of affection, which is very easily discoverable; whatever may be his public character, however favourable the general opinion, be

be assured, his disposition is such, as can never be productive of domestic happiness. I have been the more particular on this head, as it is one of the most essential qualifications to be regarded, and of all others the most liable to be mistaken.

Never be prevailed with, my dear, to give your hand to a person defective in these material points; secure of virtue, good nature, and understanding, in an husband, you may be secure of happiness; without the two former it is unattainable; without the latter, in a tolerable degree, it must be very imperfect.

Remember, infallibility is not the property of man, or you may entail disappointment on yourself, by expecting what is never to be found; the best of men are sometimes inconsistent with themselves; they are liable to be hurried, by sudden starts of passion, into expressions and actions, which their cooler reason will condemn; they may have some oddities of behaviour, some peculiarities of temper, be subject to accidental ill humour, or whimsical complaints; blemishes of this kind often shade the brightest character, but are never destructive of mutual felicity, unless made so by an improper resentment, or an ill-judged opposition. Reason can never be heard by passion; the offer of it tends only to enflame the more; when cooled, in his usual temper, if wrong, the man of understanding will suggest to himself all that can be urged against him; the man of good nature will, unupbraided, own an error: contradiction at the time is, therefore, wholly unserviceable, and highly imprudent; an after repetition, equally unnecessary and injudicious. Any peculiarities in the temper or behaviour ought to be properly represented in the tenderest and most friendly manner; and, if
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done discreetly, will be general well taken; but if they are so habitual, as not easily to be altered, strike not too often upon the unharmonious string, rather let them pass as unobserved; such a chearful compliance will better cement your union; and they may be made easy to yourself, by reflecting on the superior good qualities, by which these trifling faults are so greatly overbalanced. You must remember, my dear, these rules are laid down only on the supposition of your being united to a person, who possesses the three essential qualifications for happiness before mentioned; in this case, no farther direction is necessary, but that you strictly perform the duty of a wife, viz. to love, honour, and obey; the two first are a tribute so indispensibly due to merit, that it must naturally be paid by inclination; these lead to the last, which will not only be an easy, but a pleasing task, since nothing ever can by him be enjoined, that is in itself improper; and few things will, that, with any reason, can be to you disagreeable. Here should this subject end, were it not more than possible for you, after all that has been urged, to be led by some inferior motive, to the neglect of the primary caution; and either from an opinion too hastily entertained, an unaccountable partiality, or the powerful prevalence of persuasion, be unfortunately induced to give your hand, where a bad heart, and a morose temper, concealed by a well practised dissimulation, may render every flattering hope of happiness abortive. Heaven in mercy guard you from this fatal error! Such a companion is the worst of all temporal ills; a deadly portion, that imbitters every social scene of life, damps every rising joy, and banishes that chearful temper, which alone can give a true relish to the blessings.

bleſſing of mortality. Moſt ſincerely do I pray this may never be your lot! and hope your prudent circumſpection will be ſufficient to guard you from the danger: but the bare poſſibility of ſuch an event, makes it not unneceſſary to lay down a few rules, for the maintaining ſome degree of eaſe, under the deprivation of happineſs. This is by far the moſt difficult part of my preſent undertaking; it is hard to adviſe here, and ſtill harder to praſtiſe the advice: the ſubject alſo is too extenſive to be minutely treated within the compaſs of a letter, which muſt confine me to the moſt material points only; in theſe, ſhall give you the beſt directions in my power, ardently wiſhing you may never have occaſion to make uſe of them.

The being united to a man of irreligious principles, makes it impoſſible to diſcharge a great part of the proper duty of a wiſe; to name but one inſtance; that of obedience will be rendered impracticable, by frequent injunctions inconſiſtent with, and contrary to the higher obligations of morality. This is not mere ſuppoſition, but ſpoke from facts I have often ſeen, and can attelt. Where this happens, the reaſons for non-compliance ought to be offered in a plain, ſtrong, good-natured manner; there is at leaſt the chance of ſucceſs from being heard; but ſhould thoſe reaſons be rejected, or the hearing of them be reſuſed, and ſilence on the ſubject enjoined (which is moſt probable, a few people caring to hear what they know to be right, when determined not to appear convinced by it); in this obey, nor farther urge the argument, but keep ſteady to your principles, and neither by perſuaſion or threats be prevailed with to act contrary to them; all commands repugnant to the laws of
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christianity, it is your indispensable duty to disobey ; all requests that are inconsistent with prudence, incompatible with that rank and character you ought to maintain in life, it is your interest to refuse ; a compliance with the former would be criminal, a consent to the latter highly indiscreet, and subject you to general censure ; for a man capable of requiring from his wife what he knows to be in itself wrong, is equally capable of throwing the whole blame of such misconduct on her, and afterwards upbraiding her for a behaviour he will, upon the same principle, disown his having been accessory to. Many similar instances have come within the compass of my own observation. In things of a less material nature, that are neither criminal in themselves, nor pernicious in their consequences, always acquiesce, if insisted on, however disagreeable they may be to your own temper and inclination ; such a compliance will evidently prove that your refusal in the other case proceeds not from a spirit of contradiction, but merely from a just regard to that superior duty, which can never be infringed with impunity : passion may resent, but reason must approve this conduct ; and therefore, it is the most likely method, in time, to make a favourable impression ; but failing there, you will at least enjoy that satisfactory self-approbation, which is the inseparable attendant of a truly religious and rational deportment.

Should the painful task of dealing with a morose tyrannical temper be assigned you, there is little more to be recommended than a patient submission to an evil, which admits not of a remedy. Ill nature is increased, obstinacy confirmed by opposition ; the less such a temper is contradicted, the more supportable will

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it be to those who are under its baneful influence. When all endeavours to please are ineffectual, and a man seems determined to find fault with every thing, as if his chief pleasure consisted in tormenting those about him, it requires a more than common degree of patience and resolution, to forbear uttering those reproaches, which such a behaviour may be justly allowed to deserve; yet it is absolutely necessary to the maintaining any tolerable degree of ease, not only to restrain all expressions of resentment, but even those disdainful looks, which are apt to accompany a contemptuous silence, both equally tending to encrease the malady. This diabolical delight in giving pain, is most unwearied in the search of matter for its gratification, and can either find, or unaccountably form it, in almost all the occurrences of life; but when suffered, unobstructed, unregarded, to run its malicious course, will quickly vent its blunted arrows, and die of disappointment; whilst all endeavours to appease, all complaints of unkindness, sharpen against yourself the weapon's edge; and by proving your sensibility of the wound, gives the wished satisfaction to him who inflicts it. Prudence here directs more than ordinary circumspection; that every part of your behaviour may be as blameless as possible, even to the abstaining from the least appearance of evil; and after having, to the utmost of your power, strove to merit approbation, expect not to meet with it; by this means you will escape the mortification of being disappointed, which, often repeated, is apt to give a gloomy sourness to the temper, incompatible with any degree of contentment: you must also learn to be satisfied with the consciousness of acting right, according to your best abilities,

lities, and look with an unconcerned indifference on the reception every successful attempt to please may meet with.

This, it must be owned, is a hard lesson of philosophy; it requires no less than an absolute command over the passions; but let it be remembered, that such a command, will itself most amply recompense every difficulty, every pain the obtaining it may cost; besides, it is, I believe, the only way to preserve any tranquility of mind under so disagreeable a connection.

As the want of understanding is by no art to be concealed, by no address to be disguised, it might be supposed impossible for a woman of sense to unite herself to a person, whose defect in this kind, must render that sort of rational society, which constitutes the chief happiness of such an union, impossible. Yet here how often has the weakness of female judgment been conspicuous! The advantages of great superiority in rank or fortune, have frequently proved so irresistible a temptation, as in opinion, to outweigh not only the folly, but even the vices of its possessor; a grand mistake! ever tacitly acknowledged by a subsequent repentance, when the expected pleasures of affluence, equipage, and all the glittering pomp of useless pageantry, are experimentally found insufficient to balance the deprivation of that constant satisfaction, resulting from the social joy of conversing with a reasonable friend. Weak as this motive must be acknowledged, it is yet more excusable than one, which, it may be feared, has sometimes prevailed; I mean, so great a love of sway, as to give the preference to a person of weak intellectuals, in hopes thereby of holding uncontrouled the reigns of government: the expectation is in fact ill-grounded; obstinacy and pride being

generally the companions of folly, the silliest people are usually the most tenacious of their opinions; and, consequently, the hardest of all others to be managed;—but admit the contrary; this principle is in itself bad, tends to invert the order of nature, and counteract the design of providence.

A woman can never be seen in a more ridiculous light, than when she appears to govern her husband; if unfortunately, the superiority of understanding is on her side, the apparent consciousness of that superiority betrays a weakness, that renders her contemptible in the sight of every considerate person, and may, very probably, fix in his mind a dislike never to be eradicated. Lest it should ever be to you necessary, remember, that, in this case, some degree of dissimulation is commendable, so far as to let the defect seem unobserved. When he judges wrong, never flatly contradict, but lead him insensibly into another opinion, in so discreet a manner, that it may seem entirely his own, and let the whole credit of every prudent determination rest on him, without indulging the foolish vanity of claiming any merit to yourself; thus a person of but an indifferent capacity, may be so assisted as, in many instances, to shine with a borrowed lustre, scarce distinguishable from the native; and by degrees be brought into a kind of mechanical method of acting properly, in all the common occurrences of life: odd as this position may seem, it is founded in fact, and I have seen the method successfully practised by more than one person; where a weak mind, on the governing side, has been so prudently set off, as to appear the sole director; like the statue of the Delphic God, which was thought to give forth its own oracles, whilst the humble priest, who

who lent his voice, was by the shrine concealed, nor sought a higher glory than a supposed obedience to the power he would be thought to serve.

From hence it may be inferred, that by a perfect propriety of behaviour, ease and contentment are, at least, attainable with a companion, who has not the most exalted understanding; but then virtue and good nature are presupposed, or there will be nothing to work upon; a vicious, ill-natured fool, being so untractable and tormenting an associate, that there needs only to add jealousy to the composition, to make the curse complete.

This passion once suffered to get footing in the heart, is hardly ever to be extirpated; it is a constant source of torment to the breast that gives it reception, and an inexhaustable fund of vexation to the object of it: with a person of this unfortunate disposition, it is prudent to avoid the least appearance of concealment; a whisper in a mixed company, a message given in a low voice to a servant, has, by the power of a disturbed imagination, been magnified into a material injury; whatever has the air of secrecy, raises terror in a mind naturally distrustful; a perfect unreserved openness, both in conversation and behaviour, starves the anxious expectation of discovery, and may very probably lead into an habitual confidence, the only antidote against the poison of suspicion: it is easier to prevent, than to remove, a received ill impression; and consequently, much wiser to be sometimes deficient in little points of civility, which, however indifferent in themselves, may happen unaccountably to clash with the ease of a person, whose repose it is both your duty and interest to promote—much more commendable contentedly

tentedly to incur the censure of a trifling disposition, by a circumstantial, unasked relation of insignificant incidents, than to give any room for apprehending the least degree of reserve. Such a constant method of proceeding, together with a reasonable compliance, is the most likely to cure this painful turn of mind; for, by withholding every support that could give strength to it, the want of matter to feed on, may, probably, in time, cause its extinction: if, unhappily, it is so constitutional, so interwoven with the soul, as to become, in a manner, inseparably united with it, nothing remains but a patient submission to the will of heaven, under the pressure of an unalterable evil—to guard carefully against the natural consequence of repeated undeserved suspicions, viz. a growing indifference, that too frequently terminates in aversion; and, by considering such a situation as a trial of obedience and resignation, receive the comfort that must arise from properly exercising one of the most exalted of christian virtues.—I cannot dismiss this subject without adding a particular caution to yourself concerning it.

Jealousy is, on several accounts, still more inexcusable in a woman; there is not any thing that so much exposes her to ridicule, or so much subjects her to the insult of affrontive addresses: it is an inlet to almost every possible evil, the fatal source of innumerable indiscretions, the sure destruction of her own peace, and frequently proves the bane of her husband's affection. Give not a momentary harbour to its shadow in your heart; fly from it as from the face of a fiend, that would lead your unwary steps into a gulph of unalterable misery. When once embarked in the matrimonial voyage, the fewer faults

faults you discover in your partner, the better ; never search after what it will give you no pleasure to find ; never desire to hear what you will not like to be told ; therefore avoid that tribe of impertinents, who, either from a malicious love of discord, or the meaner, though less criminal, motive of ingratiating themselves, by gratifying the blameless curiosity of others, sow dissention wherever they gain admittance, by telling unwelcome truth, or, more frequently, by insinuating invented falsehoods, injure innocent people, disturb domestic union, and destroy the peace of families. Treat these emissaries of Satan with the contempt they deserve ; hear not what they offer to communicate, but give them at once to understand, that you can never look on those as your friends, who speak in a disadvantageous manner of that person, whom you would always choose to see in the most favourable light : if not effectually silenced by such rebukes, be inaccessible to their visits, and break off all acquaintance with such incorrigible pests of society, who will be ever upon the watch to seize an unguarded opportunity of disturbing your repose.

Should the companion of your life be guilty of some secret indiscretions, run not the hazard of being told by these malicious meddlers, what, in fact, it is better for you never to know ; but, if some unavoidable accident betrays an imprudent correspondence, take it for a mark of esteem, that he endeavours to conceal from you, what he knows you must, upon a principle of reason and religion, disapprove ; and do not, by discovering your acquaintance with it, take off the restraint which your supposed ignorance lays him under, and thereby, perhaps, give a
latitude

latitude to undisguised irregularities. Be assured (whatever accidental fallies the gaiety of inconsiderate youth may lead him into), he can never be indifferent to you, whilst he is careful to preserve your peace, by concealing what he imagines might be an infringement of it: rest satisfied, that time and reason will, most certainly, get the better of all faults, which proceed not from a bad heart; and, that by maintaining the first place in his esteem, your happiness will be built on too firm a foundation to be easily shaken.

I have been thus particular on the choice of an husband, and the material parts of conduct in a married life, as thereon depends not only the temporal, but often the eternal felicity of those who enter into that state; a constant scene of disagreement, ill nature, and quarrels, necessarily unfitting the mind for every religious and social duty, by keeping it in a disposition diametrically opposite to that christian piety, that practical benevolence and rational composure, which alone can prepare it for everlasting happiness.

Instructions on this head, considering your tender age, may seem premature, and should have been deferred till occasion called for them, had our situation allowed me frequent opportunities of communicating my sentiments to you; but that not being the case, I choose, in this epistle, at once, to offer you my best advice in every circumstance of great moment to your well being both here and hereafter; lest, at a more proper season, it may not happen to be in my power. This part you may defer the consideration of, till the design of entering into a new scene of life may make it useful to you; which I hope will not
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be yet some years ; an unhappy marriage being generally the consequence of a too early engagement, before reason has gained sufficient strength to form a solid judgment, on which only a proper choice can be determined. Great is the hazard of a mistake, and irretrievable the effects of it ! Many are the degrees between happiness and misery : absolute misery, I will venture to affirm, is to be avoided by a proper behaviour, even under all the complicated ills of human life ; but to arrive at that proper behaviour, requires the highest degree of christian philosophy ; and who would voluntarily put themselves upon a state of trial, so severe, that not one in a thousand have been found able to come off victorious ? Betwixt this and positive happiness, there are innumerable steps of comparative evil ; each has its separate conflict, variously difficult, differently painful, under all which a patient submission, and a conscious propriety of behaviour, is the only attainable good : far short of possible temporal felicity, is the ease arising from hence ! Rest not content with the prospect of such ease, but fix on a more eligible point of view, by aiming at true happiness ; and, take my word, that can never be found in a married state, without the three essential qualifications already mentioned, virtue, good nature, and good sense, in an husband : remember, therefore, my dear girl, this repeated caution ; if you ever resolve on marriage, never to give your hand to a man who wants either of them, whatever other advantages he may be possessed of ; so shall you not only escape all those vexations, which thousands of unthinking mortals hourly repent the having brought upon themselves ; but most assuredly, if it is not your own

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fault,

fault, enjoy that uninterrupted domestic harmony, in the affectionate society of a virtuous companion, that constitutes the highest satisfaction of human life. Such an union, founded on reason and religion, cemented by mutual esteem and tenderness, is a kind of faint emblem (if the comparison may be allowed) of the promised reward of virtue in a future state; and, most certainly, an excellent preparative for it, by keeping the mind in a constant equanimity, a regular composure, that naturally leads to the proper discharge of all the religious and social duties of life; the unerring road to everlasting peace. The first have been already spoken to; it remains only to mention some few of the latter.

Amongst these œconomy may, perhaps, be thought improperly placed; yet, as many of the duties we owe to society are often rendered impracticable by the want of it, there is not so much impropriety in ranking it under this head, as may at first be imagined: for instance; a man, who lives at an expence beyond what his income will support, lays himself under a necessity of being unjust, by withholding from his creditors what they have a right to demand from him, as their due, by all laws both human and divine; and thereby often entails ruin on an innocent family, who, but for the loss sustained by his extravagance, might have comfortably subsisted on the profits of their industry; he likewise puts it out of his own power to give that relief to the indigent, which, by the laws of humanity, they have a right to expect; the goods of fortune being given (as a great divine excellently observes) for the use and support of others, as well as the person on whom they are bestowed.

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These are surely great breaches of that duty we owe to our fellow-creatures, and are the subsequent effects produced by the want of oeconomy.

You will find it a very good method, so to regulate your stated expences, as to bring them always one-fourth part within your certain annual income; by this means you will avoid being at any time distressed by unforeseen accidents, and have it more easily in your power materially to relieve those who deserve assistance. The giving trifling sums, indiscriminately, to such as appear necessitous, is so far from being commendable, that it is a real injury to society; an encouragement to idleness; and helps to fill the streets with lazy beggars, that live upon misapplied bounty, to the prejudice of the industrious poor, who are useful members of the common-wealth; and on whom such benefactions might be serviceably bestowed: be very sparing in this kind of donations; they are an insignificant relief to the receivers, supposing them really in want, and, frequently repeated, amount to a considerable sum in the year's account. The proper objects of charity are, those who, by unavoidable misfortunes, have fallen from affluent circumstances into a state of poverty and distress; those also, who, by unexpected disappointments in trade, are on the point of being reduced to an impossibility of carrying on that business, on which their present subsistence, and future prospects in life depend, from the incapacity of raising an immediate sum to surmount the difficulty; and those who, by their utmost industry, can hardly support their families above the miseries of want; or, who, by age or illness, are rendered incapable of labour. Appropriate a

certain part of your income to the relief of these real distresses. To the first, give as largely as your circumstances will allow. To the second (after the example of an excellent prelate of our own church) lend, if it is in your power, a sufficient sum to prevent the threatened ruin, on condition of being repaid the loan, without interest, if providence enables them, by future success, to do it with convenience. The same method may be used where indigence renders industry unavailable, by depriving it of the means to lay in a small original stock, to be improved upon. Never take a note of hand, or any acknowledgment of such loan, lest what you intended for a benefit, should be afterwards made the instrument of ruin to the receiver, by a different disposition in your successor. Such assistance ought not to be given to any, without a thorough knowledge of their character, and having good reason to believe them not only industrious, but strictly honest; which will be a sufficient obligation on them for the repayment: and the sums so repaid ought to be laid by, till an opportunity again offers of making them, in like manner, serviceable to others. The latter sort, who are able to work, may, by a small addition to the profits of their own labour, be rescued from misery, and put into a comfortable way of subsistence. Those who, by age or infirmity, are rendered utterly incapable of supporting themselves, have an undoubted right, not only to the necessaries, but even to some of the conveniences of life, from all whom providence has placed in the more happy state of affluence and independance.

As your fortune and situation are yet undetermined, I have purposely laid down such rules as may be adapted to every station.

station. A large fortune gives greater opportunity of doing good, and communicating happiness in a more extensive degree; but a small one is no excuse for withholding a proportionate relief to real and deserving objects of compassion; to assist them is an indispensable duty of christianity. The first and great commandment is to love God with all your heart; the second, to love your neighbour as yourself. *Who seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*—Or how the love of his neighbour? If deficient in these primary duties, vain are the hopes of acceptance, built on a partial obedience to the lesser branches of the law! Inability is often pleaded as an excuse for the want of charity, by persons who make no scruple of daily lavishing on their pleasures, what, better applied, might have made an indigent family happy through life; these lose sight of real felicity, by the mistaken pursuit of its shadow: such pleasures die in the enjoyment, are often succeeded by remorse, and always by satiety; whereas the true joy, the sweet complacency, resulting from benevolent actions, encrease by reflection, and must be immortal as the soul. So exactly, so kindly, is our duty made to coincide with our present, as well as future interest, that incomparably more satisfaction will accrue to a considerate mind, from denying itself even some of the agreeables of life, in order the more effectually to relieve the unfortunate, than a full indulgence of every temporal gratification could bestow.

However small your income may be, remember that a part of it is due to merit in distress; set by an annual sum for this purpose,

purpose, even though it should oblige you to abate some unnecessary expence to raise the fund: by this method, persons of slender fortune have been enabled to do much good, and give happiness to many. If your fund will not admit of frequent draughts upon it, be the more circumspect with regard to the merit of those you relieve; that bounties not in your power to repeat often, may not be misapplied: but if providence, by a more ample fortune, should bless you with a larger ability of being serviceable to your fellow-creatures, prove yourself worthy of the trust reposed in you, by making a proper use of it. Wide as your influence can extend, turn the cry of distress and danger into the song of joy and safety; feed the hungry, cloath the naked, comfort the afflicted, give medicine to the sick, and with it, all the alleviation their unfortunate circumstances can admit of. Thus may you truly make a friend of the unrighteous Mammon, thus turn the perishable goods of fortune into everlasting blessings.—Upon earth you will partake that happiness you impart to others, and lay up for yourself *treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.*

A person who has once experienced the advantages of right action, will be led by the motive of present self-interest, as well as future expectation, to the continuance of it. There is no injunction of christianity, that a sincere christian will not, by obedience, find is so calculated, as to be directly, in some measure, its own reward.

The forgiveness of injuries (to which alone is annexed the promise of pardon for our own offences, and required by the gospel,

gospel, not only so far as to forbear all kinds of retaliation, but also to render you equally disposed to serve, with your utmost power, those persons who have wilfully injured you, as if no such injury had been received from them) has by some been accounted a hard precept; yet the difficulty of it arises merely from, and is proportionable to, the badness of the heart by which it is so esteemed: a good disposition finds a superlative pleasure in returning good for evil; and, by an inexpressible satisfaction of mind, in so doing feels the present reward of obedience; whereas a spirit of revenge is incompatible with happiness, an implacable temper being a constant torment to its possessor; and the man who returns an injury, feels more real misery from the rancour of his own heart, than it is in his power to inflict upon another.

Should a friend wound you in the most tender part, by betraying a confidence reposed, prudence forbids the exposing yourself to a second deception, by placing any future trust in such a person; but though here all obligations of intimacy cease, those of benevolence and humanity remain still in full force, and are equally binding as to every act of service and assistance, even to the suffering a lesser evil yourself, in order to procure a much greater good, to the person by whom you have been thus ill-used: this is in general allowed to be the duty of every individual to all, as a member of society; but is particularly instanced in the present case, to shew, that not even a breach of friendship, the highest of all provocations, will cancel the duty, at all times equally and unalterably obligatory, of promoting

moting both the temporal and eternal happiness of all your fellow-creatures, by every method in your power.

It has been by many thought impertinent at any time to offer unasked advice; the reason of which may be chiefly owing to its being too frequently tendered with a supercilious air, that implies a conceited consciousness of superior wisdom: it is the manner, therefore, more than the thing itself, that gives disgust.

If those, with whom you have any degree of intimacy, are guilty of what to you appears either wrong or indiscreet, speak your opinion to them with freedom, though you should even lose a friend by so doing: silence makes you, in some measure, an accessory to the fault; but having thus once discharged your duty, rest there; they are to judge for themselves; to repeat such admonitions, is both useless and impertinent; and will be thought to proceed rather from pride than good nature: to the persons concerned only, are you to speak your disapprobation of their conduct; when censured by others, say all that truth or probability will permit in their justification.

It often happens, that, upon an accidental quarrel between friends, they separately appeal to a third person: in such case, alternately take the opposite side; alleging every argument in favour of the absent party, and placing the mistakes of the complainer in the strongest light; this method may, probably, at first displease, but is always right, as the most likely to procure a reconciliation: if that takes place, each, equally obliged, will thankfully approve your conduct; if not, you will have the satis-

satisfaction of, at least, endeavouring to be the restorer of peace. A contrary behaviour, which generally proceeds from the mean desire of pleasing by flattery, at the expence of truth, often widens a trifling breach, into open and irreconcilable enmity. People of this disposition are the worst sort of incendiaries; the greatest plague of human society; because the most difficult to be guarded against, from their always wearing the specious disguise of pretended approbation and friendship to the present, and equally deceitful resentment against the absent person or company.

To enumerate all the social duties would lead me too far; suffice it, therefore, my dear, in few words, to sum up what remains. Let truth ever dwell upon your tongue; scorn to flatter any, and despise the person who would practise so base an art upon yourself. Be honestly open in every part of your behaviour and conversation. All with whom you have any intercourse, even down to the meanest station, have a right to civility and good humour from you. A superiority of rank or fortune is no licence for a proud, supercilious behaviour; the disadvantages of a dependent state are alone sufficient to labour under; it is both unjust and cruel to encrease them, either by an haughty deportment, or by the unwarrantable exercise of a capricious temper.

Examine every part of your conduct towards others by the unerring rule of supposing a change of places; this will certainly lead to an impartial judgment; do then what appears to you right, or, in other words, what you would they should do unto you; which comprehends every duty relative to society.

Aim at perfection, or you will never reach to an attainable height of virtue. Be religious without hypocrisy, pious without enthusiasm. Endeavour to merit the favour of God, by a sincere and uniform obedience to whatever you know, or believe, to be his will: and should afflictive evils be permitted to cloud the sunshine of your brightest days, receive them with submission; satisfied that a being, equally wise, omniscient, and beneficent, at once sees, and intends the good of his whole creation; and that every general or particular dispensation of his providence towards the rational part of it, is so calculated as to be productive of ultimate happiness, which nothing but the misbehaviour of individuals can prevent to themselves. This truth is surely an unanswerable argument for absolute resignation to the will of God; and such a resignation, found upon reason and choice, not enforced by necessity, is unalterable peace of mind, fixed on too firm a basis to be shaken by adversity: pain, poverty, ingratitude, calumny, and even the loss of those we hold most dear, may each transiently affect, but united cannot mortally wound it. Upon this principle you will find it possible not only to be content, but chearful, under all the disagreeable circumstances this state of probation is liable to; and by making a proper use of them, effectually remove the garb of terror from the last of all temporal evils; and learn, with grateful pleasure, to meet approaching death as the kind remover of every painful sensation, the friendly guide to perfect and everlasting happiness.

Believe me, this is not mere theory; my own experience every moment proves the fact undeniably true; my conduct (in
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all those relations, which still with me subsist, nearly as human imperfection will allow) is governed by the rules here laid down for you; which produces the constant rational composure, that constitutes the most perfect felicity of human life; and with truth I can aver, that I daily feel incomparably more real satisfaction, more true contentment, in my present retirement, than the gayest scenes of festive mirth ever afforded me; am pleased with this life, without an anxious thought for the continuance of it, and happy in the hope of hereafter exchanging it for an infinitely better. My soul, unstained by the crimes unjustly imputed to me, most sincerely forgives the malicious authors of these imputations, anticipates the future pleasure of an open acquittal, and in that expectation loses the pain of present undeserved censure: by this is meant, the instance that was made the supposed foundation for the last of innumerable injuries received through him, from whom I am conscious of having deserved the kindest treatment: other faults, no doubt, I might have many, to him had very few; nay, for several years cannot, upon reflection, accuse myself of any thing, but too absolute, too unreserved an obedience to every injunction, even where they were plainly contrary to the dictates of my own reason.—How wrong such a compliance was clearly evinced by many instances of it; having been since most ungenerously, and most ungratefully urged as circumstantial arguments against myself.

It must indeed be owned, that for the two or three last years, tired with a long series of repeated insults, of a nature almost beyond the power of imagination to conceive, my temper be-

came soured; a constant fruitless endeavour to oblige, was changed into an absolute indifference about it; and ill humour, occasioned by frequent disappointment (a consequence I have experimentally warned you against), was, perhaps, sometimes too much indulged; how far the unequalled provocations may be allowed as an excuse for this, heaven only must determine, whose goodness has thought fit to release me from the painful situation, though by a method, at present, not the most eligible, as it is the cause of a separation from my children also, and thereby has put it out of my power to attend, in the manner I could have wished, to their education; a duty that inclination would have led me with equal care and pleasure, more amply to fulfil, had they continued under my jurisdiction.—But as providence has thought fit otherways to determine, contented I submit to every dispensation, convinced that all things are ordered for the best, and will, in the end, work together for good to them that fear God, and sincerely endeavour to keep his commandments. If in these I err, I am certain it is owing to a mistake in the judgment, not a defect of the will.

Thus have I endeavoured, my dear girl, in some measure, to compensate both to you and your sisters, the deprivation of a constant maternal care, by advising you, according to my best ability, in the most material parts of your conduct through life, as particularly as the compass of a letter would allow. May these few instructions be as serviceable to you, as my wishes would make them! and may that Almighty Being, to whom my daily prayers ascend for your preservation, grant you his heavenly benediction, keep you from all moral evil, lead you into

into the paths of righteousness and peace; and give us all an happy meeting in those regions of unalterable felicity, *prepared for those, who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek after glory and immortality.*

Should any of you, when at liberty to follow your own inclinations, choose to write to me, a direction to be left at Mr. Clutterbuck's, attorney at law, at the Bath, will always safely convey a letter to my hand.

So many have been the instances of falshood and deceit I have met with, where they were least expected, that it may justify a precaution against my name being hereafter made use of, without my knowledge; especially as my promise of a future letter may lay a foundation for such an attempt. That future letter must contain the relation of many events, which, for the sake of the persons concerned in them, I could wish (my heart being really void of all angry resentment) there was no necessity of making public: if, therefore, I can find a certain means of conveying the narrative to your brothers, sisters, and yourself only, when you are all arrived at a proper age to receive and understand it, that method will be preferred; if not, must again have recourse to this channel: should I, before that intended period, be removed from this state of existence; so necessary does it appear to me to undeceive the minds of my children, and justify to them, who are so nearly concerned, my injured character; that the manuscript is deposited in the hands of a friend, on whom I can safely depend for the publication, at the time prefixed; and, who has also some original letters, together with an order from me, which will be satisfactory vouchers of its being

being wrote by myself: this precaution will effectually secure you from the possibility of being imposed upon, by any pretended posthumous letter of mine; and, whilst I live, shall *write* my name to whatever is by me addressed to any of you.

Depend upon it, therefore, my dear, most certainly, that I am not the author of any epistle, which bears not the manual sign of

Your affectionate Mother,

S. PENNINGTON.



AULD





My Father urged me save my Mother did not speak.

But she looked in my Face, till my Heart was like to break.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

A NEW SONG.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld and the ky at home,
And all the world to sleep are gane,
The waes of my heart fall in showers from my ee,
When my gude man lies sound by me.

Young Jamie sought me lang to be his bride,
But saving a crown he had naught beside,
And to make the crown a pound my Jamie gad to sea,
And the crown and the pound were both for me.

He had na been awa a week but twa,
When my mother fell sick, and the cow stonna awa,
My father broke his arm, and my Jamie's at the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father could na work, nor my mother spin,
I toil'd day and night but their bread cou'd na win,
Auld Robin fed them baith, and with tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, pray marry me.

My

My heart it said na, for I hop'd Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew high, the ship was a wreck;
 The ship was a wreck, why did na Jamie dee?
 And why do I live to say, wae's me?

My father argu'd fair, tho' my mother did na speak,
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
 So they giv him my hand, tho' my heart was at sea,
 And Auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me.

I had na been a wife a week but four,
 When sitting right woeful at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wereath, for I could na think it he,
 Till he said, I'm come back to marry thee.

O! sai did we greet, and muchie did we say,
 We took a kiss, and tore ourselves away;
 I wish I were dead, but I'm na like to dee,
 And why do I live to say, wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and care na to spin,
 I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
 But I will do my best a gude wife for to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

ADVICE

ADVICE OF A MOTHER

TO HER

DAUGHTER.

THE world has in all ages been very negligent in the education of daughters ; all their care is laid out entirely upon the men ; and, as if the women were a distinct species, they leave them to themselves without any helps, without thinking that they compose one half of the world ; that the two sexes are necessarily united together by alliances ; that the women make either the happiness or misery of the men, who always feel the want of having them reasonable ; that they are a great means of the rise and ruin of families ; that they are entrusted with the education of the children in their early youth, a season of life, in which they receive the liveliest and deepest impressions. What would they have them inspire into their children, when, from their very infancy, they are left themselves

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in the hands of governantes, who, as they are generally taken out of the low world, inspire them with low sentiments, encourage all the timorous passions, and form them to superstition instead of religion? It would be a subject worthier of their thoughts, to contrive how to make certain vices hereditary to their families, by conveying them down from the mother to the children, than how to secure their estates by entails. Nothing, therefore, is so much mistaken as the education which they give to young women: they design them to please; they give them no instructions but for the ornament and graces of the body; they flatter their self-love; they give them up to effeminacy, to the world, and to false opinions; they give them no lectures of virtue and fortitude: surely it is unreasonable, or rather, downright madness, to imagine that such an education should not turn to their prejudice.

It may be necessary, my daughter, to observe all the outward rules of *decorum*; but this is not enough to gain you the esteem of the world; it is the sentiments of the mind that form the character of a person; that lead the understanding; that govern the will; that secure the reality and duration of all our virtues: but religion should be the principle and foundation of these sentiments. When religion is once engraven on our heart, all the virtues will naturally flow from that source; all the duties of life will be regularly practised in their respective order. It is not enough for the conduct of young persons, to oblige them to do their duty; they must be brought to love it. Authority is a tyrant only over the outward behaviour; it has no sway over the inward sentiments. When one prescribes a
conduct,

Conduct, we should represent the reasons and the motives of it, and give them a relish for what we advise them.

It is so much for our interest to practise virtue, that we should never consider it as our enemy, but rather, as the source of happiness, of glory, and of peace.

You are just coming into the world; enter it, my daughter, with some principles; you cannot fortify yourself too much against what you will meet with there: bring along with you all your religion: nourish it in your heart by your sentiments; confirm it in your mind by proper reflections, and by reading adapted to encourage it.

There is nothing more necessary, and, indeed, more happy for us, than to keep up a sentiment that makes us love and hope; that gives us a prospect of an agreeable futurity; that reconciles all times; that insures all the duties of life; that answers for us to ourselves; and is our guarantee with regard to others. What a support will you find from religion under the misfortunes that threaten you! for a certain number of misfortunes must fall to your share. It was a saying of one of the ancients, "That he wrapt himself up in the mantle of his virtue:" Wrap yourself up in that of your religion; it will be a great help to you against the weakness of youth, and a sure refuge in your riper years.

Women that have cultivated all their understanding with nothing but the maxims of the world, are presented at last with an universal blank, and find themselves in a terrible want of thought and employment, the most irksome situation in life. As they advance in age the world quits them, and reason tells

them they should quit the world; but where must they go for relief? The time past furnishes us with regrets, the present with inquietudes, and the time to come with fears. Religion alone calms all our uneasiness, and comforts us under all misfortunes; by uniting you to God, it reconciles you with the world, and yourself too.

A young person, when she comes into the world, frames to herself an high notion of the happiness reserved for her. She sets herself to obtain it; it is the source of all her cares. She is always on the hunt after her notion, and in hopes of finding a perfect happiness: this is the occasion of lightness and inconstancy.

The pleasures of the world are deceitful; they promise more than they perform; the quest of them is full of anxiety: their enjoyment is far from yielding any true satisfaction, and their loss is attended with vexation.

To fix your desires, think that no solid or lasting happiness is to be found any where but in your own breast. Honours and riches have no charms that are lasting for any length of time; their possession extends our view, and gives us new desires. Pleasures, when they grow familiar, lose their relish. Before you have tasted them, you may do without them; whereas enjoyment makes that necessary to you, which was once superfluous, and you are worse at your ease than you were before; by enjoying them, you grow used to them, and when you lose them, they leave you nothing but emptiness and want. What affects us sensibly is the passage from one circumstance of life to another; the interval between a miserable season and a happy one.

one. The sense of pleasure wears off as soon as we grow habituated to it. It would be a great advantage, if reason could at once lay before us all that is necessary for our happiness. Experience brings us back to ourselves; spare yourself that expence; and lay it early down for a maxim, with a firmness and resolution to determine your conduct, that "true felicity consists in peace of mind, in reason, and in the discharge of our duty." Let us not fancy ourselves happy, my daughter, till we feel our pleasures of this sort flow from the bottom of our soul.

These reflections seem too strong for a young person, and are proper for a riper age: however, I believe you capable of them; and besides, I am instructing myself. We cannot engrave the precepts of wisdom too deeply in our hearts; the impressions that they make are always too light; but it cannot be denied, that such as use themselves to make reflections, and fortify their hearts with principles, are in a fairer way to virtue than such as neglect them. If we are unhappy enough to be defective in the practice of our duty, let us, at least, not be wanting in our affections to it: let us then, my daughter, make use of these precepts for a continual help to our virtue.

It is commonly said there are two prejudices with which every body must comply: religion and honour. It is a wrong expression to call religion a prejudice. A prejudice is an opinion, that may be subservient to error as well as truth; the term ought never to be applied but to things that are uncertain; and religion is not so.

Honour is, indeed, an invention merely human; yet nothing is more real than the evils that people suffer, who would get rid
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of it; it would be dangerous to shake it off; we should rather do all we can to fortify a sentiment that ought to be a rule to our conduct, since nothing is more destructive of our quiet, or makes our life more unequal, than to think one way and act another. Possess your heart as much as is possible with sentiments for the conduct that you ought to observe; fortify this prejudice of honour in your mind: you cannot be too scrupulously nice on this subject.

Never warp in the least from these principles; never entertain a notion, as if the virtue of women was a virtue only enjoined by custom; nor allow yourself to think you have sufficiently discharged your obligations, if you can but escape the eyes of the world. There are two courts before which you must inevitably appear in judgment; your conscience and the world: you may possibly get clear of the world, but you can never get clear of conscience. Secure her testimony in favour of your honesty; it is what you owe to yourself; but withal, do not neglect the approbation of the public; for a contempt of reputation naturally leads to a contempt of virtue.

When you are a little acquainted with the world, you will find that there is no need of the sanctions and terror of laws to keep you within the bounds of your duty; the example of such as have deviated from it, and the calamities that have ever attended them, is enough to stop any inclination in the midst of its career; for there is no coquet but must own, if she would be sincere, that it is the greatest misfortune in the world to be forgot and neglected.

Shame is a passion that might be of excellent advantage to us,
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if we managed it well: I do not mean that false shame, which only serves to disturb our quiet, without being of any service to our behaviour; I speak of that which keeps us from evil out of fear of dishonour: we must confess this shame is sometimes the surest guard of the women's virtue; there are very few virtuous for virtue itself.

There are some great virtues, which, when they are carried to a certain degree, make a great many defects be overlooked; such as extraordinary valour in the men, and extreme modesty in the women. Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, was excused of all her faults on account of her chastity. This princess was ambitious and haughty; but, says Tacitus, "all her passions were consecrated by her chastity."

If you are sensible and nice in the point of reputation, if you are apprehensive of being attacked as to essential virtues, there is one sure means to calm your fears and satisfy your nicety; it is to be virtuous. Be sure always to keep well with yourself; it is a sure income of pleasures; and will gain you praise, and a good reputation to boot; in a word, be but truly virtuous, and you will find admirers enough.

The virtues that make a figure in the world, do not fall to the women's share; their virtues are of a simple and peaceable nature: fame will have nothing to do with us. It was a saying of one of the ancients, that "the great virtues are for the men!" he allows the women nothing but the single merit of being unknown; and "such as are most praised (says he), are not always the persons that deserve it best; but rather such as are not talked of at all." The notion seems to me to be wrong; but, to reduce this

this maxim into practice, I think it best to avoid the world, and making a figure, which always strike at modesty, and be contented with being one's own spectator.

The virtues of the women are difficult, because they have no help from glory to practise them. To live at home; to meddle with nothing but one's self and family; to be simple, just, and modest; are painful virtues, because they are obscure. One must have a great deal of merit to shun making a figure, and a great deal of courage to bring one's self to be virtuous only to one's own eyes. Grandeur and reputation serve for supports to our weakness, for such in reality is our desire to distinguish and raise ourselves. The mind rests in the public approbation, but true glory consists in being satisfied without it. Let it not enter then into the motives of your actions; it is enough that it is the recompence of them.

Be assured, my daughter, that perfection and happiness cling together; that you can never be happy but by virtue, and scarce ever unhappy but by ill conduct. Whoever examines themselves strictly, will find that they never had any grievous affliction, but they occasioned it themselves by some fault, or by being wanting in some duty. Anxiety always follows the loss of innocence; but virtue is ever attended with an inward satisfaction, that is a constant spring of felicity to all its votaries.

Do not however imagine that your only virtue is modesty; there are abundance of women, that have no notion of any other, and fancy, that by practising it, they discharge all the duties of society: they think they have a right to neglect all the rest, and to be as proud and censorious as they please. Anne of Bre-
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tagne, a proud and imperious princess, made Lewis XII. suffer exceedingly; and the good prince was used to say, when he submitted to her humour, "we must pay dear for the women's chastity." Make nobody pay for yours; think rather that it is a virtue which regards only yourself, and loses its greatest lustre, if it be not attended with the other virtues.

We should be very tender in our modesty; inward corruption passes from the heart to the mouth, and occasions loose discourse. The most violent passions have need of modesty to shew themselves in a seducing form; it should distinguish itself in all your action; it should set off and embellish all your person.

They say that when Jove formed the passions, he assigned every one of them its distinct abode. Modesty was forgot; and when she was introduced to him, he could not tell where to place her: she was therefore allowed to consort with all the rest. Ever since that time she is inseparable from them; she is the friend of truth, and betrays the lie that dares attack it; she is in a strict and intimate union with love; she always attends, and frequently discovers and proclaims it: love, in a word, loses his charms, whenever he appears without her; there is not a more glorious ornament for a young lady than modesty.

Let the chief part of your finery then be modesty; it has great advantages; it sets off beauty, and serves for a veil to ugliness: modesty is the supplement of beauty. The great misfortune of ugliness is, that it smothers and buries the merit of women. People do not go to look in a forbidding figure for the engaging qualities of the mind and heart; it is a very difficult affair when merit must make its way, and shine through a disagreeable outside.

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You do not want graces to make you agreeable, but you are no beauty: this obliges you to lay up a stock of merit: the world will compliment you with nothing. Beauty has great advantages. One of the ancients said of it, that it was "a short tyranny, and the greatest privilege in nature; that handsome persons carry letters of recommendation in their looks."

Beauty inspires a pleasing sentiment which prepossesses people in its favour. If you have made no such impressions, you must expect to be taken to pieces. Take care that there be nothing in your air or manners to make any body think that you do not know yourself: an air of confidence in an ordinary figure is shocking enough. Let nothing in your discourse or dress look like art, at least let it not be easy to find it out; the most refined art never lets itself be seen.

You are not to neglect the accomplishments and ornaments proper to make you agreeable, for women are designed to please; but you should rather think of acquiring a solid merit, than of employing yourself in trifling things. Nothing is shorter than the reign of beauty; nothing is more melancholy than the latter part of the lives of women, who never knew any thing but that they were handsome. If any body makes their court to you for the sake of your agreeable accomplishments, make their regards centre in friendship, and secure the continuance of that friendship by your merits.

It is a difficult matter to lay down any sure rules to please. The graces without merit cannot please long; and merit without the graces may command the esteem of men, but can never move them. Women therefore must have an amiable merit,
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and join the graces to the virtues. I do not confine the merit of women merely to modesty; I give it a much larger extent. A valuable woman exerts the manly virtues of friendship, probity, and honour, in the punctual discharge of all her obligations. An amiable woman should not only have the exterior graces, but all the graces of the heart, and fine sentiments of the mind. There is nothing so hard as to please without being so intent upon it, that it shall look a little like coquetry. Women generally please the men of the world more by their faults than their good qualities. The men are for making their advantages of the weaknesses of amiable women: they would have nothing to do with their virtues; they do not care to esteem them; they had much rather be amused by persons of little or no merit, than be forced to admire such as are virtuous.

One must know human nature if one designs to please. The men are much more affected with what is new, than with what is excellent: but the flower of novelty soon fades; what pleased when it was new, soon displeases when it grows common. To keep up this taste of novelty, we must have a great many resources and various kinds of merit within ourselves; we must not stick only at the agreeable accomplishments: we must strike their fancy with a variety of graces and merits to keep up their inclinations, and make the same object afford them all the pleasures of inconstancy.

Women are born with a violent desire to please; as they find themselves barred from all the ways that lead to glory and authority, they take another road to arrive at them, and make themselves amends by their agreeableness. Beauty imposes on the

person that has it, and infatuates the soul; yet remember, that there is but a very small number of years difference between a fine woman and one that is no longer so. Get over this excessive desire to please; at least keep from shewing it. We must not be extravagant in our dress, or let it take up all our time; the real graces do not depend on a studied finery; we must submit to the mode as a troublesome sort of slavery, but comply with it no more than we are obliged in decency. The mode would be reasonable, if it could be fixed to a point of perfection, convenience, and gracefulness; but to be always changing is inconstancy, rather than politeness and a good taste.

A good taste avoids all excessive niceness; it treats little things as little ones, and gives itself very little trouble about them. Neatness is indeed agreeable, and deserves to be ranked among things that are graceful; but it commences littleness, when it is carried to an excess; it is a much better temper to be careless in things of little consequence than to be too nice about them.

Young persons are very subject to the spleen; as they are quite destitute of knowledge, they run with eagerness towards sensible objects; the spleen, however, is the least evil they have to dread; excessive joys are no part of the train of virtue. All violent and moving pleasures are dangerous. Though one is discreet enough not to break through the rules of decency, and to keep within the bounds of modesty; yet when the heart is once moved with the pleasure it feels, a sort of softness diffuses itself over the soul, and takes away its relish for every thing that is called virtue: it stops and makes you cool in the practice of
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your duty. A young person does not see the consequences of this flattering poison, the least mischief of which is to disturb the quiet of life, to deprave the taste, and render all simple pleasure insipid. When one sees a young person happy enough not to have had her heart touched (as there is a natural disposition in us to a union, and this disposition has not been exercised), she easily complies, and gives herself naturally to the person designed for her.

Be very cautious on the article of plays, and the like public diversions. There is no dignity in shewing one's self continually; nor is it an easy matter to preserve a strict modesty in a constant hurry of diversions. It is mistaking one's interest to frequent them: if you have beauty, you must not wear out the taste of the world by shewing yourself continually: you must be still more reserved if you want graces to set you off; besides, the constant use of diversions lessens the relish of them.

When all your life has been spent in pleasures, and they come to leave you, either because your taste for them is over, or because your reason forbids you the enjoyment of them, your mind finds itself in a most uneasy situation for want of employment. If you would therefore have your pleasures and amusements last, use them only as diversions to relieve you after more serious occupations. Entertain yourself with your own reason; keep up that correspondence; and the absence of pleasures will not leave you any time upon your hands, nor any hankering after them.

It behoves us therefore to husband our tastes; there is no refreshing life without them, but innocence only can preserve them in their integrity; irregularity is sure to deprave them.

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When we have found a heart, we make an advantage of every thing, and turn it into a source of pleasure. We come frequently to pleasures with a sick man's palate: we fancy ourselves nice, when we are only surfeited and out of taste. When we have not spoiled our mind and heart by sentiments that seduce the fancy, or by any flaming passion, it is easy to find delight: health and innocence are the true fountains of joy. But when we have had the misfortune to habituate ourselves to vehement pleasures, we become insensible to moderate ones. We spoil our taste by diversions, and use ourselves so much to violent pleasures, that we cannot take up with such as are simple and regular.

We should always dread such great emotions of the soul as leave us flat and out of sorts. Young persons have the greater reason to fear them, in that they are less capable of resisting what flatters their sense. "Temperance," said one of the ancients, "is the best caterer for luxury." With this temperance, which makes the health both of mind and body, one has always a pleasing and an equal joy; one has no need of diversions and expence; reading, work, and conversation, afford a purer joy than all the train of the greatest pleasures. In a word, innocent delights are of most advantage; they are always ready at hand; they are beneficent, and are never purchased at too dear a rate. Other pleasures flatter, but they do mischief: they alter the constitution of the mind, and spoil it like that of the body.

Be regular in all your views and in all your actions; it would be happy if our fortune was such as to make computations of our income unnecessary; but as yours is narrow, it obliges us to be regular. Be discreet in the article of your expences; if
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you do not observe a moderation in them, you will soon see your affairs in disorder; as soon as you lay aside œconomy, you can answer for nothing.

Pompous living is the high road to ruin, and the ruin of people's fortune is almost always followed with corruption of manners: but in order to be regular, it is no way necessary to be covetous. Remember that avarice is of little service, and dishonours a person infinitely. All that one should aim at in a regular management, is to avoid the shame and injustice that always attend an irregular conduct. We must retrench superfluous expences only to be in a better condition to afford such as decency, friendship, and charity engage us to make.

It is good order, and not the looking into little matters, that turns to any great account. Pliny, when he sent his friend back a bond for a considerable sum which his father owed him, with a general acquittance, told him, "I have but a small estate, and am obliged to be at great expences; but my frugality serves for a fund to supply me wherewith to do the service that I render to my friends." Borrow from your fancies and diversions, that you may have something to gratify the sentiments of generosity, which every person of a genteel spirit ought to have.

Never mind the wants that vanity creates. "We must be," they say, "like others;" this *like* goes a vast way. Have a nobler emulation, and allow nobody to have more honour, probity, and integrity than yourself. Be always sensible of the necessity of virtue: poorness of soul is worse than poverty of fortune.

Whilst you are young, form your reputation, raise your credit: put your affairs in order: you would have more trouble about

about it in another season of life. Charles the Fifth used to say, that "Fortune loved young folks." In the time of youth, all the world offer themselves to you, and lend you a helping hand: young people govern without thinking of it. But in more advanced age, you have no helps from any quarter; you have no longer that bewitching charm which has an influence on every body: you have nothing for you but reason and truth, which do not ordinarily govern the world.

"You are going," said Montagne to some young people, "towards reputation and credit; but I am returning back." When you cease to be young, you have no acquisition left you to make, but in point of virtue. In all your undertakings and actions, always aim at the highest perfection; form no project, and set about nothing without saying to yourself, "Could not I do better?" By this means you will insensibly contract a habit of justice and virtue, which will make the practice thereof easier to you. Do what Seneca advised his friend Lucilius: "Choose," said he to him, "among great men, some one that you think is most to be admired: do nothing but in his presence; give him an account of all your actions." Happy the man that is esteemed enough to be pitched on for this purpose! This is the more easy, because young folks have a natural disposition to imitation. They run less hazard when they choose their patterns from antiquity, where we generally meet with none but great examples. Among the moderns it may have its inconveniences; the copies of them very rarely succeed. It has been said long ago, that every copy ought to tremble before its original; they never follow it but at a distance; and yet it takes away your
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natural character, which is generally the truest and the most simple. You are apt to grow negligent as to yourself, when you fix yourself to a model; besides, a great part of our faults come from imitation. Learn then to reverence and stand in awe of yourself: let your scrupulousness be your own censor.

Use all your application to make yourself happy in your station of life; improve all the means you have; you lose a thousand advantages for want of it. It is our attention and comparing of things, that make us happy.

The more address and capacity you have, the more will you make of your circumstances, and the more will you extend your pleasures. It is not possession that makes us happy, it is enjoyment, and enjoyment lies in attention.

If people knew how to hug and enjoy themselves in their condition, they would not be troubled either with ambition or envy, and would be blessed with a perfect tranquillity; but we do not live enough in the present moment, our desires and hopes are always pushing us on towards futurity.

There are two sorts of madmen in the world; the one always live upon futurity, and feed themselves with nothing but hopes; and as they are not wise enough to calculate them rightly, they pass their lives in a continual mistake. Reasonable persons are never taken up with any desires, but such as are within their reach; they often gain their point; and though they should be mistaken, they would easily console themselves under the disappointment; they know likewise that our fondness for things wears off upon the possession of them, or ceases upon seeing the impossibility of obtaining what we desire: wise men always

make themselves easy with such reflections. There is another sort of madmen, that make too much of the present, and take no manner of care for futurity: they ruin their fortune, their reputation, and their taste of life, by not managing them discreetly. Men of sense join these two times together; they enjoy the present, and yet do not neglect the future.

It is a duty, my daughter, to employ our time, but what use do we make of it? Few people know how to value it as it deserves. "Account to yourself," says one of the ancients, "for every moment of your time; that after making a just use of the present, you may have less occasion for the future." Time flies with rapidity: learn to live; that is, to make a good use of your time; but life is spent too often in vain hopes, in quest of fortune, or in waiting for it. All mankind feel the vanity of their condition, always taken up without being ever satisfied. Remember that life does not consist in the space of time that you live, but in the use you should make of it: consider that you have a mind to cultivate and feed with truth; a heart to purify and regulate; and a religious worship to pay to the Deity.

As the first years of life are precious, remember, daughter, to make an advantageous use of them. Whilst the mind easily receives impressions, embellish your memory with valuable things, and consider that you are laying in a provision for your whole life. The memory is formed and improved by exercising it.

Curiosity is a sentiment that you should not stifle; it wants only to be managed, and placed on a right object. Curiosity is a knowledge begun, which makes you advance farther and quicker

quicker in the road of truth ; it is a natural disposition, that meets instruction half-way : it should not be stopped by laziness and love of ease.

It is very useful for young persons to employ their time in solid sciences ; the Greek and Roman history elevates the mind, and raises the courage by the great actions that we see there related. We ought to know the history of France : nobody should be ignorant of the history of their own country. I should not even blame a little philosophy, especially the new, if one has a capacity for it : it helps to give you a clear judgment, to distinguish your ideas, and teach you to think justly. I would likewise have a little morality : by the bare reading of Cicero, Pliny, and others, one gets a taste for virtue : it makes an insensible impression on us, that is of great advantage to our morals. The inclination to vice is corrected by the example of so many virtues ; and you will rarely find an evil disposition have any relish for this sort of reading. We do not love to see what is always upbraiding and condemning us.

As for languages, though a woman ought to be satisfied with speaking that of her own country, I should not thwart the inclination one might have for Latin. It is the language of the church : it opens you a gate to all the sciences : it lets you into conversation with the best part of the world in all ages. Women are ready enough to learn Italian, but I think it dangerous ; it is the language of love : the Italian writers are not very correct ; you see in all their works a gingle of words, and a loose imagination, inconsistent with a just way of thinking.

Poetry may produce some inconveniences ; I should however

be loath to forbid the reading of the fine tragedies of Corneille; but the best of them often give you lectures of virtue, and leave you an impression of vice.

The reading of romances is still more dangerous: I would not have them much used; they inure the mind to falsehoods. Romances having no foundation of truth to support them, warm the imagination, impair modesty, put the heart in disorder, and let a young person have but the least disposition to tenderness, they hurry on and fire her inclination. One should not increase the charms and delusions of love; the more it is softened, and the more modest it appears, the more dangerous it is. I would not forbid them; all prohibitions intrench upon liberty, and raise the desire: but we should, as much as we are able, use ourselves to solid readings, which improve the understanding and fortify the heart; we cannot too carefully avoid such as leave impressions hard to be effaced.

Moderate your fondness for extraordinary sciences; they are dangerous, and generally teach one nothing but a vast deal of vanity: they depress the activity of the soul. If you have a very warm and active imagination, and a curiosity which nothing can stop, it is much better to employ these dispositions in the sciences, than to run the hazard of their being turned to serve your passions: but remember, that a young lady should have almost as nice a modesty in the article of sciences, as she has with regard to vice.

Guard yourself, therefore, against the inclination of setting up for a virtuoso; do not amuse yourself in running after vain sciences, and such as are above your reach. Our soul is much better

better qualified for enjoyment than it is for knowledge; we have all the knowledge that is proper and necessary for our well being; but we will not stick there, we are still running after truths that were not designed for us.

Before we engage in enquiries that are above our capacities, we should know the just extent of our understanding, and what rule we should have for determining our persuasion: we should learn to distinguish between opinion and knowledge; and should have resolution enough to doubt, when we have no clear notion of things, as well as courage to be ignorant of what surpasses us.

The better to prevent a vain opinion of our capacity, and abate a confidence in our understanding, let us consider that the two principles of all our knowledge, reason and the senses, want sincerity, and often deceive us. The senses impose on reason, and reason misleads them in its turn. These are our two guides, and both of them lead us out of the way. Such reflections should naturally put us out of conceit with abstracted sciences; it is much better for us to employ our time in useful points of knowledge.

Docility is a quality very necessary for a young person, who should never have much confidence in herself: but this docility must not be carried too far. In point of religion, indeed, it must submit to authority; but on any other subject it must receive nothing but from reason and evidence. By carrying docility too far, you do an injury to your reason; you make no use of your own judgment and understanding, which are impaired for want of exercise. You set too narrow bounds to
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your ideas, when you confine them to those of other people. The testimony of men only deserves credit in proportion to the degree of certainty which they have acquired by examining into facts. There lies no prescription against truth: it is for all persons and of all times. In a word, as a great man says, "To be a christian, one must believe implicitly: but to be a wise man, one must see clearly."

Accustom yourself to exercise your understanding, and make more use of it than of your memory. We fill our heads with the notions of other people, and take no care to form any of our own. We fancy that we have made a great progress, when we load our memory with histories and facts; but this is of very little service to perfect our understanding. The understanding extends and improves itself by exercise; yet few persons take care to exert it.

Among our sex the art of thinking is a sort of dormant talent. Historical facts, and the opinions of philosophers, will not defend you against a calamity that presses you: you will not find yourself much the stronger for them. When an affliction comes upon you, you have recourse to Seneca and Epictetus: Is it for their reason to give you consolation? Is it not rather the business of your own? Make use of your own stock; in the calm of life make a proper provision against the time of affliction, which you are sure to meet with: you will find yourself much better supported by your own reason than by that of other people.

If you can govern your imagination, and make it submit to reason and truth, it will be a great step towards your perfection
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and happiness. Women are generally governed by their imagination; as they are not employed in any thing solid, and are not in the course of their lives troubled either with the care of their fortune, or the management of their affairs, they give themselves up entirely to their pleasures. Plays, dress, romances, and inclinations, all depend upon imagination. I know well enough, that if you keep it within due bounds, you take so much off from your pleasures; for imagination is the source of them; and the things that please us most, derive from her the charm and illusion in which all their agreeableness consists: but for one pleasure of her creating, what evils doth she not make us suffer? She stands continually between truth and us: reason dares not shew herself where imagination bears the sway. We see only as she pleases; and, those that are led by her, know what they suffer from her by woeful experience. It would be a very happy composition to make with her, to give her back all her pleasures, on condition that she made you feel none of her pains: in a word, there is nothing so inconsistent with happiness, as a fine, lively, and too heated imagination.

Possess yourself with a true notion of things, and take not up with the sentiments of the people: form your own judgment, without giving into received opinions, and get over the prejudices of your infancy. When you feel yourself under any uneasiness, take the following method; I have found the use of it: examine into the occasion of your trouble; strip it of all the disguise that is about it, and of all the embroidery of imagination, and you will find that it is generally nothing at all, or, at least, great allowances are to be made. Value things only according to their real worth. We have a great deal more

more reason to complain of our false notions than of our fortune; it is very frequently not so much things that hurt us, as the opinion that we have of them.

In order to be happy, we must think rightly: we owe a great respect to the common opinions, when they concern religion; but we ought to think very differently from the vulgar in what regards morality and the happiness of life. By the vulgar, I mean every body that has a low and vulgar way of thinking; the court is filled with such sort of creatures; and the world talks of nothing but fortune and credit: all the cry there is, "Go on, make haste forwards;" whereas wisdom says, "Take up with simple things; choose an obscure but quiet life; get out of the hurry of the world; avoid a croud." Fame is not all the recompence of virtue; the main part of it lies in the testimony of your own conscience. A great virtue is surely enough to comfort you for the loss of a little glory.

Be assured, that the greatest science is to know how to be independant. "I have learnt," said one of the ancients, "to be my own friend, so I shall never be alone." You must provide yourself some resources against the inquietudes of life, and some equivalent for the goods you had depended on. Secure yourself a retreat and place of refuge in your own breast; you can always return thither, and be sure to find yourself again. When the world is less necessary to you, it will have less power over you: when you do not, by some solid inclinations, place your dependance on yourself, you depend upon every thing else.

Use yourself to solitude: there is nothing more useful and necessary to weaken the impression that sensible objects make upon

upon us. You should, therefore, from time to time, retire from the world, to be alone. Assign some hours in the day for reading, and for making your own reflections. "Reflection," says a father of the church, "is the eye of the soul; it lets light and truth into it."—"I will lead him into solitude," says wisdom, "and there I will speak to his heart." It is there, indeed, where truth gives her instructions; where prejudices vanish, where prepossession wears off, and where opinion, that governs all, begins to lose its influence. When one considers the uselessness and insignificance of life, one is forced to say with Pliny, "It is much better to pass one's life in doing nothing at all, than in doing trifles of nothing."

I have told you already, daughter, that happiness consists in peace of mind: you cannot enjoy the pleasures of the mind without health of mind: every thing almost is a pleasure to a sound mind. If you would live with tranquillity, these are the rules you are to observe. The first is, not to give yourself up to things that please; to use them only occasionally; not to expect too much from the men, for fear of being disappointed; to be your own principal friend. Solitude, too, will ensure you tranquillity, and is a friend to wisdom: it is within you that peace and truth take up their abode. Avoid the great world; there is no security in it; it always awakens some sentiment or other that we had almost crushed; there are but too many people in it that encourage looseness; the more one converses with it, the more authority do one's passions gain; it is hard to resist the attack of vice when it comes so well attended: in a word, one comes back from it much weaker, less modest, and

more unjust, for having been among the men. The world easily instills its poison into tender souls. We should likewise shut up all the avenues to the passions; it is much easier to keep them off, than vanquish them; and though one should be happy enough to banish them, yet from the time that they made their impression, they make us pay dear for their abode. The first motions of them is what cannot be refused to nature, but she often carries her influence too far; and when you come to yourself again, you find abundant reason to repent.

One should always have some resources and last shifts: calculate your strength and your courage; and for this end, in all cases where you have any apprehensions, consider every thing at the worst. Wait for the misfortune that may happen to you with firmness: look it bravely in the face; view it in all its most terrible circumstances, and do not let yourself sink under it.

A favourite raised to the height of grandeur was shewing his riches to a friend. As he took out a box, he said to him, "Here it is that my treasure lies." His friend pressed him to shew it him, and he allowed him to open the box: there was nothing in it but an old ragged coat. His friend seemed surprized at it: the favourite said to him, "When fortune shall send me back to my original condition, I am ready for it." What a noble resource is it to consider every thing at the worst, and feel fortitude enough in one's self to stand the shock.

How strongly soever you wish for any thing, begin with examining the thing you wish; set before your eyes the good which it promises you, and the evils that follow it: remember the passage of Horace, "Pleasure goes before you, but keeps
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her retinue out of sight." You will cease to fear, as soon as ever you cease to desire. Depend upon it, a wise man does not run after felicity, but makes his own happiness; it must be your own doing, and it is in your own power. Remember that a very small matter will serve for all the real needs of life, but there must be an infinite deal to satisfy the imaginary needs of opinion; and that you will much sooner reduce your desires to the level of your fortune, than raise your fortune to the level of your desires. If honours and riches could satiate us, we might heap them up; but the thirst of them increases by acquiring them: he that desires most, is certainly the most indigent.

Young persons live upon hope; M. de la Rochefoucault says, that it carries one an agreeable road to the end of life." It would be indeed short enough, if hope did not lengthen it: it is a very comfortable sentiment, but may prove dangerous, by occasioning you often a great many disappointments. The least evil that happens from it is, that we often lose what we possess, by waiting for what we desire.

Our self-love makes us blind to ourselves, and diminishes all our defects. We live with them as we do with the perfumes that we wear, we do not smell them; they only incommode others: to see them in their right light, we must see them in other people. View your own imperfections with the same eyes with which you view those of others: be always exact in keeping to this rule; it will accustom you to equity. Examine your own nature, and make the best of your defects: there is none of them but may be tacked to some virtues, and be made to favour them. Morality does not propose to destroy nature, but

to perfect it. Are you vain-glorious? Make use of that sentiment to raise yourself above the weaknesses of your sex, and to avoid the faults that abase it. Every unruly passion has a pain and shame annexed to it, which solicit you to quit it. Are you timorous? Turn that weakness into prudence; let it keep you from exposing yourself. Are you lavish? Do you love to give? It is easy to turn prodigality into generosity. Give with choice and judgment, but do not neglect indifferent people: lend when it is necessary; but give to such as cannot return your kindness: by so doing you strike in with your inclination, and do good actions: there is no weakness, but, if you please, virtue can make a good use of it.

In the afflictions which befall you, and which make you sensible of your little stock of merit, instead of fretting, and opposing the opinion that you have of yourself to the injustice which you pretend has been done you; consider that the persons who are the authors of it are better able to judge of you than you are yourself; that you should sooner believe them than self-love, which always flatters; and that with regard to what concerns yourself, your enemy is nearer truth than you are; that you should have no merit in your own eyes, but what you have in other people's. One has too great a disposition to flatter one's self, and men are too near themselves to judge impartially in the case.

These are general precepts for opposing the vices of the mind; but your first care should be to perfect your heart and your sentiments: it depends on your heart to make your virtue sure and lasting; it is properly that which forms your character; and to make yourself mistress of it, observe this method. When you
feel

feel yourself agitated with a strong and violent passion, desire it to allow you a little time, and compound with your weakness; if without hearing it a moment, you are for sacrificing every thing to your reason and your duty, there is room to fear that your passion may rebel, and grow stronger than ever. You are under its command, and must manage it with address: you will receive more help than you think of from such a conduct: you will find some sure remedies even from your passion. If it be that of hatred, you will see that you have not altogether so much reason to hate and revenge yourself, as you at first imagined. If by misfortune it be the contrary sentiment that has seized you, there is no passion which furnishes you surer remedies against itself.

If your heart has the misfortune to be attacked by love, these are the remedies to stop its progress: think that its pleasures are neither solid nor constant; they quit you, and if this was all the harm they would do you, it is enough. In passions the soul proposes itself an object, and is more intimately united to it either by desire or enjoyment, than it is to its own being: it places all its felicity in possession, and all its misery in the loss of the object. Yet this felicity of the imagination, this good of the soul's choice, is neither solid nor lasting: it depends upon others; it depends upon yourself; and you cannot answer either for others or for yourself.

Love in the beginning offers you nothing but flowers, and hides all the danger from you; it imposes on you; it always takes some form which is not its own: the heart being in secret intelligence with it, conceals its inclination from you, for fear
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of alarming your reason and modesty. You fancy it a mere amusement; it is only the person's wit or good sense that pleases us. In a word, love is almost always unknown till he has got the mastery. As soon as he comes to be felt, fly that instant, and hearken not to the complaints of your heart: love is not rooted out of the soul with ordinary efforts; it has too many partizans within us: as soon as it has surprized you, every thing is on its side against you, and nothing will serve you against love. It is the most cruel situation a rational person can be in; where there is nothing to support you; where you have no spectator but yourself. You must summon up your courage immediately, and remember that you must make a much more sorrowful use of it, if you yield to your passion in the least.

Reflect upon the fatal consequences of passions, and you will find but too many examples to instruct you; but we are often convinced of our mistake, without being cured of our passion. Reckon up, if possible, the evils that flow from love: it imposes on the reason; it fills the soul and the senses with trouble; it takes away the flower of innocence; it stuns virtue; it blasts the reputation, shame being almost always the consequence of love. Nothing debases you to such a degree, and sinks you so much below yourself, as the passions: they degrade you: there is nothing but reason that can maintain your dignity. It is far more unhappy to stand in need of one's courage to bear a misfortune, than to avoid it: the pleasure of doing one's duty is a comfort to you; but never applaud yourself, for fear of being humbled. Remember that you carry your enemy about with you; stick strictly to a conduct that may answer for you to your-

yourself. Avoid plays and passionate representations; you must not see what you would not feel; music, poetry, all this is of the retinue of sensual pleasure. Use yourself to reading on solid subjects, to fortify your reason.

Do not converse with your imagination; it will paint love to you with all its charms; it is all seduction and illusion, when she makes the representation: there is always a great drawback when you quit her to come to the reality. St. Augustine has given us a description of his condition, when he was minded to quit love and pleasures. He says, that what he loved presented itself to him under a charming figure; he represents what passed in his heart in such moving terms, that there is no reading it without danger. One must pass slightly over the pictures of pleasure; she is always to be feared, even at the very time we are taking measures against her; and when we are fullest of the disasters she has occasioned, we are still to mistrust ourselves. The passion is apt to get ground by the examining of one's self; forgetfulness is the only security to be taken against love: you must call yourself seriously to account, and say, "What do I mean to do with the inclination that is seizing me? Are not such and such misfortunes sure to attend me, if I have the weakness to yield to it?"

Borrow forces and succour from your enemy, and the very nature of love; if you would not flatter him, he will supply you with them. Strip him of all the charms that your fancy gives him; lend him nothing, give him no favour, and you will see he will have but little left. After this, think no more of him; take a firm resolution to fly from him, and depend upon it, we

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are as strong as we resolve to be. Diversion and simple amusements are necessary; but we must shun all pleasures that affect the heart.

It is not always our faults that ruin us, but the manner of our conduct after we have committed them. An humble acknowledgment of our faults disarms resentment, and stops the violence of anger. Women that have had the misfortune to deviate from their duty, to break through decorum, to part with their virtue and modesty, owe so much regard to custom, and ought to have such a sense of their breach of chastity, as to appear with a mortified air; it is a sort of satisfaction that the public expects from them; it is sure to remember your faults whenever you appear to forget them. Repentance insures a change of your conduct; prevent the malignity which is natural to mankind; put yourself in the place that their pride allots you, they would have you humbled; and when you have made yourself so to their hands, they will have no more to say to you: but she that is proud after committing faults, calls them to mind and makes them immortal.

Let us now pass, my daughter, to the social duties. I thought I was in the first place to draw you out of the common education and the prejudices of childhood, and that it was necessary to fortify your reason, and give you some solid principles to support you. I thought most of the disorders of life were owing to false opinions; that false opinions produced loose sentiments; and that when the understanding is not enlightened, the heart is exposed to passions: that there must be some truths fixed in the mind to preserve us from error; and that one must have some
sentiments

sentiments in the heart to keep out the passions. When you have once a knowledge of truth, and a love for justice, there is no danger of all the other virtues.

The first duty of civil life is to take care of others; such as live only for themselves fall into contempt, and are neglected by every body. If you are for requiring too much from others, they will refuse you every thing, their friendship, their affections, and their services. Civil life is a mutual intercourse of good offices: the most valuable part of mankind go still further: by promoting the happiness of others, you insure your own; it is the truest politics to think in this manner.

Nothing can be more odious than people that make every body see that they live only for themselves. An extravagant self-love is the source of great crimes; some degrees lower it occasions vices; but let there be never so little a spice of it in a person, it impairs all the virtues and charms of society.

It is impossible to make a friendship with persons who have a predominant self-love, and take care to shew it; and yet we can never strip ourselves of it entirely; as long as we are attached to life, we shall be attached to ourselves.

But there is a qualified self-love, that is not exercised at the expence of others.

We fancy we exalt ourselves by depressing our equals: this makes us censorious and envious. Good-nature turns to more account than malignity. Do good when it is in your power; speak well of all the world, and never judge with rigour. Such acts of goodness and generosity frequently repeated will gain you at last a great and excellent reputation. All the world is en-

gaged to commend you, to extenuate your defects, and enhance your good qualities. You should found your reputation upon your own virtues, and not upon the demerit of others: consider that their good qualities take nothing at all from you, and that the diminution of your reputation can be imputed to no body but yourself.

One of the things that contributes most to make us unhappy is, that we depend too much upon the men; it is the source too of our injustice. We pick quarrels with them, not on account of what they owe us, or of what they have promised us, but on account of what we have hoped from them. We depend absolutely upon our hopes, which occasion us abundance of disappointments.

Be not rash in your judgments, and give no ear to calumnies: never give in to the first appearance of things, nor be in haste to condemn any body. Remember that there are things probable which are not true, as there are things true which are not probable.

We should, in our private judgments, imitate the equity of solemn judgments. Judges never decide without having examined, heard, and confronted the witnesses with the parties concerned; but we, without any commission, set up for umpires of reputation; and every proof is sufficient, every authority appears good, when the business is to condemn. Prompted by our natural malignity, we fancy that we give ourselves what we take away from others: hence arise animosities and enmities; for every thing is sure to be known.

Be equitable therefore in your judgments; the same justice that you do to others, they will return to you. Would you have

have them think and speak well of you, never speak ill of any body.

Civility, which is an imitation of charity, is another of the social virtues: it puts you above others, when you have it in a more eminent degree; but it is practised and maintained at the expence of self-love. Civility is always borrowing something from yourself, and turning it to the advantage of others. It is one of the great bonds of society, and the only quality that makes one safe and easy in the intercourse of life.

We naturally love to govern; it is an unjust inclination. Whence have we our right to pretend to exalt ourselves above others? There is but one just and allowable superiority; it is that which virtue gives you: have more goodness and generosity than others; be beforehand with them, more in services than benefits; it is the way to raise yourself. A great disinterestedness makes you as independent, and raises you higher than, the amplest fortune: nothing sinks us so much as a fondness for our own interest.

The qualities of the heart have the greatest concern in the commerce of life: the understanding does not endear us to others, and you frequently see men very odious with great parts; they are for giving you a good opinion of themselves; they are for getting an ascendant over and depressing others.

Though humility has only been considered as a christian virtue, it must be owned to be a social virtue; and so necessary a one, that, without it, it is a very ticklish matter to have to do with you. It is the conceit that you have of yourself which

makes you maintain your rights with so much arrogance, and intrench on those of other people.

We must never be strict in calling any body to account. Exact civility does not insist on all that is due to you. Do not be afraid of being beforehand with your friends: if you have a mind to be a true friend, never insist on any thing too stiffly; but that your behaviour may not be inconsistent, as it expresses your inward disposition, make often serious reflections on your weaknesses, and take yourself to pieces. This examination will make you entertain sentiments of humility for yourself, and of indulgence with regard to others.

Be humble without being bashful. Shame is a secret pride; and pride is an error with regard to one's own worth, and an injustice with regard to what one has a mind to appear to others.

Reputation is an advantage very desirable; but it is a weakness to court it with too much ardor, and do nothing but with a view to it; we ought to content ourselves with deserving it. We should not discourage sensibility for glory; it is the surest help we have to virtue; but the business is to make choice of true glory.

Accustom yourself to see what is above you without either admiration or envy; and what is below you without contempt. Do not let the pomp of greatness impose on you; none but little souls fall down and worship grandeur; admiration is only due to virtue.

To use yourself to value men by their proper qualities, consider

Consider the condition of a person loaded with honours, dignities, and riches ; who seems to want nothing at all, but really wants every thing, by being destitute of true goods, of those internal qualities, that are necessary to the enjoyment and use of them : he suffers as much as if his poverty was real, so long as he has the sense of poverty, and is wishing for more. " There is nothing worse," says one of the ancients, " than poverty in the midst of riches, because the evil lies in the mind." The man that is in this situation, feels all the evils of opinion, without enjoying the goods of fortune ; he is blinded by error, and tormented by his passions : whilst a reasonable person, who has nothing at all, but substitutes wise and solid reflections to supply the place of riches and honours, enjoys a tranquillity which nothing can equal : the happiness of the one, and the misery of the other, come only from their different manner of thinking.

If you find yourself disposed to resentment and revenge, strive to keep down that sentiment ; there is nothing so mean as to revenge one's self. If you meet with ill-treatment from any body, you owe them only contempt ; it is a debt easy to be paid. If they have offended you only in slight matters, you owe them indulgence ; but there are certain seasons in life when you must meet with injuries ; seasons when the friends for whom you have done most, fall foul upon and condemn you : in such a case, after having done all you can to undeceive them, do not be obstinate in disputing with them. One ought to court the esteem of one's friends ; but when you find people that will only view you through their prejudices ; when you have disputes with such hot and fiery imaginations as will
admit

admit of nothing but what favours their injustice, you have nothing to do but retire, and set your heart at rest. Do what you will, you will get nothing from them but discontent. When you thus suffer from their ill usage and shame of recanting, comfort yourself in your innocence, and the assurance that you have not offended. Think that if your worth was not greater at the time they raised you, it is not at all less now they are for crushing you: you should, without being more mortified at it, pity them, and not be exasperated if possible, but say, "They see in a wrong light." Consider that with good qualities one may at last get over resentment and envy. Let the hopes you draw from virtue keep up your courage, and be your consolation.

Do not think of revenging yourself any way but by using more moderation in your conduct, than those that attack you have malice. None but sublime souls are touched with the glory of pardoning injuries.

Set yourself to deserve your own esteem, the better to console yourself for the esteem which others deny you. You can allow yourself but one sort of vengeance; it is that of doing good to such as have offended you: it is the most exquisite revenge, and the only one that is allowable: you gratify your passion, and you intrench upon no virtue. Cæsar has set us an example of it; his lieutenant, Labienus, deserted from him at a time that he stood in most need of him, and went over to Pompey, leaving great riches in Cæsar's camp. Cæsar sent them after him, with a message to tell him, "that was the manner of Cæsar's revenge."

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It is prudent to make a good use of other people's faults, even when they do us mischief; but very often they only begin the wrongs, and we finish them; they give us, indeed, a right against themselves, but we make an ill use of it: we are for taking too much advantage of their faults. This is an injustice and a violence that makes the standers-by against us. If we suffered with moderation, all the world would be for us; and the faults of those that attack us would be doubled by our patience.

When you know that your friends have not treated you as they ought, take no notice of it; as soon as ever you shew that you perceive it, their malignity increases, and you give a loose to their hatred: whereas, by dissembling it, you flatter their self-love; they enjoy the pleasure of imposing on you; they fancy themselves your superiors, as long as they are not discovered; they triumph in your mistake, and feel another pleasure in not ruining you quite. By not letting them see that you know them, you give them time to repent and come to themselves; and there needs nothing but a seasonable piece of service, and a different manner of taking things, to make them more attached to you than ever.

Be inviolable in your word; but, to gain it an entire confidence, remember that you must be extremely scrupulous in keeping it. Shew your regard to truth even in things indifferent; and consider that there is nothing so despicable as to deviate from it. It is a common saying, that lying shews that people despise God, and stand in fear of man; and that the man who speaks truth and does good resembles the Deity. We
should

should likewise avoid swearing; the bare word of an honest person should have all the credit and authority of an oath.

Politeness is a desire of pleasing: nature gives it, education and the world improve it. Politeness is a supplement to virtue. They say it came into the world when that daughter of heaven abandoned it. In ruder times, when virtue bore a greater sway, they knew less of politeness; it came in with voluptuousness; it is the daughter of luxury and delicacy. It has been disputed, whether it approaches nearest to vice or virtue. Without pretending to decide the question, or define politeness, may I be allowed to speak my sentiments of it? I take it to be one of the greatest bonds of society, as it contributes most to the peace of it; it is a preparation to charity, and an imitation too of humility. True politeness is modest; and as it aims to please, it knows that the way to carry its point, is, to shew that we do not prefer ourselves to others, but give them the first rank in our esteem.

Pride keeps us off from society: our self-love gives us a peculiar rank, which is always disposed with us. Such a high esteem of ourselves as makes others feel it, is almost always punished with an universal contempt. Politeness is the art of reconciling agreeably what we owe to others, and what one owes to one's self; for these duties have their bounds, which, when they exceed, it is flattery with regard to others, and pride with regard to yourself; it is the most seducing quality in nature.

The most polite persons have generally a good deal of sweetness in their conversation, and engaging qualities: it is the gir-
dle

dle of Venus; it sets off, and gives graces and charms to all that wear it; and with it you cannot fail to please.

There are several degrees of politeness. You carry it to a higher point, in proportion to the delicacy of your way of thinking: it distinguishes itself in all your behaviour, in your conversation, and even in your silence.

Perfect politeness forbids us to display our parts and talents with assurance; it even borders upon cruelty; to shew one's self happy, when we have certain misfortunes before our eyes. Conversation in the world is enough to polish our outward behaviour; but there must be a good deal of delicacy to form a politeness of mind. A nice politeness, formed with art and taste, will make the world excuse you a great many failings, and improve your good qualities. Such as are defective in point of behaviour, have the greater need of solid qualities, and make slow advances in gaining a reputation. In a word, politeness costs but little, and is of vast advantage.

Silence always becomes a young person; there is a modesty and dignity in keeping it; you sit in judgment upon others, and run no hazard yourself: but guard yourself against a proud and insulting silence; it should be the result of your prudence, and not the consequence of your pride. But as there is no holding our peace always, it is fit for us to know that the principal rule for speaking well is to think well.

When your notions are clear and distinct, your discourse will be so too; let a proper decorum and modesty run through them. In all your discourses pay a regard to received customs and

prejudices; expressions declare the sentiments of the heart, and the sentiments form the behaviour.

Be particularly careful not to set up for a joker; it is an ill part to act, and, by making others laugh, we seldom make ourselves esteemed. Pay a great deal more attention to others than to yourself, and think how to set them out rather than to shine yourself: we should learn how to listen to other people's discourse, and not betray an absence of mind either by our eyes or our manner. Never dwell upon stories: if you chance to tell any, do it in a genteel and close manner; let what you say be new, or at least give a new turn. The world is full of people, that are dinning things into your ears, without saying any thing to entertain the mind. Whenever we speak, we should take care either to please or instruct; when you call for the attention of the company, you should make them amends by the agreeableness of what you say: an indifferent discourse cannot be too short.

You may approve what you hear, but should very seldom admire it: admiration is proper to blockheads. Never let your discourse have an air of art and cunning; the greatest prudence lies in speaking little, and shewing more diffidence of one's self than of other people. An upright conduct, and a reputation for probity, gain more confidence and esteem, and, at the long-run, more advantages too in point of fortune, than any by-ways. Nothing makes you so worthy of the greatest matters, and raises you so much above others, as an exact probity.

Use yourself to treat your servants with kindness and humanity.

nity. It is a saying of one of the ancients, "that we ought to consider them as unhappy friends." Remember that the vast difference between you and them is owing merely to chance; never make them uneasy in their state of life, or add weight to the trouble of it. There is nothing so poor and mean as to be haughty to any body that is in your service.

Never use any harsh language; it should never come out of the mouth of a delicate and polite person. Servitude being settled in opposition to the natural equality of mankind, it behoves us to soften it. What right have we to expect our servants should be without faults, when we are giving them instances every day of our own? Let us rather bear with them. When you shew yourself in all your humours and fits of passion (for we often lay ourselves open before our servants), how do you expose yourself to them? Can you have any right afterwards to reprimand them? A mean familiarity with them is, indeed, ever to be avoided; but you owe them assistance, advice, and bounties, suitable to their condition and wants.

One should keep up authority in one's family, but it should be a mild authority. We should not, indeed, always threaten without punishing, for fear of bringing our threats into contempt; but we should not call in authority till persuasion has failed. Remember that humanity and christianity put all the world on the same foot. The impatience and heat of youth, joined to the false notion they give you of yourself, make you look upon your servants as creatures of a different species; but how contrary are such sentiments to the modesty that you owe to yourself, and the humanity you owe to others.

Never relish or encourage the flattery of servants ; and, to prevent the impression which their fawning speeches, frequently repeated, may make upon you, consider that they are hirelings paid to serve your weaknesses and pride.

If, by misfortune, daughter, you should not think fit to follow my advice and precepts, though they be lost upon you, they will still be useful to myself, as laying me under new obligations. These reflections are fresh engagements to me to exert myself in the way of virtue. I fortify my reason even against myself ; for I am now under a necessity of following it, or else I expose myself to the shame of having known it, and yet been false to it.

There is nothing, my daughter, more mortifying than to write upon subjects that put me in mind of all my faults : by laying them open to you, I give up my right to reprimand you ; I furnish you with arms against myself. And I allow you freely to use them, if you see any vices in me inconsistent with the virtues that I recommend to you ; for all advice and precepts want authority, when they are not supported by example.



LOVE

LOVE AND HONOUR,

A PASTORAL,

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

I.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia may not prove sincere.

II.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep, that left my fold;
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia, then, sincere?

How

III.

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind ;
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear ;
And is not Flavia, then, sincere ?

IV.

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress ;
This, too, she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

V.

Go, shear your flocks, ye jovial swains ;
Go, reap the plenty of your plains :
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.





FABLES

FOR THE

FEMALE SEX,

BY

EDWARD MOORE.



TABLES

FOR THE

FEMALE SEX

EDWARD MOORE

FABLES
FOR THE
FEMALE SEX.

FABLE I.
THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, *fair excellence*, to you ;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.

E c

Truth

Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And shew the paths, that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.

I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions understood ;
Your monument, if actions raise,
Shall I deface by idle praise ?
I echo not the voice of fame,
That dwells delighted on your name ;
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain ;
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent, in charity, my spite ;
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all, promiscuous as they pass ;
Should folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror's true ;
If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-soothing page ;
While satire, that offends the ear
Of vice and passion, pleases her.

Premising this, your anger spare,
And claim the fable, you, who dare.

The

The birds in place, by factions press'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd ;
By specious lies the state was vex'd,
Their counsels libellers perplex'd ;
They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their suit. The eagle sate,
Decider of the grand debate.

The pye, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard.
Says he, prolixity of phrase
You know I hate. This libel says,
" Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
" Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice ;
" And skill'd to chatter out the hour,
" Rise by their emptiness to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you'll readily agree ;
Yet well this sage assembly knows,
By parts to government I rose ;
My prudent counsels prop the state ;
Magpies were never known to prate.

The kite rose up. His honest heart
In virtue's sufferings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew ;
So far the libeller said true.

" Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
" Who knew no int'rest but their own ;

E. c 2

" Who,

THE LADIES LIBRARY,

"Who, hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
 "Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd."
 This might be true, but if apply'd
 To him, in troth, the slanderer ly'd.
 Since ignorance then might be misled,
 Such things, he thought, were best unsaid.

The crow was vex'd. As yester-morn
 He flew across the new sown corn,
 A screaming boy was set for pay,
 He knew, to drive the crows away:
 Scandal had found him out in turn,
 And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.

The owl arose, with solemn face,
 And thus harangu'd upon the case.
 That magpies prate, it may be true;
 A kite may be voracious too;
 Crows sometimes deal in new sown pease;
 He libels not, who strikes at these;
 The slander's here—"But there are birds,
 "Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words;
 "Blunderers, who level in the dark,
 "And always shoot beside the mark."
 He names not me; but, these are hints,
 Which manifest at whom he squints;
 I were indeed that blundering fowl,
 To question if he meant an owl.

Ye wretches, hence! the eagle cries;
 'Tis conscience, conscience, that applies;

The

OR, PARENTAL PRESENT.

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The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm ;
While guilt, and his associate fear,
Are startled at the passing air.



FA-

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE man, who seeks to win the fair,
 (So custom says) must truth forbear;
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
 And raise the goddess to the sky;
 For truth is hateful to her ear,
 A rudeness which she cannot bear——
 A rudeness?—Yes—I speak my thoughts;
 For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Cloe, then am I,
 Who love you, and yet cannot lie;
 And still, to make you less my friend,
 I strive your errors to amend?
 But shall the senseless fop impart
 The softest passion to your heart;
 While he, who tells you honest truth,
 And points to happiness your youth,
 Determines, by his care, his lot,
 And lives neglected, and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease,
 Your taste for flatt'ry I could please;

And

And families in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine.
What, if I say your lips disclose
The freshness of the op'ning rose?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
Time ev'ry beauty will invade.
The butterfly of various hue,
More than the flow'r resembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing;
Gayly coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
Would you the bloom of youth should last?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known,
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.
These are the charms which ne'er decay,
Tho' youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll

You'll frown, and ask to what intent,
 This blunt address to you is sent ?
 I'll spare the question, and confess
 I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less ;
 But rail, be angry, or complain,
 I will be rude, while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
 When beasts met friendly on the plain,
 A panther, of majestic port,
 (The vainest female of the court)
 With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
 Fill'd ev'ry bosom with desire ;
 Where'er she mov'd, a servile croud
 Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd ;
 Assemblies ev'ry week she held,
 (Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
 Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
 And lies and scandal, fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantastic thing,
 Encircled by the spacious ring ;
 Low bowing, with important look,
 As first in rank, the monkey spoke.
 " Gad take me, madam, but I swear,
 * No angel ever look'd so fair—
 " Forgive my rudeness, but I vow,
 " You were not quite divine till now,
 " Those limbs ! that shape ! and then those eyes—
 " O close them, or the gazer dies !"

" Nay,

“Nay, gentle pug, for goodness, hush,
 “I vow; and swear, you make me blush;
 “I shall be angry at this rate——
 “’Tis so like flatt’ry, which I hate.”

The fox, in deeper cunning vers’d,
 The beauties of her mind rehears’d,
 And talk’d of knowledge, taste, and sense,
 To which the fair have most pretence;
 Yet well he knew them always vain
 Of what they strive not to attain,
 And play’d so cunningly his part,
 That pug was rivall’d in his art.

The goat avow’d his am’rous flame,
 And burnt—for what he durst not name;
 Yet hop’d a meeting in the wood
 Might make his meaning understood.
 Half angry at the bold address,
 She frown’d; but yet she must confess,
 Such beauties might inflame his blood,
 But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The hog her neatness much admir’d;
 The formal ass her swiftness fir’d;
 While all to feed her folly strove,
 And by their praises shar’d her love.

The horse, whose gen’rous heart disdain’d
 Applause, by servile flatt’ry gain’d,
 With graceful courage, silence broke,
 And thus with indignation spoke.

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

When flatt'ring monkeys fawn and prate,
They justly raise contempt, or hate ;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends ;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray.
Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom's rules.
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm ;
For who would court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an ape ?

He said ; and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the croud, and sought the plain.



F A B L E III.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily, and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the croud be seen ;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
“ The fairest fruits attract the flies.”

One night, a glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt’ring train,
Cry’d, sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature ;
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view ;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd ! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only I was born ;
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac’d on earth to live and shine.

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

Those lights, that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A nightingale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke.

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate;
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain;
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks, whom she adorns.



FABLE IV.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'ye say? Nay, then 'tis time—
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay—The settlement! “That's made.”
Why then's my simple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.

The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in their caverns hush'd,
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait.
Behind him, through the greenwood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd;
Who quickly with gigantic stride,
Outwent his pace, and join'd his side.
The chat on various subjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began.

Relentless Death, whose iron sway
Mortals reluctant must obey;
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?

When

When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All over stuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot, that Hymen ty'd.

Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
The miser, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue ?
But must the gentle and the kind,
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find ?
The monarch calmly thus reply'd ;
Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd ;
Then let the charge be justly laid ;
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus sends ;
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me ; more than all mankind,
Your vot'ries my compassion find ;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
Who seek the wretched to release ;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indissoluble, but for me.

'Tis

OR, PARENTAL PRESENT.

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'Tis I entice him to the yoke ;
By me your crouded altars smoke ;
For mortals boldly dare the noose,
Secure that Death will set them loose.



F A-

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY, Celia, is your spreading waist
 So loose, so negligently lac'd?
 Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
 How ill that dress adorns your head,
 Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
 Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
 A little water might displace.
 As nature ev'ry morn bestows
 The crystal dew to cleanse the rose.
 Those tresses, as the raven black,
 That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
 Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
 Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.
 Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
 Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
 Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
 No matter now how loose your dress is;
 The end is won, your fortune's made,
 Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas!

Alas ! what pity 'tis to find
 This fault in half the female kind !
 From hence proceed averſion, ſtrife,
 And all that ſours the wedded life.
 Beauty can only point the dart,
 'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart ;
 Let neatneſs then, and beauty ſtrive
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
 To keep the conqueſt, than ſubdue ;
 Admit us once behind the ſcreen,
 What is there farther to be ſeen ?
 A newer face may raiſe the flame,
 But ev'ry woman is the ſame.

Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
 The charm, that fix'd your huſband's love ;
 Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs,
 That gave your beauty pow'r to bleſs ?
 Purſue it ſtill ; be neater ſeen ;
 'Tis always frugal to be clean ;
 So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
 And time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.

In garret high (as ſtories ſay)
 A poet ſung his tuneful lay ;
 So ſoft, ſo ſmooth his verſe, you'd ſwear,
 Apollo, and the Muſes there ;
 Thro' all the town his praises rung,
 His ſonnets at the playhouſe ſung ;

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High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
 The goddess Want her pinions spread,
 And with poetic fury fir'd
 What Phoebus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth, of taste and wit,
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
 And sought him in his cobweb dome,
 Discharged his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,
 Who, but the poet, and my lord !
 Each day deliciously he dines,
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines ;
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek ;
 Astonish'd at the change so new,
 Away th' inspiring goddess flew.

Now, dropt for politics and news,
 Neglected lay the drooping muse ;
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,
 He stifled the poetic flame ;
 Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
 Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.

With just contempt his patron saw,
 (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
 And thus, with anger in his look,
 The late-repenting fool bespoke.

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
 Whence has the sun of favour shone ?

Delighted

OR, PARENTAL PRESENT.

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Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart,
But idly thou reject'st the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts, that taught them first to rise.



F A B L E VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice ;
In that is due obedience shewn ;
To choose belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace ;
Hence virtue sickens ; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thin'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
His purpose known, the savage race,
In num'rous crouds, attend the place ;
For why ? a mighty wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.

Her

Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance fought ;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd, as at early dawn,
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy dam ;
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.
The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew ;
Their nimblest speed the wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the dam bespoke.
Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near ;
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood,
And kinder business brings me now,
Vanquish'd at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter——Sweet, forgive
A wolf's address——In her I live ;
Love from her eye like lightning came,
And set my marrow all on flame ;
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.
Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend ;

What

What midnight robber dare invade
 The fold, if I the guard am made ?
 At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
 While I secure his master's sheep.
 Discourse like this attention claim'd ;
 Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd ;
 Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
 Of settlements and jointures talk'd ;
 Propos'd, and doubled her demands
 Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
 The wolf agrees. Her bosom swells ;
 To miss her happy fate she tells.
 And of the grand alliance vain,
 Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing lamb with horror hears,
 And wearies out her dam with pray'rs ;
 But all in vain ; mama best knew,
 What unexperienc'd girls should do ;
 So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
 A formal ass the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant mother's side,
 The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
 Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
 And bleats among the howling race.
 With horror oft her eyes behold
 Her murder'd kindred of the fold ;
 Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,
 And at the glutton's table carv'd ;

The

The crashing bone he grinds for food,
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.
Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;
But (as we find in human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd, in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought,
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling he grinds his empty jaws;
Food must be had—and lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudulent lye.
Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound,
To scent his footsteps on the ground?
Thou trait'refs vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!
So saying, on the lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

FABLE VII.

THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.
With what superior grace enchants
The face which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good humour sit,
And easy gaiety and wit!
Tho' perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from ev'ry look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight;
For beauty, tho' we all approve,
Excites our wonder, more than love,
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds, we cannot cure.

Why

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, less fair?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom, that emulates the rose,
Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form, Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the croud,
At ev'ry public show are seen,
With look awry, and aukward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art;
Trust her, she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train.
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say, geese hobble in their pace;

H h

Look

Look here!—the stand'rous lie detect;
 Not haughty man is so erect,
 That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
 The creature's of his gaudy train!
 If both were stript, I'd pawn my word,
 A goose would be the finer bird.
 Nature, to hide her own defects,
 Her bungled work with fin'ry decks;
 Were geese set off with half that show,
 Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting, cross the mead she stalks,
 The cackling breed attend her walks,
 The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
 The swans were sporting in the streams;
 Their snowy plumes, and stately pride
 Provok'd her spleen. Why, there, she cry'd
 Again, what arrogance we see!
 Those creatures! how they mimic me!
 Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim,
 Because we geese are known to swim;
 Humility they soon shall learn,
 And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,
 Lightly upon the waves she springs,
 Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
 And the swan's stately crest assumes.
 Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
 And bursts of laughter shook the flood,

A swan,

A swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth; and thus the fool address'd:
Conceited thing! elate with pride,
Thy affectation all deride;
These airs thy awkwardness impart;
And show thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock;
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.

Learn hence; to study wisdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools,
And striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.



FABLE VIII.

THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

LOVE! thou divinest good below,
 Thy pure delights few mortals know.
 Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
 While tyrant lust usurps thy throne!
 The bounteous god of nature made
 The sexes for each other's aid;
 Their mutual talents to employ,
 To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
 To weaker woman he assign'd
 That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
 That can with sympathy impart
 Its likeness to the roughest heart;
 Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
 To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
 His rosy fingers on her face
 She'd lavish ev'ry blooming grace;
 And stamp'd (perfection to display)
 His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
 He fashion'd in a diff'rent mould.

With

With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.
By nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's sov'reign and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wile, invade
The weakness, he was meant to aid;
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild fire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence?

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tyger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted trav'lers guard;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray;
His strength against the weak employs,
And where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the studious lawyer ply'd;

The

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
 The earnest of to-morrow's lie;
 Sudden the furious winds arise,
 The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
 The doors admit a hollow sound,
 And rattling from their hinges bound;
 When Justice in a blaze of light
 Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook;
 Loose ev'ry joint, and pale his look;
 Not having seen her in the courts,
 Or found her mention'd in reports,
 He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
 Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white-rob'd shade reply'd,
 (A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
 Can'st thou be doubtful who I am?
 Is Justice grown so strange a name?
 Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?
 'Twas there of old my altars blaz'd.
 My guardian thee did I elect,
 My sacred temple to protect,
 That thou and all thy venal tribe
 Should spurn the goddess for a bribe?
 Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
 Justice has neither ears, nor eyes!
 In foul alliance with the bar,
 'Gainst me the judge denounces war,

And

And rarely issues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd,
The trembling lawyer thus return'd.
I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak th' excuse that can be made;
Yet search the spacious globe, and see
If all mankind are not like me.
The gown-man skill'd in Romish lies,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes,
O'er conscience rides without controul,
And robs the man, to save his soul.

The doctor, with important face,
By sly design, mistakes the case,
Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.
The soldier, rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th' exasperated shade rejoin'd,

If

THE LADIES LIBRARY,

If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others faults excuse thy own?
For sickly souls the priest was made,
Physicians for the body's aid,
The soldier guarded liberty,
Man woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the law is fled.

She spoke; and hid in shades her face,
'Till Hardwick sooth'd her into grace.



F A B L E IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

W H Y knits my dear her angry brow?
 What rude offence alarms you now?
 I said, that Delia's fair, 'tis true;
 But did I say, she equall'd you?
 Can't I another's face commend,
 Or to her virtues be a friend,
 But instantly your forehead frowns,
 As if her merit lessen'd yours?
 From female envy never free,
 All must be blind, because you see.
 Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
 The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
 Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
 That vies in sweetness with the rose?
 Or where the lily's snowy white,
 That throws such beauties on the sight?
 Yet folly is it to declare,
 That these are neither sweet, nor fair.
 The chrystal shines with fainter rays,
 Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;

And fops will say the di'mond dies
Before the lustre of your eyes;
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield,
Sweet is the summer gale that blows,
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them, I flatter you,
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

As at his board a farmer sate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His far'rite spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
Till sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;

Her

OR, PARENTAL PRESENT.

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Her modest worth the master knew,
And strait the fat'ning morsel threw ;
Enrag'd, the snarling cur awoke,
And thus, with spiteful envy, spoke.

They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat ;
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields and spring the game ;
Or, plunged in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save ;
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep ;
At home, his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breast with kindness glows ;
For this, his hand the food bestows ;
And shall thy indolence impart,
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you ?

I own (with meekness puffs reply'd)
Superior merit on your side ;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well ;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse ?
Who drives the vermin from the house ?

THE LADIES LIBRARY,

Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
 From lurking rats secure the grain?
 From hence, if he rewards bestow,
 Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
 Why pine my happiness to see,
 Since there's enough for you and me?

Thy words are just, the farmer cry'd,
 And spurn'd the snarler from his side,



F A B L E X.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

THE nymph, who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool, who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood,
With silken line, my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
Along the forest as we stray'd,
You saw the boy his lime twigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
Left, heedless, we approach'd to near?
For as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?
The maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.

Give

Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws;
 Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
 From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
 All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
 Which evermore delighted dwells
 On what the bashful nymph conceals.
 When Celia struts in man's attire,
 She shews too much to raise desire,
 But from the hoop's bewitching round
 Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.
 The roving eye, the bosom bare,
 The forward laugh, the wanton air,
 May catch the fop; for gudgeons strike
 At the bare hook, and bait, alike.
 While salmon play regardless by,
 'Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch,
 A spider long had held her watch;
 From morn to night, with restless care,
 She spun her web, and wove her snare,
 Within the limits of her reign
 Lay many a heedless captive slain;
 Or flutt'ring struggled in the toils,
 To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.
 A straying bee, that perch'd hard by,
 Beheld her with disdainful eye.
 And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
 And lay thy slender threads no more;

A thought-

OR, PARENTAL PRESENT.

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A thoughtless fly, or two at most,
Is all the conquest thou can'st boast;
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid:
The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to the gaze,
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to ev'ry want in breeze,
Attracts not me. Where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
Reluctant, she my ardor meets,
And bashful renders up her sweets.

To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend.
She, who with modesty retires,
Adds fuel to her lover's fires;
While such incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own schemes undo.



F A.

FABLE XI.

THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

'T IS true, I blame your lover's choice,
 Tho' flatter'd by the public voice;
 And peevish grow, and sick to hear
 His exclamations, O how fair!
 I listen not to wild delights,
 And transports of expected nights;
 What is to me your hoard of charms,
 The whiteness of your neck and arms?
 Needs there no acquisition more,
 To keep contention from the door?
 Yes! pass a fortnight, and you'll find,
 All beauty cloy'd, but of the mind.

Sense and good humour ever prove
 The surest cords to fasten love.
 Yet, Phillis (simplest of your sex),
 You never think, but to perplex.
 Coquetting it with ev'ry ape,
 That struts abroad in human shape;
 Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
 But that it stings your lover's breast;

Te-

To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey,
The tyrant mistress change for life,
To the submission of a wife.
Your follies, if you can, suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend.
Reluctant hear the first address,
Think often, ere you answer, yes ;
But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes.
With caution ev'ry look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear ;
A lover's rip'ning hopes confound ;
Or give the gen'rous breast a wound.
Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
Nor use your pow'r, unless to please ;
For fools alone with rigour sway,
When, soon or late, they must obey,
The king of brutes, in life's decline,
Resolv'd dominion to resign ;
The beasts were summon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came ; a day was fix'd ; the croud
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper monkey, proud and vain,
Step'd forth, and thus address'd the train.
Why cringe, my friends, with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw ?

K k

Shall

Shall we anticipate the hour,
 And, ere we feel it, own his pow'r?
 The counsels of experience prize,
 I know the maxims of the wise;
 Subjection let us cast away,
 And live the monarchs of to-day;
 'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
 And play the tyrant each in turn,
 So shall he right from wrong discern,
 And mercy from oppression learn,
 At others woes be taught to melt,
 And loathe the ills himself has felt.

He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride;
 The youthful lion thus reply'd.

What madness prompts thee to provoke
 My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?
 Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
 Compassion to the feeling heart?
 Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
 The hand to give, or eye to flow?
 Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
 From women thou hast drawn thy rules;
 To them return, in such a cause,
 From only such expect applause;
 The partial sex I don't condemn,
 For liking those, who copy them.

Would'st thou the gen'rous lion bind,
 By kindness bribe him to be kind;

Good

Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good from others he receives;
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'rest, scorn for scorn.



F A B L E XII.

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
 Why so averſe, ſo coy to man ?
 Did nature, laſh of her care,
 From her beſt pattern form you fair,
 That you, ungrateful to her cauſe,
 Should mock her gifts and ſpurn her laws ?
 And miſer-like, with-hold that ſtore,
 Which, by imparting, bleſſes more ?
 Beauty's a gift, by heav'n aſſign'd,
 The portion of the female kind ;
 For this the yielding maid demands
 Protection at her lover's hands ;
 And tho' by waſting years it fade,
 Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,
 For age to ruſt, or time to ſteal ?
 The ſummer of your youth to rove,
 A ſtranger to the joys of love ?
 Then, when life's winter haſtens on,
 And youth's fair heritage is gone,

Dow'r-

Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms ?
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty, once possess'd ;
How will you curse that stubborn pride,
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And sailing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind ?

Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you, I write my tale.

A colt, for blood and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein ;
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will ;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r ;
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.
Where'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams, soft-gliding, pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he crop'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last ;

The

The trees no more a shelter yield,
 The vendure withers from the field;
 Perpetual snows invest the ground,
 In icy chains the streams are bound;
 Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
 His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.

As round he cast his rueful eyes,
 He saw the thatch-roof'd cottage rise;
 The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
 And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
 A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
 Was now become his wish'd retreat;
 His passion cool, his pride forgot,
 A farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woeful plight,
 His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
 And friendly to the stable led,
 And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
 In slothful ease, all night he lay;
 The servants rose at break of day;
 The market calls. Along the road
 His back must bear the pond'rous load;
 In vain he struggles, or complains,
 Incessant blows reward his pains.
 To-morrow varies but his toil;
 Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;
 While scanty meals at night repay
 The painful labours of the day.

Sub-

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he, sighing, said,
By arrogance and folly led;
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson nature taught,
Then had I, like my fires of yore,
The prize from ev'ry courser bore;
While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now lasting servitude's my lot,
My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot,
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.



FABLE XIII.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

TO know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight ;
If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no court'sey, going out,
Depend upon't, mama is one,
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.
If bottled beer her thirst assuage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardor to inherit
The gifts and workings of the spirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet to such a wife.
At home, superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants ;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground.

Im-

Impatient ever of controul,
 And knows no order but of soul ;
 With books her littler'd floor is spread
 Of nameless authors, never read ;
 Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
 Fill up the intermediate space.
 Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
 Is never still, and always wrong ;
 All meaning she defines away,
 And stands, with truth and sense, at bay.

If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
 Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
 Who makes her family her care,
 And builds contentment's temple there,
 She starts at such mistakes in nature,
 And cries, lord help us !—what a creature !
 Melissa, if the moral strike,
 You'll find the fable not unlike.

An owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,
 Lov'd learning better than his meat ;
 Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
 And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's shop ;
 At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
 And strip, for science, every pye.
 For modern poetry and wit
 He had read all that Blackmore writ.
 So intimate with Curl was grown,
 His learned treasures were his own.

To all his authors had access,
 And sometimes would correct the press,
 In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
 You'd swear him fellow of a college,
 Alike to ev'ry art and science,
 His 'daring genius bid defiance;
 And swallow'd wisdom, with that haste,
 That cits do custard at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,
 One ev'ning, as he musing stood,
 Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
 A nightingale began his lay.
 Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
 And screeching interrupts the song.

Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
 And let my contemplations soar.
 What is the music of thy voice,
 But jarring dissonance and noise?
 Be wise. True harmony thou'lt find,
 Not in the throat, but in the mind;
 By empty chirping not attain'd,
 But by laborious study gain'd.

Go, read the authors, Pope explodes,
 Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes.
 With modern plays improve thy wit,
 Read all the learning, Henley writ,
 And if thou needs must sing, sing then,
 And emulate the ways of men:

So

So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance and pride,
Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man;
No senseless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing protect my young;
And cheer their ev'nings with a song;
Make short the weary trav'ler's way,
And warble in the poet's lay.

Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applause;
While nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An owl is scorn'd alike by both.



F A B L E XIV.

THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

IT was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And chear'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat;
A sparrow, frolick, gay, and young,
Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a faucy ease, bow'd round.

For ev'ry she his bosom burns,
And this, and that he woes by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill,
And here—those eyes! so form'd to kill!
And now with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;

With

With vows, and demme's skill'd to woo,
 As other pretty fellows do.
 Not that he thought this short essay
 A prologue needful to his play;
 No, trust me, says our learned letter,
 He knew the virtuous sex much better;
 But these he held as specious arts,
 To shew his own superior parts,
 The form of decency to shield,
 And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
 He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
 With careless impudence drew near,
 And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;
 A hint, which like the mason's sign,
 The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
 Cry'd, 'Sir!—pray Sir, explain your meaning—
 Go, prate to those that may endure ye—
 To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!'—
 Then off she glided, like a swallow,
 As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
 'Tis needless to declare they met;
 The parson's barn, as authors mention,
 Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
 Her honour there secure from stain,
 She held all farther trifling vain;

No

No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd, licentious, on the joy.

Hift, love! the male companion cry'd,
Retire awhile, I fear we're spy'd;
Nor was the caution vain; he saw
A turtle, rustling in the straw,
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young.

Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind;
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare,
In thine, our dearer safety spare;
From him, ye cruel falcons stray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should I survive to see the day,
That tears me from myself away;
That cancels all that heav'n could give,
The life, by which alone, I live;

Alas,

OR, PARENTAL PRESENT.

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Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who, in the thought, already die !
Ye pow'rs, whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd ?
Where grows enjoyment, tall, and fair,
Around it twines entangling care ;
While fear, for what our souls possess,
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless ;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
And life ! what art thou, without love ?
Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart,
But quickly, with disdain suppress'd
The virtue, rising in his breast ;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd.
Madam, you must not think me rude ;
Good manners never can intrude ;
I vow I came thro' pure good nature !
(Upon my soul a charming creature)
Are these the comforts of a wife ?
This careful, cloister'd, moaping life ?
No doubt, that odious thing, call'd duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance ! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill ;

That

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other—
The greatest ill in the creation
Is sure the want of education.

But, think ye,—tell me, without feigning,
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame, reject this mean employment,
Enter the world, and taste enjoyment;
Where time, by circling bliss, we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure;
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wise, be happy, and be free.

Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be blest'd,
Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast;
Of blessings, too, I have my store,
Yet quarrel not, should heav'n give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.
Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation,
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing;

Why,

Why, child, suppose the joys I mention,
 Were the mere fruits of my invention,
 You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
 In flying from the curse of marriage ;
 That sly decoy, with vary'd snares,
 That takes your widgeons in by pairs ;
 Alike to husband, and to wife,
 The cure of love, and bane of life ;
 The only method of forecasting,
 To make misfortune firm and lasting ;
 The sin, by heav'n's peculiar sentence,
 Unpardon'd, through a life's repentance.
 It is the double snake, that weds
 A common tail to diff'rent heads ;
 That leads the carcass still astray,
 By dragging each a diff'rent way.
 Of all the ills, that may attend me,
 From marriage, mighty gods, defend me !

Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
 And boundless tract of air serene,
 Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
 Delights to sport, delights to range ;
 There, Liberty ! to thee is owing
 Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing,
 Delights, still vary'd, and divine,
 Sweet goddesses of the hills, are thine.

What say you now, you pretty pink you ?
 Have I, for once, spoke reason, think you ?

M m

You

You take me now for no romancer——
 Come, never study for an answer;
 Away, cast ev'ry care behind you,
 And fly where joy alone shall find you.

Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
 A question more, or so——and then, Sir.
 You've rally'd me with sense exceeding,
 With much fine wit, and better breeding;
 But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
 Do those of your world never wive it?
 "No, no."—How then?—"Why dare I tell
 "What does the business full as well."
 Do you ne'er love?—"An hour at leisure."
 Have you no friendships?—"Yes, for pleasure."
 No care for little ones?—"We get 'em,
 "The rest the mothers mind—and let 'em."

Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling dove,
 Quite lost to life, as lost to love!
 Where'er misfortune comes, how just!
 And come misfortune surely must;
 In the dread season of dismay,
 In that your hour of trial, say,
 Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
 Who bear affliction's weightier part?

Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,
 And winter's gloomy form impends,
 To mourning turns all transient cheer,
 And blasts the melancholy year;

For

For times at no persuasion stay,
 Nor vice can find perpetual May;
 Then where's that tongue, by folly led,
 That soul of pertness, whither fled?
 All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
 Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest'd;
 No friends, by cordial bonds ally'd,
 Shall seek thy cold, unsocial side;
 No chirping prattlers to delight,
 Shall turn the long-enduring night;
 No bride her words of balm impart,
 And warm thee at her constant heart.

Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
 Is as the sun's unvarying course,
 Benignly active, sweetly bright,
 Affording warmth, affording light;
 But torn from virtue's sacred rules,
 Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools;
 Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
 And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature
 Subsists, thro' universal nature;
 And this, to beings void of mind,
 Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in space, primæval clay
 A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
 The source of endless good above
 Shot down his spark of kindling love;

Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
 Then motion first exulting came,
 Each atom sought its sep'rate class,
 Thro' many a fair enamour'd mass;
 Love cast the central charm around,
 And with eternal nuptials bound.
 Then form and order o'er the sky
 First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
 The sun display'd his orb to sight,
 And burn'd with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin womb conceiv'd,
 And with the genial burthen heav'd;
 Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
 And scal'd the breathing steep of air;
 Then infant stems, of various use,
 Imbib'd her soft, maternal juice;
 The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
 Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
 Within her warm embraces grew
 A race of endless form and hue;
 Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
 And fondly cloth'd their parent ground,
 Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
 By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
 But thence, subliming, and refin'd,
 Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind.
 Caught in the fond celestial fire,
 The mind perceiv'd unknown desire;

And

And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd;
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled ev'ry joy of life.

Here ever blessing, ever bless'd,
Resides this beauty of the breast.
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad;
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring, by which the world is bound;
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart and spirit, live,
Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;
Like Echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty fold.
Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade;
But as the stem and scion stand,
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wint'ry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.

A thou-

A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone ;
Endearing looks, and chaste desire,
Fan and support the mutual fire ;
Whose flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,
Like Nile, it opens and descends ;
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The fire, first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life and love ;
And gives his filial heir to flow,
In fondness down on sons below ;
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremest verge they glide ;
While kindred streams, on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch ! no lisping babe shall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
No sister greet thy ent'ring voice,
With partial eyes no parents see,
And bless their years, restor'd in thee.

In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien, ev'n among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace,
Shall play the wanton in thy face ;

Each

Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side ;
Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All giving pow'r ! great source of life !
O hear the parent ! hear the wife !
That life, thou lendest from above,
Tho' little, makes it large in love ;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand ;
To those, from whom my days I drew,
To these, in whom those days renew ;
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd ;
To friends with steely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind.
But chief, the lord of my desire,
My life, my self, my soul, my fire ;
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name ;
O spare him, spare him, gracious pow'r !
O give him to my latest hour !
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my sole enjoyment joy ;
His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight ;
And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share,

When

When he with graceful action wooes,
 And sweetly bills, and fondly cooes,
 Ah ! deck me to his eyes alone,
 With charms attractive as his own.
 And in my circling wings caress'd,
 Give all the lover to my breast.
 Then in our chaste, connubial bed,
 My bosom pillow'd for his head,
 His eyes, with blissful slumbers close,
 And watch, with me, my lord's repose ;
 Your peace around his temples twine,
 And love him with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
 Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
 Me too to your protection take,
 And spare me for my husband's sake ;
 Let one unruffled calm delight
 The loving, and belov'd unite ;
 One pure desire our bosoms warm,
 One will direct, one wish inform ;
 Thro' life, one mutual aid sustain,
 In death, one peaceful grave contain.

While, swelling with the darling theme,
 Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
 The well-known wings a sound impart,
 That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart :
 Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
 And forth with eager joy she sprung.

As

As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd and kindled at the view ;
Their wings, their souls embracing, meet,
Their hearts with answ'ring measure beat ;
Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Strait to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed ;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes ;
Transported, to their fire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round.
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand ;
The fire, his life sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies ;
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport giv'n, tho' won with toil ;
While all collected at the sight
And silent thro' supreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord and infants smiles.

The sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little flights disarm'd,
And from himself, by virtue, charm'd ;
When now he saw, what only seem'd,
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,

His soul to envy he resign'd,
 His hours of folly to the wind;
 In secret with'd a turtle too,
 And sighing to himself withdrew.



F A B L E XV.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life ;
Unhappy sex ! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales,
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way ;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure ;
But woman ! no redemption knows ;
The wounds of honour never close !

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide ;
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendly shore,
Her swifter folly flies before ;

The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
'Till by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error?—None.
Tho' woman is avow'd of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without alloy,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame,
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All-beauteous, from her late disgrace;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise, with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;

'Tis hence, reviving warmth is seen,
To cloath a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold ;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring ;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.
And must weak woman then disown
The change to which a world is prone ?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline ?
Resolv'd and firm alone ?——Is this
What we demand of woman ?—Yes,
But should the spark of vestal fire,
In some unguarded hour expire ;
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade ;
Of all the blooming spoils possess'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to rest ;
Shall virtue's flame no more return ?
No more with virgin splendor burn ?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom ?—No,
Pity may mourn, but not restore,
And woman falls——to rise no more,

Within

Within this sublunary sphere,
A country lies—no matter where ;
The clime may readily be found,
By all who tread poetic ground.
A stream, call'd life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides ;
And here, of vice the province lies,
And there the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An antient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose ;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine,
Confess'd the honours of their line ;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care ;
For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth ;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft' thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd ;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd ;

The

The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd ;
And nature, yearly, took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen,
To reach the crisis of fifteen ;
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious step their darling led ;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd.

O joyful cause of many a care !
O daughter, too divinely fair !
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way ;
A painful journey, all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know ;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind ?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Thro' such a wide, perplexing maze !
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn, what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend ;
Lo, there the arduous path's in view,
Which virtue and her sons pursue ;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.

Narrow's

Narrow's the way her children tread,
 No walk for pleasure smoothly spread;
 But rough, and difficult, and steep,
 Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
 A food indelicate to sense,
 Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
 Pure health, with chearful vigour flows;
 And strength, unfeeling of decay,
 Throughout the long, laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
 Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
 From earth refining still they go,
 And leave the mortal weight below;
 Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
 And smooth the rugged path appears;
 For custom turns fatigue to ease,
 And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
 And near the bright, celestial shore,
 A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
 Appears, of either world the bound.
 Thro' darkness, leading up to light,
 Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
 For there the transitory train
 Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
 And matter's gross, incumb'ring mass,
 Man's late associates, cannot pass;

But

OR, PARENTAL PRESENT.

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But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large ;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede ;
To such th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
For present earth, a future heav'n ;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
And endless bliss, for transient pain.
Then fear, ah ! fear to turn thy sight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite ;
Wide on the left the path-way bonds,
And with pernicious ease descends ;
There sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow ;
Trees, that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste ;
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own ;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes,
The scenes of fairy-land arise ;
The puppet-world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gayly-colour'd bow ;

O o

Scepters,

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
 The toys of infants, and of kings ;
 That tempt along the baneful plain,
 The idly wise, and lightly vain ;
 'Till verging on the gulphy shore,
 Sudden they sink, and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare ;
 Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
 If once thy sliding foot should stray,
 Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
 For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
 Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone ;
 Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
 On thy returning steps shall wait ;
 Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
 And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.
 Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
 Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
 A charm, by truth divinely cast,
 Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.
 Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
 Like morn, fore-running radiance went ;
 While honour, hand-maid late assign'd,
 Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck, the much admiring croud
 Before the virgin vision bow'd ;
 Gaz'd with an ever new delight,
 And caught fresh virtue at the sight ;

For

For not of earth's unequal frame
 They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame.
 If matter, sure the most refin'd,
 High-wrought, and temper'd into mind,
 Some darling daughter of the day,
 And body'd by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
 And thousands, where she moves, attend;
 Her ways observant eyes confess,
 Her steps pursuing praises bless;
 While to the elevated maid
 Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
 The jovial birth of rosy May,
 When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
 Now melts the frost in ev'ry breast;
 The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
 And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
 The sun with healthier visage glows,
 Aside his clouded kerchief throws;
 And dances up th' æthereal plain,
 Where late he us'd to climb with pain;
 While nature, as from bonds set free,
 Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now for momentary rest,
 The nymph her travell'd step repress'd;
 Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
 And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Outstretch'd before her wide survey,
 The realms of sweet perdition lay;
 And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
 To see a world so lost below;
 When strait the breeze began to breathe
 Airs, gently wafted from beneath;
 That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
 And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
 No sounds of discord, that disclose
 A people sunk and lost in woes;
 But as of present good possess'd,
 The very triumph of the blest'd.
 The maid in wrapt attention hung,
 While thus approaching Sirens sung:

Hither, fairest, hither haste,
 Brightest beauty, come and taste
 What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
 Joys, too mighty to be told;
 Taste what ecstasies they give,
 Dying raptures taste, and live.

In thy lap, disdain measure,
 Nature empties all her treasure;
 Soft desires, that sweetly languish,
 Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
 Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
 Brightest beauty, come away.

Lift not, when the froward chide,
 Sons of pedantry and pride;

Snarlers,

Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
 April sunshine is offence ;
 Age and envy will advise
 Ev'n against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
 Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
 'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
 With enjoyment past the painting ;
 Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
 Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
 Upon the false Ausonian shore ;
 And, O ! for that preventing chain,
 That bound Ulysses on the main ;
 That so our fair-one might withstand
 The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
 When now the tempters stood in view ;
 Curiosity, with preying eyes,
 And hands of busy, bold emprise ;
 Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
 And, like fore-running fancy, fleet.
 By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
 To novelty she still aspir'd ;
 Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
 And but in expectation blest'd.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
 Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame ;

Her

Her mien, all swimming in delight,
 Her beauties, half reveal'd to fight ;
 Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
 And caught the kissing winds around.
 As erst Medusa's looks were known
 To turn beholders into stone ;
 A dire reversion here they felt,
 And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
 Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd ;
 Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd ;
 No safety ev'n the flying find,
 Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
 Thus was the much-admiring maid,
 While distant, more than half betray'd.
 With smiles, and adulation bland,
 They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand :
 Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
 Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd ;
 While half consenting, half denying,
 Reluctant now, and now complying ;
 Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
 Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
 Still down, and down, the winning pair
 Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.
 As when some stately vessel bound
 To blest Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites ;

Con-

Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock, and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns with sail and oar
To shun the much-suspected shore,
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious, smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames, accusom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long reluctant maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n, restor'd;
Till then with weeping honour wait
The servant of her better fate;
With honour left upon the shore,
Her friend, and handmaid, now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failings cast the veil,
Remembering you yourselves are frail.

And

And now from all-enquiring light,
 Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
 The damsel from a short repose,
 Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
 Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
 Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
 And steal his hoard of joys away;
 He, borne where golden Indus streams,
 Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
 Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
 And stands all wrapt amidst his store;
 But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
 Of that for which his years had toil'd :

So far'd the nymph, her treasure flown,
 And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
 Within, without, obscure and void,
 She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
 And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast!
 Are these the blessings thou can'st boast?
 These; Virtue! these the joys they find,,
 Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
 Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
 Ye mountains, cover me, she cry'd!

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
 And told the tidings to the sky;
 Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
 A side-long viper to her heart;

Re-

Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace ;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view ;
While those in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd, to whiten at her side ;
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late deserted shore ?
So trusting, back the mourner flew ;
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd ;
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left an host of friends ;
Alas ! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine ;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly ;
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain ;
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n ;

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From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain ;
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n ;

The nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant fate, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire;
The gems of heav'n, and solar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw;
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.

Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her favourite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around.

Bid

Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
 To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill;
 Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
 And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
 The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
 And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

“Lovely penitent, arise,
 “Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
 “Come, thy sister angels say,
 “Thou hast wept thy stains away.
 “Let experience now decide
 “’Twixt the good and evil try’d;
 “In the smooth, enchanted ground,
 “Say, unfold the treasures found.
 “Structures, rais’d by morning dreams;
 “Sands, that tript the flitting streams;
 “Down, that anchors on the air;
 “Clouds, that paint their changes there.
 “Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
 “While the storm impends on high;
 “Shewing in an obvious glass,
 “Joys, that in possession pass;
 “Transient, fickle, light and gay,
 “Flatt’ring only to betray;
 “What, alas, can life contain?
 “Life! like all its circles——vain.
 “Will the stork, intending rest,
 “On the willow build her nest?

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" Will the bee demand his store
 " From the bleak and bladeless shore?
 " Man alone, intent to stray,
 " Ever turns from wisdom's way;
 " Lays up wealth in foreign land,
 " Sows the sea, and plows the sand.
 " Soon this elemental mass,
 " Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,
 " Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
 " Time be spent, and life expire.
 " Then, ye boasted works of men,
 " Where is your asylum then?
 " Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
 " Tell me, mortals, tell me where?
 " Gone, like traces on the deep,
 " Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep;
 " Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
 " Melting snows, and gliding shades.
 " Pass the world, and what's behind?
 " Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
 " From an universe deprav'd,
 " From the wreck of nature sav'd,
 " Like the life-supporting grain,
 " Fruit of patience, and of pain,
 " On the swain's autumnal day,
 " Winnow'd from the chaff away.
 " Little trembler, fear no more,
 " Thou hast plenteous crops in store;

" Seed,

OR, PARENTAL PRESENT.

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- " Seed by genial sorrow sown,
" More than all thy scorers own.
" What, tho' hostile earth despise?
" Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
" Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
" Cheer thy hours and guard thy side.
" When the fatal trump shall sound,
" When th' immortals pour around,
" Heav'n shall thy return attest,
" Hail'd by myriads of the blest'd.
" Little native of the skies,
" Lovely penitent, arise;
" Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
" Virtue is thy sister now.
" More delightful are my woes,
" Than the rapture pleasure knows;
" Richer far the weeds I bring,
" Than the robes that grace a king.
" On my wars, of shortest date,
" Crowns of endless triumph wait;
" On my cares, a period blest'd;
" On my toils eternal rest.
" Come, with virtue at thy side,
" Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
" Till we gain our native shore,
" Sister, come, and turn no more."

FABLE XVI.

LOVE AND VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
 The wak'ning flow'rs unvail'd their bloom;
 Up with the sun, from short repose,
 Gay health and lusty labour rose;
 The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
 And shepherds whistled o'er the dale;
 When Love, who led a rural life,
 Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
 Forth from his thatch'd roof cottage stray'd,
 And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A nymph, who lightly trip'd it by,
 To quick attention turn'd his eye.
 He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
 Her self-sufficient grace and air;
 Her steps that mincing meant to please,
 Her study'd negligence and ease;
 And curious to enquire what meant
 This thing of prettiness and paint;
 Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
 The lady, slightly,—Sir, your servant.

Such

Such beauty in so rude a place !
Fair one, you do the country grace ;
At court, no doubt, the public care,
But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes, sir, reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
This form confesses whence it came ;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost island of the sea ;
Within my court all honour centers ;
I raise the meanest soul that enters ;
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints a pleasure,
The world receives its weight and measure ;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.

Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in, where nature fails,
And ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still, where heav'n is sparing.

But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs ;
Their various habits, and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles and perfections ;
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning ;

From

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide.
Was there no province to invade,
But that by love and meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign;
But be the sphere of beauty mine:

For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuse to live, and chuse to reign.

Far-sighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army strong;
And chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And lowliness, to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;
And modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore;
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three;
And rosy peace, the cherub blest'd,
That nightly sings us all to rest.

Hence

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
 From the first step of infant time,
 Woman, the world's appointed light,
 Has skirted ev'ry shade with white;
 Has stood for imitation high,
 To ev'ry heart, and ev'ry eye;
 From ancient deeds of fair renown,
 Has brought her bright memorials down;
 To time affix'd perpetual youth,
 And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan,
 She moulds the essence of a man;
 Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
 And, as a better soul, inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
 Exalts the meek, and checks the bold;
 Calls sloth from his supine repose,
 Within the coward's bosom glows;
 Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
 Bids bashful merit stand confess'd;
 And like coarse metal from the mines,
 Collects, irradiates, and refines.

The gentle science she imparts;
 All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
 From her sweet influence are felt
 Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
 To stormy rage she bids controul,
 And sinks serenely on the soul;

Qq

Softens

Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by heav'n assign'd,
And rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The nymph impatient stood,
And laughing, thus her speech renew'd:

And pray, sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told?
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?—
Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning—in romances,
Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tip-toe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinions surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for softning, and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Thro' the whole piece, of female nature!
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for Love to hit,
'Tis said, that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,

Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Tractless, and shifting as the wind,
A sea whose fathom none can find ;
A moon, still changing, and revolving,
A riddle, past all human solving ;
A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
A——something, that no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your counsel, and attend.

Though in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex, nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the difference of a name.

And ev'ry woman is the same.

For as the world, however vary'd,
And thro' unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Though in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one-subject-matter made ;
So, sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution ;
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being I commence ;
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies ;

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Thence in the growing form expand,
 With childhood travel hand in hand;
 And give a taste of all their joys,
 In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.
 And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
 I send the flutt'ring soul abroad.
 Prais'd for her shape, her face, her mien,
 The little goddess, and the queen,
 Takes at her infant-shrine oblation,
 And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now, blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
 To dress becomes her darling care;
 The realms of beauty then I bound,
 I swell the hoop's enchanted round;
 Shrink in the waist's descending size,
 Heav'd in the snowy bosom rise;
 High on the floating lappet sail,
 Or curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale,
 Then to her glass I lead the fair,
 And shew the lovely idol there;
 Where, struck as by divine emotion,
 She bows with most sincere devotion;
 And numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
 In secret bids the world adore.

Then all for parking and parading,
 Coquetting, dancing, masquerading;
 For balls, plays, courts, and crouds, what passion!
 And churches, sometimes—if the fashion;

For

For woman's sense of right and wrong,
Is rul'd by the almighty throng ;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims, the straw of ev'ry stream.
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects ;
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly, her wisest acquisition ;
And ev'n from pity and disdain,
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, fir, from ev'ry form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature ;
And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire ;
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.

Those shining virtues which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre ?
From native honour and devotion ?

O yes, a mighty likely notion !

Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er makes sinners ;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe ;
For female worth as I inspire,
In just degrees, still mounts the higher ;

And

And virtue, so extremely nice,
 Demands long toil, and mighty price;
 Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,
 I bear the sex's tott'ring state;
 Sap these, and in a moment's space,
 Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles, and from toys,
 I spring, the fount of female joys;
 In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
 The sole artificer of bliss.

For them each tropic I explore;
 I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore:
 To them uniting Indians sail;
 Sabæa breathes her farthest gale;
 For them the bullion I refine,
 Dig sense and virtue from the mine;
 And from the bowels of invention,
 Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
 They hold the sov'reign balm of woe;
 Beyond the stoic's boasted art,
 I soothe the heavings of the heart;
 To pain give splendour and relief,
 And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace and the plain
 Admit the glories of my reign;
 Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
 Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station;

Whate'er

Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
Alike I fill and empty bags,
Flutter, in finery, and rags;
With light coquets thro' folly range,
And with the prude disdain to change.

And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply——
But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude;
Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.

When ev'ry pleasure's run a-ground,
And folly tir'd thro' many a round,
The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance;
And vapours shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church, or cloyster;
Then on I lead her, with devotion,
Conspicuous in her dress and motion;
Inspire the heav'nly breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r;
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony and grace.

Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour;
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head;

Her

Her thoughts I methodize in death,
 And part not with her parting breath;
 Then do I set, in order bright,
 A length of funeral pomp to sight;
 The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
 The plumes that whiten o'er her bier;
 And last, presenting to her eye
 Angelic fineries on high,
 To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
 And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle God,
 You've gone a tedious length of road;
 And strange, in all the toilsome way,
 No house of kind refreshment lay;
 No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted,
 To hold her from her sex exempted.

For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
 Take her, and keep her if you can;
 And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
 Since every fair, by such permission,
 Will hold herself the one selected,
 And so my system stands protected.

O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
 To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
 The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
 And kindling at her malice burn'd;
 Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
 Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;

Hyp-

Hypsipyle, who sav'd her fire ;
 And Portia's love, approv'd by fire ;
 Alike Penelope was quoted,
 Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted ;
 Nor Laodamia's fatal garter ;
 Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr ;
 Alceste's voluntary steel,
 And Cath'rine, smiling on the wheel.

But who can hope to plant conviction,
 Where cavil grows on contradiction ?
 Some she evades or disavows,
 Demurs to all, and none allows ;
 A kind of ancient thing, call'd fables !
 And thus the goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
 And choler flash'd from either eye ;
 Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
 The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view ;
 A goddess, whom our grandames knew ;
 Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
 Majestic, awful, and sedate ;
 As heav'n's autumnal eve serene,
 When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene ;
 Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
 And in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.

Quick at a venture, both agree
 To leave their strife to her decree.

R r

And

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And now by each the facts were stated,
 In form and manner as related;
 The case was short. They crav'd opinion;
 Which held o'er females chief dominion?
 When thus the goddess, answering mild,
 First shook her gracious head, and smil'd.

Alas! how willing to comply,
 Yet how unfit a judge am I!
 In times of golden date, 'tis true,
 I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
 But from their presence long precluded,
 Or held as one whose form intruded;
 Full fifty annual suns can tell,
 Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
 Or who to think of, neither knew;
 For both, still bias'd in opinion,
 And arrogant of sole dominion,
 Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
 Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,
 Of inexperience'd gait and air;
 Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
 Nor seen the world beyond a wake;
 With cambrick coif, and kerchief clean,
 Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

Now, now! cry'd Love's triumphant child,
 And at approaching conquest smil'd,

It

If Vanity will once be guided,
 Our diff'rence may be soon decided;
 Behold yon wench, a fit occasion
 To try your force of gay persuasion.
 Go you, while I retire aloof,
 Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;
 And if your prevalence of art
 Transcends my yet unerring dart,
 I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
 And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented;
 And well our goddesses seem'd contented;
 Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
 But tript, and took the girl in hand.

Mean while the godhead, unarm'd,
 As one to each occasion arm'd,
 Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
 That erst had wounded many a heart;
 Then bending, drew it to the head;
 The bowstring twang'd, the arrow fled;
 And, to her secret soul address'd,
 Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the dame, whose guardian care,
 Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
 At once her pocket mirror drew,
 And held the wonder full in view;
 As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
 A thousand beauties rush to sight;

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A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone;
Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade;
Here only fixes to admire,
And centers every fond desire.



LOVE





LOVE and HONOUR.

LOVE AND HONOUR.

HARK! may heav'n defend thee!

Hark! the drum commands!

Honour, I attend thee;

Love, I kiss thy hands.

May guardian angels watch thee,

And conquest on thee wait!

One kiss, and then I give thee up—

Alas! Poor Kate!

Vide TOBACCO-BOX.



LOVE

THE

CONSTITUTIONAL

LOVE AND HONOUR

LOVE

OR, PARENTAL PRESENT.

419

LOVE AND HOPE,

A N

ECLOGUE.

B Y

LORD LYTTTELTON:

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing;
Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
Nor Pan, nor Phoebus, tunes our artless reeds;
From Love alone their melody proceeds.
From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Dorick strains;
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften ev'ry heart:

Me

Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustick pipe in pleasing concert join.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

" Bleft be the hour, he said, that happy hour,
" When first I own'd my Delia's gentle pow'r;
" Then gloomy discontent and pining care
" Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
" Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
" Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
" Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
" These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid:
" There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
" When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
" She led the dance—heav'ns! with what grace she mov'd!
" Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
" I strove not to resist to sweet a flame,
" But gloried in a happy captive's name;
" Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
" But leave to brutes their savage liberty.
" And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy?
" Can no reverse thy flatt'ring bliss destroy?
" Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store?
" Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal pow'r?
" Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
" Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?

" Why

- " Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
 " The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
 " From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 " Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
 " Who bids me hope; and in that charming word
 " Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
 " Begin, my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;
 " A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
 " A kiss, obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
 " Giv'n with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content.
 " No laureat wreaths I ask, to bind my brows,
 " Such as the Muse on lofty bards bestows:
 " Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
 " I from her lips my recompence require.
 " Why stays my Delia in her secret bow'r?
 " Light gales have chas'd the late impending show'r;
 " Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
 " Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
 " Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay;
 " The birds renew their songs on ev'ry spray!
 " Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown:
 " All nature smiles.—Will only Delia frown?
 " Hark! how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
 " While ev'ry flow'r of ev'ry sweet they drain:
 " See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
 " The shelter'd herds on flow'ry couches sleep:
 " Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
 " If with my fond desires my love comply;

“ From Delia’s lips a sweeter honey flows,
“ And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.
“ Ah ! how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms ?
“ What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?
“ A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
“ Whose yellow plumage shines like polish’d gold ;
“ From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
“ And bears the fortunate Canaries name ;
“ In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
“ Not ev’n the nightingale’s melodious throat.
“ Accept of this ; and could I add beside
“ What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide ;
“ If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
“ On thee alone their glitt’ring pride should shine,
“ But, if thy mind no gifts have pow’r to move,
“ Phœbus himself shall leave th’ Aonian grove ;
“ The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
“ Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav’rite swain,
“ For him each blue-ey’d Naiad of the flood ;
“ For him each green-hair’d sister of the wood ;
“ Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia’s gentle ray
“ His music calls to dance the night away :
“ And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
“ With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove ;
“ I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
“ And let her often hear her shepherd’s name ;
“ Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
“ And shew my merits in the fairest light ;

“ My

" My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 " And ev'ry friend shall claim a diff'rent lay.
 " But, see ! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair
 " Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air.
 " Ah ! thither let me fly with eager feet :
 " Adieu ! my pipe—I go my love meet !
 " O ! may I find her as we parted last !
 " And may each future hour be like the past !
 " So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 " Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."



1972 JAN 19 10 11 AM '72





LOVE AND JEALOUSY. -

LOVE AND JEALOUSY,

AN

ECLOGUE.

BY THE SAME.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no blifs sincere;
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and pow'r by fear:
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find;
Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts:
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust,

Begin,

Begin, my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse;
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantick mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Auxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd;
Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
A castle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the scene, awhile the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
His flow'ry wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore;
Then cried, " May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
" Like these neglected roses, droop and fade!
" May angry heav'n deform each guilty grace,
" That triumphs now in that deluding face!
" Those alter'd looks may ev'ry shepherd fly,
" And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!
" Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done;
" To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?

" Tell

- “ Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
“ Against whose pow’r no ties have strength to bind ?
“ Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
“ To conquer your disdain, and merit love ?
“ Has he with transport ev’ry smile ador’d,
“ And died with grief at each ungentle word ?
“ Ah, no ! the conquest was obtain’d with ease ;
“ He pleas’d you, by not studying to please :
“ His careless indolence your pride alarm’d ;
“ And, had he lov’d you more, he less had charm’d.
“ Oh ! pain to think ! another shall possess
“ Those balmy lips, which I was wont to press !
“ Another on her panting breast shall lie,
“ And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !—
“ I saw their friendly flocks together feed ;
“ I saw them hand in hand walk o’er the mead :
“ Would my clos’d eye had sunk in endless night,
“ Ere I was doom’d to bear that hateful sight !
“ Where’er they pass’d, be blasted ev’ry flow’r ;
“ And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour !—
“ Ah ! wretched swain, could no examples move
“ Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love ?
“ Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas died
“ A victim to Parthenia’s fatal pride ?
“ Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain ;
“ Lov’d by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov’d, in vain ;
“ Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid ;
“ And all things mourn’d, but the relentless maid,
“ Would I could die like him, and be at peace !
“ These torments in the quiet grave would cease ;
“ There

" There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
 " And rest, as if my Delia still were kind.
 " No ! let me live, her falsehood to upbraid ;
 " Some god, perhaps, my just revenge will aid.—
 " Alas ! what aid, fond swain, would'st thou receive ?
 " Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve ?
 " Protect her, heav'n ! and let her never know
 " The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe !
 " I ask no vengeance the from pow'rs above ;
 " All I implore is never more to love.
 " Let me this fondness from my bosom tear ;
 " Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
 " Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast ;
 " Wearied, at length, I seek thy downy rest :
 " No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 " My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
 " Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye Sylvans, hear,
 " What, by your guardian deities, I swear :
 " No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms ;
 " No more I'll court the trait'ers to my arms ;
 " Not all her arts my steady soul shall move ;
 " And she shall find that reason conquers love ! "

Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go ;
 At once transported, he forgot his vow ;
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow !)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew ;
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

THE
LADY'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT;

OR;
ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

DEAR DAUGHTER,

I FIND, that even our most pleasing thoughts will be unquiet; they will be in motion; and the mind can have no rest whilst it is possessed by a darling passion. You are at present the chief object of my care, as well as of my kindness; which sometimes throweth me into visions, of your being happy in the world, that are better suited to my partial wishes than to my reasonable hopes for you. At other times, when my fears prevail, I shrink as if I was struck, at the prospect of danger to which a young woman must be exposed. By how

T t

much

much the more lively, so much the more liable you are to be hurt; as the finest plants are the soonest nipped by the frost. Whilst you are playing full of innocence, the spiteful world will bite, except you are guarded by your caution. Want of care, therefore, my dear child, is never to be excused; since, as to this world, it hath the same effect as want of virtue. Such an early sprouting wit requireth so much the more to be sheltered by some rules, like something strewed on tender flowers to preserve them from being blasted. You must take it well to be pruned by so kind a hand as that of a father. There may be some bitterness in mere obedience: the natural love of liberty may help to make the commands of a parent harder to go down. Some inward resistance there will be, where power, and not choice, maketh us move; but when a father layeth aside his authority, and persuadeth only by his kindness, you will never answer it to good-nature, if it hath not weight with you.

A great part of what is said in the following discourse may be above the present growth of your understanding; but that becoming every day taller, will, in a little time, reach up to it, so as to make it easy to you. I am willing to begin with you before your mind is quite formed, that being the time in which it is most capable of receiving a colour that will last when it is mixed with it. Few things are well learnt but by early precepts: those well infused make them natural; and we are never sure of retaining what is valuable, till, by a continued habit, we have made it a piece of us.

Whether my skill can draw the picture of a fine woman may
be

be a question: but it can be none, that I have drawn that of a kind father. If you will take an exact copy, I will so far presume upon my workmanship, as to undertake you shall not make an ill figure. Give me so much credit as to try, and I am sure that neither your wishes nor mine shall be disappointed by it.



RELIGION.

THE first thing to be considered is religion. It must be the chief object of your thoughts; since it would be a vain thing to direct your behaviour in the world, and forget that which you are to have towards him who made it.

In a strict sense, it is the only thing necessary: you must take it into your mind, and from thence throw it into your heart, where you are to embrace it so close, as never to lose the possession of it. But then it is necessary to distinguish between the reality and the pretence.

Religion doth not consist in believing the legend of the nursery, where children with their milk are fed with the tales of witches, hobgoblins, prophecies, miracles. We suck in so greedily these early mistakes, that our riper understanding hath much ado to cleanse our minds from this kind of trash: the stories are so entertaining, that we do not only believe them, but relate them; which makes the discovery of the truth somewhat grievous, when it makes us lose such a field of impertinence, where we might have diverted ourselves; besides the throwing some shame upon us for having ever received them. This is making the world a jest, and imputing to God Almighty, that the province he assigneth to the devil, is to play at blindman's-buff,

buff, and shew tricks to mankind; and is so far from being religion, that it is not sense; and hath right only to be called that kind of devotion of which ignorance is the undoubted mother, without competition or dispute. These mistakes are, therefore, to be left off with your hanging-sleeves; and you ought to be as much out of countenance to be found with them about you, as to be seen playing with babies at an age when other things are expected from you.

The next thing to be observed to you is, that religion doth as little consist in loud answers and devout convulsions at church, or praying in an extraordinary manner. Some ladies are so extreme stirring at church, that one would swear the worm in their conscience made them so unquiet; others will have such a divided face, between a devout gogle and an inviting glance, that the unnatural mixture maketh even the best looks to be at that time ridiculous. These affected appearances are ever suspected, like very strong perfumes, which are generally thought no very good symptoms in those that make use of them. Let your earnestness, therefore, be reserved for your closet, where you may have God Almighty to yourself; in public, be still and calm, neither undecently careless, nor affected in the other extreme.

It is not true devotion to put on an angry zeal against those who may be of a differing persuasion. Partiality to ourselves makes us often mistake it for a duty, to fall hard upon others in that case; and being pushed on by self-conceit, we strike without mercy, believing that the wounds we give are meritorious, and that we are fighting God Almighty's quarrel; when the truth

truth is, we are only setting out ourselves: our devotion, too, often breaking out into that shape, which most agreeth with our particular temper. The choleric grow into a hardened severity against all who dissent from them; snatch at all the texts of scripture that suit with their complexion; and because God's wrath was sometimes kindled, they conclude, that anger is a divine virtue; and are so far from imagining their ill-natured zeal requireth an apology, that they value themselves upon it, and triumph in it. Others, whose nature is more credulous than ordinary, admit no bounds or measure to it; they grow as proud of extending their faith, as princes are of enlarging their dominions; not considering that our faith, like our stomach, is capable of being over-charged; and that, as the last is destroyed by taking in more than it can digest, so our reason may be extinguished by oppressing it with the weight of too many strange things; especially if we are forbidden to chew what we are commanded to swallow. The melancholy and the sullen are apt to place a great part of their religion in dejected or ill-humoured looks, putting on an unsociable face, and declaiming against the innocent entertainments of life, with as much sharpness as they could bestow upon the greatest crimes. This, generally, is only a vizard; there is seldom any thing real in it. No other thing is the better for being sour; and it would be hard that religion should be so, which is the best of things. In the mean time, it may be said with truth, that this furlly kind of devotion hath, perhaps, done little less hurt in the world, by frightening, than the most scandalous examples have done by infecting it.

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Having told you, in these few instances, to which many more might be added, what is not true religion; it is time to describe to you what is so. The ordinary definitions of it are no more like it than the common sign posts are like the princes they would represent. The unskilful daubers in all ages have generally laid on such ill colours, and drawn such harsh lines, that the beauty of it is not easily to be discerned: they have put in all the forbidding features that can be thought of; and, in the first place, have made it an irreconcilable enemy to nature, when, in reality, they are not only friends, but twins, born together at the same time; and it is doing violence to them both to go about to have them separated. Nothing is so kind and so inviting as true and unsophisticated religion: instead of imposing unnecessary burdens upon our nature, it easeth us of the greater weight of our passions and mistakes: instead of subduing us with rigour, it redeemeth us from the slavery we are in to ourselves, who are the most severe masters, whilst we are under the usurpation of our appetites let loose and not restrained.

Religion is a cheerful thing; so far from being always at cuffs with good humour, that it is inseparably united to it. Nothing unpleasant belongs to it, though the spiritual cooks have done their unskilful part to give an ill relish to it. A wise epicure would be religious for the sake of pleasure; good sense is the foundation of both; and he is a bungler who aimeth at true luxury but where they are joined.

Religion is exalted reason, refined and sifted from the grosser parts of it: it dwelleth in the upper region of the mind, and
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there are fewest clouds or mists to darken or offend it; it is both the foundation and the crown of all virtues; it is morality improved and raised to its height, by being carried nearer heaven, the only place where perfection resideth. It cleanseth the understanding, and brusheth off the earth that hangeth about our souls. It doth not want the hopes and the terrors which are made use of to support it; neither ought it to descend to the borrowing any argument out of itself, since there we may find every thing that should invite us. If we were to be hired to religion; it is able to outbid the corrupted world, with all it can offer to us; being so much the richer of the two; in every thing where reason is admitted to be a judge of the value.

Since this is so, it is worth your pains to make religion your choice, and not make use of it only as a refuge. There are ladies who, finding by the too visible decay of their good looks that they can shine no more by that light, put on the varnish of an affected devotion, to keep up some kind of figure in the world. They take sanctuary in the church, when they are pursued by growing contempt; which will not be stopped, but followeth them to the altar. Such late penitence is only a disguise for the tormenting grief of being no more handsome. That is the killing thought which draweth the sighs and tears, that appear outwardly to be applied to a better end.

There are many who have an aguish devotion, hot and cold fits, long intermissions, and violent raptures. This unevenness is by all means to be avoided. Let your method be a steady course of good life, that may run like a smooth stream, and be a perpetual spring to furnish to the continued exercise of virtue.

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Your devotion may be earnest, but it must be unconstrained, and, like other duties, you must make it your pleasure too, or else it will have very little efficacy. By this rule you may best judge of your own heart. Whilst those duties are joys, it is an evidence of their being sincere; but when they are a penance, it is a sign that your nature maketh some resistance; and whilst that lasteth, you can never be entirely secure of yourself.

If you are often unquiet, and too nearly touched by the cross accidents of life, your devotion is not of the right standard, there is too much alloy in it. That which is right and unmixed taketh away the sting of every thing that would trouble you: it is like a healing balm, that extinguisheth the sharpness of the blood; so this softeneth and dissolveth the anguish of the mind. A devout mind hath the privilege of being free from passions, as some climates are from all venomous kind of creatures. It will raise you above the little vexations to which others, for want of it, will be exposed; and bring you to a temper, not of stupid indifference, but of such a wise resignation, that you may live in the world, so as it may hang about you like a loose garment, and not tied too close to you.

Take heed of running into that common error of applying God's judgments upon particular occasions. Our weights and measures are not competent to make the distribution either of his mercy or his justice: he hath thrown a veil over these things, which makes it not only an impertinence, but a kind of sacrilege, for us to give sentence in them without his commission.

As to your particular faith, keep to the religion that is grown up with you, both as it is the best in itself, and that the reason of

staying in it upon that ground is somewhat stronger for your sex than it will, perhaps, be allowed to be for ours; in respect that the voluminous inquiries into the truth, by reading, are less expected from you. The best of books will be direction enough to you not to change; and whilst you are fixed and sufficiently confirmed in your own mind, you will do best to keep vain doubts and scruples at such a distance that they may give you no disquiet.

Let me recommend you to a method of being rightly informed, which can never fail: it is in short this; get understanding, and practise virtue. And if you are so blessed as to have those for your share, it is not surer that there is a God, than it is, that by him all necessary truths will be revealed to you.



HUSBAND.

THAT which challengeth the next place in your thoughts is how to live with a husband. And though that is so large a word, that few rules can be fixed to it which are unchangeable, the methods being as various as the several tempers of men to which they must be suited ; yet I cannot omit some general observations, which, with the help of your own, may the better direct you in the part of your life upon which your happiness most dependeth.

It is one of the disadvantages belonging to your sex, that young women are seldom permitted to make their own choice ; their friends care and experience are thought safer guides to them than their own fancies ; and their modesty often forbiddeth them to refuse when their parents recommend, though their inward consent may not entirely go along with it. In this case, there remaineth nothing for them to do, but to endeavour to make that easy which falleth to their lot ; and, by a wise use of every thing they may dislike in a husband, turn that by degrees to be very supportable, which, if neglected, might in time beget an aversion.

You must first lay it down for a foundation in general, that there is inequality in the sexes ; and that for the better œconomy of the world, the men, who were to be the lawgivers, had the

larger share of reason bestowed upon them; by which means your sex is the better prepared for the compliance that is necessary for the better performance of those duties which seem to be most properly assigned to it. This looks a little uncourtly at the first appearance; but, upon examination, it will be found, that nature is so far from being unjust to you, that she is partial on your side. She hath made you such large amends by other advantages, for the seeming injustice of the first distribution, that the right of complaining is come over to our sex. You have it in your power not only to free yourselves, but to subdue your masters, and, without violence, throw both their natural and legal authority at your feet. We are made of differing tempers, that our defects may the better be mutually supplied: your sex wanteth our reason for your conduct, and our strength for your protection; ours wanteth your gentleness to soften and to entertain us. The first part of our life is a good deal subjected to you in the nursery, where you reign without competition, and by that means have the advantage of giving the first impressions. Afterwards you have stronger influences, which, well managed, have more force in your behalf than all our privileges and jurisdictions can pretend to have against you. You have more strength in your looks than we have in our laws, and more power by your tears than we have by our arguments.

It is true, that the laws of marriage run in a harsher style towards your sex. Obey is an ungentle word, and less easy to be digested, by making such an unkind distinction in the words of the contract, and so very unsuitable to the excess of good manners, which generally goes before it. Besides, the universality

sality of the rule seemeth to be a grievance; and it appeareth reasonable that there might be an exemption for extraordinary women from ordinary rules, to take away the just expectation that lyeth against the false measure of general equality.

It may be alleged by the council retained by your sex, that as there is, in all other laws, an appeal from the letter to the equity, in cases that require it; it is as reasonable that some court of a larger jurisdiction might be erected, where some wives might resort and plead specially. And in such instances, where nature is so kind as to raise them above the level of their own sex, they might have relief, and obtain a mitigation, in their own particular, of a sentence which was given generally against womankind. The causes of separation are now so very coarse, that few are confident enough to buy their liberty at the price of having their modesty so exposed. And for disparity of minds, which, above all other things requireth a remedy, the laws have made no provision; so little refined are numbers of men by whom they are compiled. This, and a great deal more, might be said, to give a colour to the complaint.

But the answer to it in short is, that the institution of marriage is too sacred to admit a liberty of objecting to it; that the supposition of yours being the weaker sex, having, without all doubt, a good foundation, maketh it reasonable to subject it to the masculine dominion; that no rule can be so perfect as not to admit some exception; but the law presumeth there would be so few found in this case, who would have a sufficient right to such a privilege, that it is safer some injustice should be connived at in a very few instances, than to break into an establishment,

ment, upon which the order of human society doth so much depend.

You are, therefore, to make your best of what is settled by law and custom; and not vainly imagine that it will be changed for your sake. But, that you may not be discouraged, as if you lay under the weight of an incurable grievance, you are to know, that by a wise and dexterous conduct, it will be in your power to relieve yourself from any thing that looketh like a disadvantage in it. For your better direction, I will give a hint of the most ordinary causes of dissatisfaction between man and wife, that you may be able, by such a warning, to live so upon your guard, that when you shall be married, you may know how to cure your husband's mistakes; and to prevent your own.

First, then, you are to consider you live in a time which hath rendered some kind of frailties so habitual, that they lay claim to large grains of allowance. The world in this is somewhat unequal, and our sex seemeth to play the tyrant in distinguishing partially for ourselves, by making that in the utmost degree criminal in the women, which in a man passeth under a much gentler censure. The root and the excuse of this injustice is the preservation of families from any mixture which may bring a blemish to them: and whilst the point of honour continues to be so placed, it seems unavoidable to give your sex the greater share of the penalty. But if in this it lyeth under any disadvantage: you are more than recompensed, by having the honour of families in your keeping. The consideration so great a trust must give you maketh full amends; and this power the world hath lodged in you can hardly fail to restrain the severity of an
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ill husband, and to improve the kindness and esteem of a good one. This being so, remember, that next to the danger of committing the fault yourself, the greatest is that of seeing it in your husband. Do not seem to look or hear that way; if he is a man of sense he will reclaim himself; the folly of it is, of itself sufficient to cure him: if he is not so, he will be provoked, but not reformed. To expostulate in these cases looketh like declaring war, and preparing reprisals; which, to a thinking husband, would be a dangerous reflection. Besides, it is so coarse a reason, which will be assigned for a lady's too great warmth upon such an occasion, that modesty no less than prudence ought to restrain her; since such an undecent complaint makes a wife much more ridiculous than the injury that provoketh her to it. But it is yet worse and more unskilful to blaze it in the world, expecting it should rise up in arms to take her part; whereas she will find it can have no other effect than that she will be served up in all companies as the reigning jest at that time; and will continue to be the common entertainment, till she is rescued by some newer folly that cometh upon the stage, and driveth her away from it. The impertinence of such methods is so plain, that it doth not deserve the pains of being laid open. Be assured, that in these cases your discretion and silence will be the most prevailing reproof; an affected ignorance, which is seldom a virtue, is a great one here; and when your husband seeth how unwilling you are to be uneasy, there is no stronger argument to persuade him not to be unjust to you. Besides, it will naturally make him more yielding in other things; and whether it be to cover or redeem his offence, you may
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may have the good effects of it whilst it lasteth, and all that while have the most reasonable ground that can be of presuming such a behaviour will at last entirely convert him. There is nothing so glorious to a wife as a victory so gained; a man, so reclaimed, is for ever after subjected to her virtue; and her bearing for a time is more than rewarded by a triumph that will continue as long as her life.

The next thing I will suppose is, that your husband may love wine more than is convenient. It will be granted, that though there are vices of a deeper die; there are none that have greater deformity than this, when it is not restrained: but, with all this, the same custom, which is the more to be lamented for its being so general, should make it less uneasy to every one in particular who is to suffer by the effects of it: so that, in the first place, it will be no new thing if you should have a drunkard for your husband; and there is, by too frequent examples, evidence enough, that such a thing may happen, and yet a wife may live too without being miserable. Self-love dictateth aggravating words to every thing we feel; ruin and misery are the terms we apply to whatever we do not like; forgetting the mixture allotted to us by the condition of human life, by which it is not intended we should be quite exempt from trouble. It is fair if we can escape such a degree of it as would oppress us, and enjoy so much of the pleasant part as may lessen the ill taste of such things as are unwelcome to us. Every thing hath two sides, and, for our own ease, we ought to direct our thoughts to that which may be least liable to exception. To fall upon the worst side of a drunkard giveth so unpleasant a prospect, that it is not pos-

possible to dwell upon it. Let us pass then to the more favourable part, as far as a wife is concerned in it.

I am tempted to say, (if the irregularity of the expression could in strictness be justified), that a wife is to thank God her husband hath faults: Mark the seeming paradox, my dear, for your own instruction, it being intended no further. A husband without faults is a dangerous observer; he hath an eye so piercing, and seeth every thing so plain, that it is exposed to his full censure; and though I will not doubt but that your virtue will disappoint the sharpest inquiries, yet few women can bear the having all they say or do represented in the clear glass of an understanding without faults. Nothing softeneth the arrogance of our nature like a mixture of some frailties. It is by them we are best told, that we must not strike too hard upon others, because we ourselves do so often deserve blows: they pull our rage by the sleeve, and whisper gentleness to us in our censures, even when they are rightly applied. The faults and passions of husbands bring them down to you, and make them content to live upon less unequal terms than faultless men will be willing to stoop to; so haughty is mankind, till humbled by common weaknesses and defects, which, in our corrupted state, contribute more towards the reconciling us to one another than all the precepts of the philosophers and divines. So that where the errors of our nature make amends for the disadvantages of yours, it is more your part to make use of the benefit than to quarrel at the fault.

Thus, in case a drunken husband should fall to your share, if you will be wise and patient, his wine shall be of your side; it

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will throw a veil over your mistakes, and will set out and improve every thing you do that he is pleased with. Others will like him less, and, by that means, he may perhaps like you the more. When, after having dined too well, he is received at home without a storm, or so much as a reproaching look, the wine will naturally work out all in kindness, which a wife must encourage, let it be wrapped up in never so much impertinence. On the other side, it will boil up into rage, if the mistaken wife should treat him roughly, like a certain thing called a kind shrew, than which the world, with all its plenty, cannot show a more senseless, ill bred, forbidding creature. Consider, that where the man will give such frequent intermissions of the use of his reason, the wife insensibly getteth a right of governing in the vacancy, and that raiseth her character and credit in the family to a higher pitch than perhaps could be done under a sober husband, who never putteth himself into an incapacity of holding the reins. If these are not entire consolations, at least they are remedies to some degree. They cannot make drunkenness a virtue, nor a husband given to it a felicity; but you will do yourself no ill office in the endeavouring, by these means, to make the best of such a lot, in case it should happen to be your's; and, by the help of a wise observation, to make that very supportable, which would otherwise be a load that would oppress you.

The next case I will put is, that your husband may be cholerick or ill-humoured. To this it may be said, that passionate men generally make amends at the foot of the account. Such a man, if he is angry one day without any sense, will, the next day, be as kind without any reason: so that, by marking how
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the wheels of such a man's head are used to move, you may easily bring over all his passions to your party. Instead of being struck down by his thunder, you shall direct it where and upon whom you shall think it best applied. Thus are the strongest poisons turned to the best remedies; but then there must be art in it, and a skilful hand, else the least bungling maketh it mortal. There is a great deal of nice care requisite to deal with a man of this complexion. Choler proceedeth from pride, and maketh a man so partial to himself, that he swelleth against contradiction; and thinketh he is lessened if he is opposed. You must, in this case, take heed of increasing the storm by an unwary word, or kindling the fire whilst the wind is in a corner which may blow it in your face; you are dexterously to yield every thing till he beginneth to cool, and then, by slow degrees, you may rise and gain upon him: your gentleness well-timed will, like a charm, dispel his anger ill placed; a kind smile will reclaim, when a shrill pettish answer would provoke him; rather than fail upon such occasions, when other remedies are too weak, a little flattery may be admitted, which, by being necessary, will cease to be criminal.

If ill-humour and sullenness, and not open and sudden heat, is his disease, there is a way of treating that too, so as to make it a grievance to be endured. In order to it, you are first to know, that, naturally, good sense hath a mixture of surly in it; and there being so much folly in the world, and for the most part so triumphant, it giveth frequent temptations to raise the spleen of men who think right. Therefore, that which may generally be called ill-humour, is not always a fault; it becometh

one, when either it is wrong applied, or that it is continued too long when it is not so: for this reason, you must not too hastily fix an ill name upon that which may perhaps not deserve it; and though the case should be, that your husband might too sourly resent any thing he disliketh, it may so happen, that more blame shall belong to your mistake than to his ill-humour. If a husband behaveth himself sometimes with an indifference that a wife may think offensive, she is in the wrong to put the worst sense upon it, if by any means it will admit a better. Some wives will call it ill humour, if their husbands change their style from that which they used whilst they made their addresses to them: others will allow no intermission or abatement in the expressions of kindness to them; not enough distinguishing times, and forgetting, that it is impossible for men to keep themselves up all their lives to the height of some extravagant moments. A man may at some times be less careful in little things, without any cold or disobliging reason for it; as a wife may be too expecting in smaller matters, without drawing upon herself the inference of being unkind. And if your husband should be really sullen, and have such frequent fits as might take away the excuse of it, it concerneth you to have an eye prepared to discern the first appearances of cloudy weather, and to watch when the fit goeth off, which seldom lasteth long, if it is let alone. But, whilst the mind is sore, every thing galleth it, and that maketh it necessary to let the black humour begin to spend itself before you come and venture to undertake it.

If, in the lottery of the world, you should draw a covetous husband, I confess it will not make you proud of your good luck;

luck ; yet even such a one may be endured too, though there are few passions more untractable than that of avarice. You must first take care that your definition of avarice may not be a mistake. You are to examine every circumstance of your husband's fortune, and weigh the reason of every thing you expect from him, before you have right to pronounce that sentence. The complaint is now so general against all husbands, that it giveth great suspicion of its being often ill-grounded ; it is impossible they should all deserve that censure, and therefore it is certain that it is many times misapplied. He that spareth in every thing is an inexcusable niggard ; he that spareth in nothing is as inexcusable a madman. The mean is, to spare in what is least necessary ; to lay out more liberally in what is most required in our several circumstances. Yet this will not always satisfy. There are wives who are impatient of the rules of oeconomy, and are apt to call their husband's kindness in question, if any other measure is put to their expence than of their own fancy. Be sure to avoid this dangerous error, such a partiality to yourself, which is so offensive to an understanding man, that he will very ill bear a wife's giving herself such an injurious preference to all the family, and whatever belongeth to it.

But, to admit the worst, and that your husband is really a close-handed wretch ; you must in this, as in other cases, endeavour to make it less afflicting to you. And, first, you must observe seasonable hours of speaking. When you offer any thing in opposition to this reigning humour, a third hand, and a wife friend, may often prevail more than you will be allowed to do in your own cause. Sometimes you are dexterously to go
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along with him in things, where you see that the niggardly part of his mind is most predominant, by which you will have the better opportunity of persuading him in things where he may be more indifferent. Our passions are very unequal, and are apt to be raised or lessened according as they work upon different objects; they are, too, to be stopped or restrained in those things where our mind is more particularly engaged. In other matters they are more tractable, and will sometimes give reason a hearing, and admit a fair dispute. More than that, there are few men, even in this instance of avarice, so entirely abandoned to it, that at some hours, and upon some occasions, will not forget their natures, and for that time turn prodigal. The same man who will grudge himself what is necessary, let his pride be raised, and he shall be profuse; at another time his anger shall have the same effect; a fit of vanity, ambition, and sometimes of kindness, shall open and enlarge his narrow mind; a dose of wine will work upon this tough humour, and, for the time, dissolve it. Your business must be, if this case happeneth, to watch these critical moments, and not let one of them slip without making your advantage of it; and a wife may be said to want skill, if, by this means, she is not able to secure herself, in a good measure, against the inconveniences this scurvy quality in a husband might bring upon her, except he should be such an incurable monster, as, I hope, will never fall to your share.

The last supposition I will make is, that your husband should be weak, and incompetent to make use of the privileges that belong to him. It will be yielded, that such a one leaveth room
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for a great many objections. But God Almighty seldom sendeth a grievance without a remedy, or, at least, such a mitigation, as taketh away a great part of the sting and the smart of it. To make such a misfortune less heavy, you are first to bring to your observation, that a wife very often maketh a better figure for her husband's making no great one; and there seemeth to be little reason, why the same lady that chooseth a waiting-woman with worse looks, may not be content with a husband with less wit; the argument being equal from the advantage of the comparison. If you will be more ashamed, in some cases, of such a husband, you will be less afraid than you would, perhaps, be of a wife one. His unseasonable weakness may, no doubt, sometimes grieve you; but then set against this, that it giveth you the dominion, if you will make the right use of it. It is next to his being dead; in which case the wife hath right to administer: therefore, be sure, if you have such an idiot, that none, except yourself, may have the benefit of the forfeiture; such a fool is a dangerous beast, if others have the keeping of him; and you must be very undexterous, if, when your husband shall resolve to be an ass, you do not take care he may be your ass. But you must go skilfully about it; and, above all things, take heed of distinguishing in public what kind of husband he is; your inward thoughts must not hinder the outward payment of the consideration that is due to him: your slighting him in company, besides that it would, to a discerning by-stander, give too great encouragement for the making nearer applications to you, is in itself such an undecent way of assuming, that it may provoke the tame creature to break loose, and to show his dominion
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for his credit, which he was content to forget for his ease. In short, the surest and the most approved method will be, to do like a wise minister to an easy prince; first give him the orders you afterwards receive from him.

With all this, that which you are to pray for, is a wise husband; one that, by knowing how to be a master, for that very reason will not let you feel the weight of it; one whose authority is so softened by his kindness, that giveth you ease without abridging your liberty; one that will return so much tenderness for your just esteem of him, that you will never want power, though you will seldom care to use it. Such a husband is as much above all the other kinds of them, as a rational subjection to a prince, great in himself, is to be preferred before the disquiet and uneasiness of unlimited liberty.

Before I leave this head, I must add a little concerning your behaviour to your husband's friends, which requireth the most refined part of your understanding to acquit yourself well of it. You are to study how to live with them with more care than you are to apply to any other part of your life; especially at first, that you may not stumble at the first setting out. The family into which you are grafted will generally be apt to expect, that, like a stranger in a foreign country, you should conform to their methods, and not bring in a new model by your own authority. The friends, in such a case, are tempted to rise up in arms as against an unlawful invasion; so that you are, with the utmost caution, to avoid the least appearances of any thing of this kind. And that you may, with less difficulty, afterwards give your directions, be sure at first to receive them
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from your husband's friends. Gain them to you by early applying to them, and they will be so satisfied, that, as nothing is more thankful than pride when it is complied with, they will strive which of them shall most recommend you; and when they have helped you to take root in your husband's good opinion, you will have less dependance upon theirs, though you must not neglect any reasonable means of preserving it. You are to consider, that a man governed by his friends is very easily inflamed by them; and that one who is not so, will yet, for his own sake, expect to have them considered. It is easily improved to a point of honour in a husband not to have his relations neglected; and nothing is more dangerous than to raise an objection, which is grounded upon pride: it is the most stubborn and lasting passion we are subject to; and where it is the first cause of the war, it is very hard to make a secure peace. Your caution in this is of the last importance to you.

And that you may the better succeed in it, carry a strict eye upon the impertinence of your servants; take heed that their ill-humour may not engage you to take exceptions, or their too much assuming in small matters, raise consequences which may bring you under great disadvantage. Remember, that in the case of a royal bride, those about her are generally so far suspected to bring in a foreign interest, that, in most countries, they are insensibly reduced to a very small number, and those of so low a figure, that it does not admit the being jealous of them. In little, and in the proportion, this may be the case of every new married woman; and therefore, it may be more advisable

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for you to gain the servants you find in a family, than to tie yourself too fast to those you carry into it.

You are not to overlook these small reflections, because they may appear low and inconsiderable ; for it may be said, that as the greatest streams are made up of the small drops at the head of the springs from whence they are derived, so the greater circumstances of your life will be, in some degree, directed by these seeming trifles ; which, having the advantage of being the first acts of it, have a greater effect than singly in their own nature they could pretend to.

I will conclude this article with my advice, that you would, as much as nature will give you leave, endeavour to forget the great indulgence you have found at home. After such a gentle discipline as you have been under, every thing you dislike will seem the harsher to you. The tenderness we have had for you, my dear, is of another nature, peculiar to kind parents, and differing from that which you will meet with first in any family into which you shall be transplanted ; and yet they may be very kind too, and afford no justifiable reason to you to complain. You must not be frightened with the first appearances of a differing scene ; for when you are used to it, you may like the house you go to better than that you left ; and your husband's kindness will have so much advantage of ours, that we shall yield up all competition ; and as well as we love you, be very well contented to surrender to such a rival.

HOUSE,

HOUSE, FAMILY, AND CHILDREN.

YOU must lay before you, my dear, that there are degrees of care to recommend yourself to the world in the several parts of your life. In many things, though the doing them well may raise your credit and esteem, yet the omission of them would draw no immediate reproach upon you: in others, where your duty is more particularly applied, the neglect of them is amongst those faults which are not forgiven, and will bring you under a censure, which will be much a heavier thing than the trouble you would avoid. Of this kind is the government of your house, family, and children; which, since it is the province allotted to your sex, and that the discharging it well will, for that reason, be expected from you; if you either desert it out of laziness, or manage it ill for want of skill, instead of a help you will be an incumbrance to the family where you are placed.

I must tell you, that no respect is lasting but that which is produced by our being in some degree useful to those that pay it. Where that faileth, the homage and the reverence go along with it, and fly to others, where something may be expected in exchange for them. And, upon this principle, the respects even

of the children and the servants will not stay with one that doth not think them worth their care; and the old house-keeper shall make a better figure in the family than the lady with all her fine clothes, if she wilfully relinquishes her title to the government. Therefore, take heed of carrying your good breeding to such a height as to be good for nothing, and to be proud of it. Some think it hath a great air to be above troubling their thoughts with such ordinary things as their house and family; others dare not admit cares, for fear they should hasten wrinkles: mistaken pride maketh some think they must keep themselves up, and not descend to these duties, which do not seem enough refined for great ladies to be employed in; forgetting all this while, that it is more than the greatest princes can do, at once to preserve respect and to neglect their business. No age ever erected altars to insignificant gods: they had all some quality applied to them, to draw worship from mankind: this maketh it the more unreasonable for a lady to expect to be considered, and at the same time resolve not to deserve it. Good looks alone will not do; they are not such a lasting tenure as to be relied upon; and if they should stay longer than they usually do, it will by no means be safe to depend upon them: for when time hath abated the violence of the first liking, and that the nap is a little worn off, though still a good degree of kindness may remain, men recover their sight, which before might be dazzled, and allow themselves to object as well as to admire.

In such a case, when a husband seeth an empty airy thing sail up and down the house to no kind of purpose, and look as if she

She came thither only to make a visit: when he findeth, that after her emptiness hath been extreme busy about some very senseless thing, she eats her breakfast half an hour before dinner, to be at greater liberty to afflict the company with her discourse; then calleth for her coach, that she may trouble her acquaintance, who are already cloyed with her; and having some proper dialogues ready to display her foolish eloquence at the top of the stairs, she setteth out like a ship out of the harbour, laden with trifles, and cometh back with them; at her return she repeateth to her faithful waiting-woman the triumphs of that day's impertinence; then wrapped up in flattery and clean linen, goeth to bed so satisfied, that it throweth her into pleasant dreams of her own felicity: such a one is seldom serious but with her tailor; her children and family may now and then have a random thought, but she never taketh aim but at something very impertinent: I say, when a husband, whose province is without doors, and to whom the œconomy of the house would be in some degree indecent, findeth no order nor quiet in his family, meeteth with complaints of all kinds springing from this root; the mistaken lady, who thinketh to make amends for all this, by having a well chosen petticoat, will at last be convinced of her error, and with grief be forced to undergo the penalties that belong to those who are wilfully insignificant. When this scurvy hour cometh upon her, she first groweth angry; then when the time of it is past, would perhaps grow wiser, not remembering that we can no more have wisdom than grace whenever we think fit to call for it. There are times and periods fixed for both; and when they are too long neglected,

lected, the punishment is, that they are irrecoverable, and nothing remaineth but an useless grief for the folly of having thrown them out of our power. You are to think what a mean figure a woman maketh, when she is so degraded by her own fault; whereas there is nothing in those duties which are expected from you that can be a lessening to you, except your want of conduct makes it so. You may love your children, without living in the nursery; and you may have a competent and discreet care of them without letting it break out upon the company, or exposing yourself by turning your discourse that way, which is a kind of laying children to the parish; and it can hardly be done any where, that those who bear it will be so forgiving as not to think they are overcharged with them. A woman's tenderness to her children is one of the least deceitful evidences of her virtue; but yet the way of expressing it must be subject to the rules of good breeding: and though a woman of quality ought not to be less kind to them than mothers of the meanest rank are to theirs, yet she may distinguish herself in the manner, and avoid the coarse methods which in women of a lower size might be more excusable. You must begin early to make them love you, that they may obey you. This mixture is no where more necessary than in children. And I must tell you, that you are not to expect returns of kindness from yours, if ever you have any, without grains of allowance; and yet it is not so much a defect in their good nature, as a shortness of thought in them. Their first insufficiency maketh them lean so entirely upon their parents for what is necessary, that the habit of it maketh them continue the same expectations for what is

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unreasonable; and as often as they are denied, so often they think they are injured; and whilst their desires are strong, and their reasons yet in the cradle, their anger looketh no farther than the thing they long for, and cannot have; and to be displeased for their own good is a maxim they are very slow to understand: so that you may conclude, the first thoughts of your children will have no small mixture of mutiny; which being so natural, you must not be angry, except you would increase it. You must deny them as seldom as you can; and when there is no avoiding it, you must do it gently: you must flatter away their ill humour, and take the next opportunity of pleasing them in some other thing, before they either ask or look for it: this will strengthen your authority, by making it soft to them; and confirm their obedience, by making it their interest. You are to have as strict a guard upon yourself amongst your children, as if you were amongst your enemies. They are apt to make wrong inferences, to take encouragement from half words, and misapply what you may say or do, so as either to lessen their duty, or to extend their liberty farther than is convenient. Let them be more in awe of your kindness than of your power. And, above all, take heed of supporting a favourite child in its impertinence, which will give right to the rest of claiming the same privilege. If you have a divided number, leave the boys to the father's more peculiar care, that you may with the greater justice pretend to a more immediate jurisdiction over those of your own sex. You are to live so with them, that they may never chuse to avoid you except when they have offended, and then let them tremble that they may distinguish; but their penance

nance must not continue so long as to grow too sour upon their stomachs, that it may not harden instead of correcting them : the kind and severe part must have their several turns seasonably applied ; but your indulgence is to have the broader mixture, that love, rather than fear, may be the root of their obedience.

Your servants are, in the next place, to be considered ; and you must remember not to fall into the mistake of thinking, that, because they receive wages, and are so much inferior to you, therefore they are below your care to know how to manage them. It would be as good reason for a master workman to despise the wheels of his engines, because they are made of wood. These are the wheels of your family ; and let your directions be never so faultless, yet if these engines stop, or move wrong, the whole order of your house is either at a stand or discomposed. Besides, the inequality which is between you must not make you forget that nature maketh no such distinction ; but that servants may be looked upon as humble friends ; and that returns of kindness and good usage are as much due to such of them as deserve it, as their service is due to us when we require it. A foolish haughtiness in the style of speaking, or in the manner of commanding them, is, in itself, very undecent ; besides, that it begetteth an aversion in them, of which the least ill effect to be expected is, that they will be slow and careless in all that is enjoined them : and you will find it true by your experience, that you will be so much the more obeyed as you are less imperious. Be not too hasty in giving your orders, nor too angry when they are not altogether observed ; much less are you to be loud, and too much disturbed : an evenness in distinguish-

guishing when they do well or ill, is that which will make your family move by a rule and without noise, and will the better set out your skill in conducting it with ease and silence, that it may be like a well-disciplined army, which knoweth how to anticipate the orders that are fit to be given them. You are never to neglect the duty of the present hour to do another thing, which, though it may be better in itself, is not to be unseasonably preferred. Allot well-chosen hours for the inspection of your family, which may be so distinguished from the rest of your time, that the necessary cares may come in their proper place, without any influence upon your good-humour, or interruption to other things. By these methods you will put yourself in possession of being valued by your servants, and then their obedience will naturally follow.

I must not forget one of the greatest articles belonging to a family, which is the expence. It must not be such as, by failing either in the time or measure of it, may rather draw censure than gain applause. If it was well examined, there is more money given to be laughed at than for any one thing in the world, though the purchasers do not think so. A well-stated rule is like the line, when that is once passed we are under another pole; so the first straying from a rule is a step towards making that, which was before a virtue, to change its nature, and to grow either into a vice, or at least an impertinence. The art of laying out money wisely is not attained to without a great deal of thought; and it is yet more difficult in the case of a wife, who is accountable to her husband for her mistakes in it. It is not only his money, his credit too is at stake, if what lieth un-

der the wife's care is managed either with undecent thrift or too loose profusion. You are therefore to keep the mean between these two extremes; and it being hardly possible to hold the balance exactly even, let it rather incline towards the liberal side, as more suitable to your quality, and less subject to reproach. Of the two, a little money mispent is sooner recovered, than the credit which is lost by having it unhandsomely saved: and a wise husband will less forgive a shameful piece of parsimony, than a little extravagance, if it be not too often repeated. His mind in this must be your chief direction; and his temper, when once known, will, in great measure, justify your part in the management, if he is pleased with it.

In your clothes avoid being too much gaudy; do not value yourself upon an embroidered gown; and remember that a reasonable word, or an obliging look, will gain you more respect than all your fine trappings. This is not said to restrain you from a decent compliance with the world; provided you take the wiser, and not the foolisher, part of your sex for your pattern. Some distinctions are to be allowed, whilst they are well suited to your quality and fortune; and, in the distribution of the expence, it seemeth to me, that a full attendance, and well-chosen ornaments for your house, will make you a better figure than too much glittering in what you wear, which may with more ease be imitated by those that are below you. Yet this must not tempt you to starve every thing but your own apartment; or, in order to more abundance there, give just cause to the least servant you have to complain of the want of what is necessary. Above all, fix it in your thoughts, as an unchangeable maxim, that

that nothing is truly fine but what is fit ; and that just so much as is proper for your circumstances of their several kinds is much finer than all you can add to it. When you once break through these bounds, you launch into a wide sea of extravagance. Every thing will become necessary, because you have a mind to it ; and you have a mind to it, not because it is fit for you, but because some body else hath it. This lady's logic setteth reason upon its head, by carrying the rule from things to persons, and appealing from what is right to every fool that is in the wrong. The word *necessary* is miserably applied ; it disordereth families, and overturneth governments, by being so abused. Remember, that children and fools want every thing, because they want wit to distinguish ; and therefore there is no stronger evidence of a crazy understanding than the making too large a catalogue of things necessary, when, in truth, there are so very few things that have a right to be placed in it. Try every thing first in your judgment, before you allow it a place in your desire ; else your husband may think it as necessary for him to deny, as it is for you to have, whatever is unreasonable ; and if you shall too often give him that advantage, the habit of refusing may, perhaps, reach to things that are not unfit for you.

There are unthinking ladies, who do not enough consider how little their own figure agreeth with the fine things they are so proud of. Others, when they have them, will hardly allow them to be visible ; they cannot be seen without light, and that is many times so saucy and so prying, that, like a too forward gallant, it is to be forbid the chamber. Some, when you are ushered into their dark ruelle, it is with such solemnity, that a

man would swear there was something in it, till the unskilful lady breaketh silence, and beginneth a chat, which discovereth it as a puppet-play with magnificent scenes. Many esteem things rather as they are hard to be gotten, than that they are worth getting: this looketh as if they had an interest to pursue that maxim, because a great part of their own value dependeth upon it. Truth in these cases would be often unmannerly, and might derogate from the prerogative great ladies would assume to themselves, of being distinct creatures from those of their sex which are inferior, and of less difficult access.

In other things, too, your condition must give the rule to you, and therefore it is not a wife's part to aim at more than a bounded liberality; the farther extent of that quality (otherwise to be commended) belongeth to the husband, who hath better means for it. Generosity wrong placed becometh a vice: it is no more a virtue when it groweth into an inconvenience: virtues must be enlarged or restrained according to differing circumstances. A princely mind will undo a private family; therefore things must be suited, or else they will not deserve to be commended, let them in themselves be never so valuable; and the expectations of the world are best answered, when we acquit ourselves in that manner which seemeth to be prescribed to our several conditions, without usurping upon those duties which do not so particularly belong to us.

I will close the consideration of this article of expence with this short word: do not fetter yourself with such a restraint in it as may make you remarkable; but remember, that virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

BE-

BEHAVIOUR AND CONVERSATION.

IT is time now to lead you out of your house into the world. A dangerous step; where your virtue alone will not secure you, except it is attended with a great deal of prudence. You must have both for your guard, and not stir without them. The enemy is abroad, and you are sure to be taken if you are found straggling. Your behaviour is therefore to incline strongly towards the reserved part; your character is to be immoveably fixed upon that bottom, not excluding a mixture of greater freedom, as far as it may be innocent and well-timed. The extravagancies of the age have made caution more necessary; and, by the same reason that the too great license of ill men hath, by consequence, in many things restrained the lawful liberty of those who did not abuse it, the unjustifiable freedoms of some of your sex have involved the rest in the penalty of being reduced. And though this cannot so alter the nature of things, as to make that criminal which in itself is indifferent; yet if it maketh it dangerous, that alone is sufficient to justify the restraint. A close behaviour is the fittest to receive virtue for its constant guest, because there, and there only, it can be secure. Proper reserves are the outworks, and must

must never be deserted by those who intend to keep the place; they keep off the possibilities not only of being taken, but of being attempted; and if a woman seeth danger, though at never so remote a distance, she is for that time to shorten her line of liberty. She who will allow herself to go to the utmost extent of every thing that is lawful, is so very near of going farther, that those who lie at watch will begin to count upon her.

Mankind, from the double temptation of vanity and desire, is apt to turn every thing a woman doth to the hopeful side; and there are few who dare make an impudent application till they discern something which they are willing to take for an encouragement. It is safer therefore to prevent such forwardness, than to go about to cure it. - It gathereth strength by the first allowances, and claimeth a right from having been at any time suffered with impunity. Therefore, nothing is with more care to be avoided than such a kind of civility as may be mistaken for invitation: and it will not be enough for you to keep yourself free from any criminal engagements; for if you do that which either raiseth hopes, or createth discourse, there is a spot thrown upon your good name; and those kind of stains are the harder to be taken out, being dropped upon you by the man's vanity as well as by the woman's malice.

Most men are in one sense Platonic lovers, though they are not willing to own that character. They are so far philosophers, as to allow that the greatest part of pleasure lieth in the mind; and, in pursuance of that maxim, there are few who do not place the felicity more in the opinion of the world of their being prosperous lovers than in the blessing itself, how much
soever

soever they appear to value it. This being so, you must be very cautious not to gratify these camelions at the price of bringing a cloud upon your reputation, which may be deeply wounded, though your conscience is unconcerned.

Your own sex, too, will not fail to help the least appearance that giveth a handle to be ill-turned. The best of them will not be displeased to improve their own value, by laying others under a disadvantage, when there is a fair occasion given for it. It distinguisheth them still the more; their own credit is more exalted; and, like a picture set off with shades, shineth more, when a lady, either less innocent, or less discreet, is set near, to make them appear so much the brighter. If these lend their breath to blast such as are so unwary as to give them this advantage, you may be sure there will be a stronger gale from those who, besides malice or emulation, have an interest too to strike hard upon a virtuous woman. It seemeth to them, that their load of infamy is lessened by throwing part of it upon others: so that they will not only improve when it lieth in their way, but take pains to find out the least mistake an innocent woman committeth, in revenge of the injury she doth in leading a life which is a reproach to them. With these you must be extreme wary, and neither provoke them to be angry, nor invite them to be intimate.

To the men you are to have a behaviour which may secure you, without offending them. No ill-bred affected shyness, nor a roughness unsuitable to your sex, and unnecessary to your virtue; but a way of living that may prevent all coarse raileries or unmannerly freedoms; looks that forbid without rudeness,

ness, and oblige without invitation; or leaving room for the saucy inferences men's vanity suggesteth to them upon the least encouragements. This is so very nice, that it must engage you to have a perpetual watch upon your eyes; and to remember, that one careless glance giveth more advantage than a hundred words not enough considered; the language of the eyes being very much the most significant, and the most observed.

Your civility, which is always to be preserved, must not be carried to a compliance, which may betray you into irrecoverable mistakes. This French ambiguous word *complaisance* hath led your sex into more blame than all other things put together. It carried them by degrees into a certain thing called a good kind of woman; an easy, idle creature, that doth neither good nor ill but by chance; hath no choice, but leaveth that to the company she keepeth. Time, which by degrees addeth to the signification of words, hath made her, according to the modern style, little better than one who thinketh it a rudeness to deny, when civilly required, either her service in person, or her friendly assistance, to those who would have a meeting, or want a confidant. She is a certain thing always at hand, an easy companion, who hath ever great compassion for distressed lovers: she censurcth nothing but rigour; and is never without a plaister for a wounded reputation, in which chiefly lieth her skill in chirurgery; she seldom hath the propriety of any particular gallant, but liveth upon brokage, and waiteth for the scraps her friends are content to leave her.

There is another character not quite so criminal, yet not less ridiculous; which is that of a good humoured woman, one who
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thinketh she must always be in a laugh, or a broad smile, because good-humour is an obliging quality: thinketh it less ill manners to talk impertinently than to be silent in company. When such a prating engine rideth admiral, and carrieth the lanthorn in a circle of fools, a cheerful coxcomb coming in for a recruit, the chattering of monkeys is a better noise than such a concert of senseless merriment. If she is applauded in it, she is so encouraged, that, like a ballad-singer, who, if commended, breaketh his lungs, she letteth herself loose, and overfloweth upon the company. She conceiveth that mirth is to have no intermission, and therefore she will carry it about with her, though it be to a funeral; and if a man should put a familiar question, she doth not know very well how to be angry, for then she would be no more that pretty thing called a good-humoured woman. This necessity of appearing at all times to be so infinitely pleased is a grievous mistake; since in a handsome woman that invitation is unnecessary, and in one who is not so ridiculous. It is not intended by this, that you should forswear laughing; but remember, that fools, being always painted in that posture, it may fright those who are wise from doing it too frequently, and going too near a copy which is so little inviting; and much more from doing it loud, which is an unnatural sound, and looketh so much like another sex, that few things are more offensive. That boisterous kind of jollity is as contrary to wit and good manners as it is to modesty and virtue. Besides, it is a coarse kind of quality, that throweth a woman into a lower form, and degradeth her from the rank of those who are more refined. Some ladies speak loud, and make a noise to be the

more minded, which looketh as if they beat their drums for volunteers; and if by misfortune none come in to them, they may, not without reason, be a good deal out of countenance.

There is one thing yet more to be avoided, which is the example of those who intend nothing farther than the vanity of conquest, and think themselves secure of not having their honour tainted by it. Some are apt to believe their virtue is too obscure, and not enough known, except it is exposed to a broader light, and set out to its best advantage, by some public trials. These are dangerous experiments, and generally fail; being built upon so weak a foundation as that of a too great confidence in ourselves. It is as safe to play with fire as to dally with gallantry. Love is a passion that hath friends in the garrison; and, for that reason, must, by a woman, be kept at such a distance, that she may not be within the danger of doing the most usual thing in the world, which is conspiring against herself; else the humble gallant, who is only admitted as a trophy, very often becometh the conqueror: he putteth on the style of victory, and, from an admirer, groweth into a master; for so he may be called from the moment he is in possession. The first resolutions of stopping a good opinion and esteem grow weaker by degrees against the charms of courtship skillfully applied. A lady is apt to think a man speaketh so much reason whilst he is commending her, that she hath much ado to believe him in the wrong when he is making love to her; and when, besides the natural inducements your sex hath to be merciful, she is bribed by well-chosen flattery, the poor creature is in danger of being caught like a bird listening to the
whistle

whistle of one that hath a snare for it. Conquest is so tempting a thing, that it often maketh women mistake men's submission; which, with all their fair appearance, have generally less respect than art in them. You are to remember, that men who say extreme fine things, many times say them most for their own sakes; any that the vain gallant is often as well pleased with his own compliments, as he could be with the kindest answer. Where there is not that ostentation, you are to suspect there is design. And as strong perfumes are seldom used, but where they are necessary to smother an unwelcome scent, so excessive good words leave room to believe they are strewed to cover something which is to gain admittance under a disguise. You must therefore be upon your guard; and consider, that, of the two, respect is more dangerous than anger. It puts even the best understandings out of their place for the time, till their second thoughts restore them; it stealeth upon us insensibly, throweth down our defences, and maketh it too late to resist, after we have given it that advantage. Whereas railing goeth away in a sound; it hath so much noise in it, that, by giving warning, it bespeaketh caution. Respect is a slow and a sure poison, and, like poison, swelleth us within ourselves: where it prevaieth too much, it groweth to be a kind of apoplexy in the mind, turneth it quite round, and, after it hath once seized the understanding, becometh mortal to it. For these reasons, the safest way is to treat it like a sly enemy, and to be perpetually upon the watch against it.

I will add one advice to conclude this head, which is, that you will let every seven years make some alteration in you towards the graver side, and not be like the girls of fifty, who

resolve to be always young, whatever time with his iron teeth hath determined to the contrary. Unnatural things carry a deformity in them never to be disguised; the liveliness of youth in a riper age looketh like a new patch upon an old gown: so that a gay matron, a cheerful old fool, may be reasonably put into the list of the tamer kind of monsters. There is a certain creature called a grave hobby-horse, a kind of a she-numps, that pretendeth to be pulled to a play, and must needs go to Bartholomew fair to look after the young folks, whom she only seemeth to make her care; in reality, she taketh them for her excuse. Such an old butterfly is of all creatures the most ridiculous, and the soonest found out. It is good to be early in your caution, to avoid any thing that cometh within distance of such despicable patterns; and not like some ladies, who defer their conversion till they have been so long in possession of being laughed at, that the world doth not know how to change their style, even when they are reclaimed from that which gave the first occasion for it.

The advantages of being reserved are too many to be set down; I will only say, that it is a guard to a good woman, and a disguise to an ill one. It is of so much use to both, that those ought to use it as an artifice who refuse to practise it as a virtue.



FRIEND.

FRIENDSHIPS.

I MUST, in a particular manner, recommend to you a strict care in the choice of your friendships. Perhaps the best are not without their objections : but, however, be sure that yours may not stray from the rules which the wiser part of the world hath set to them. The leagues offensive and defensive seldom hold in politics, and much less in friendships. The violent intimacies, when once broken, of which they scarce ever fail, make such a noise ; the bag of secrets untied, they fly about like birds let loose from a cage, and become the entertainment of the town. Besides, these great dearnesses by degrees grow injurious to the rest of your acquaintance, and throw them off from you. There is such an offensive distinction when the dear friend cometh into the room, that it is flinging stones at the company, who are not apt to forgive it.

Do not lay out your friendship too lavishly at first, since it will, like other things, be so much the sooner spent ; neither let it be of too sudden a growth ; for as the plants which shoot up too fast are not of that continuance as those which take more time for it, so too swift a progress in pouring out your kindness, is a certain sign that, by the course of nature, it will not be long.

long-lived. You will be responsible to the world, if you pitch upon such friends as at the time are under the weight of any criminal objection. In that case you will bring yourself under the disadvantages of their character, and must bear your part of it. Choosing implieth approving; and if you fix upon a lady for your friend, against whom the world shall have given judgment, it is not so well-natured as to believe you are altogether averse to her way of living, since it doth not discourage you from admitting her into your kindness: and resemblance of inclinations being thought none of the least inducements to friendship, you will be looked upon, at least, as a wellwisher, if not a partner, with her in her faults. If you can forgive them in another, it may be presumed, you will not be less gentle to yourself; and, therefore, you must not take it ill if you are reckoned a *croupiere*, and condemned to pay an equal share with such a friend of the reputation she hath lost.

If it happeneth that your friend should fall from the state of innocence, after your kindness was engaged to her, you may be slow in your belief in the beginning of the discovery; but as soon as you are convinced by a rational evidence, you must, without breaking too roughly, make a fair and a quick retreat from such a mistaken acquaintance; else, by moving too slowly from one that is so tainted, the contagion may reach you so far as to give you part of the scandal, though not of the guilt. This matter is so nice, that as you must not be too hasty to join in the censure upon your friend, when she is accused, so you are not, on the other side, to defend her with too much warmth; for, if she should happen to deserve the report of common
fame,

fame, besides the vexation that belongeth to such a mistake, you will draw an ill appearance upon yourself; and it will be thought you pleaded for her not without some consideration of yourself. The anger, which must be put on to vindicate the reputation of an injured friend, may incline the company to suspect you would not be so zealous, if there was not a possibility that the case might be your own. For this reason, you are not to carry your dearneſs ſo far as abſolutely to loſe your ſight where your friend is concerned: becauſe malice is too quick-fighted, it doth not follow that friendſhip muſt be blind: there is to be a mean between theſe two extremes, elſe your exceſs of good-nature may betray you into a very ridiculous figure, and, by degrees, you may be preferred to ſuch offices as you will not be proud of. Your ignorance may leſſen the guilt, but will improve the jeſt upon you, who ſhall be kindly ſollicitous to procure a meeting, and innocently contribute to the illſ you would avoid; whiſt the contriving lovers, when they are alone, ſhall make you the ſubject of their mirth; and, perhaps (with reſpect to the goddeſs of love be it ſpoken), it is not the worſt part of their entertainment; at leaſt it is the moſt laſting, to laugh at the believing friend who was ſo eaſily deluded.

Let the good ſenſe of your friends be a chief ingredient in your choice of them; elſe, let your reputation be never ſo clear, it may be clouded by their impertinence. It is like our houſes being in the power of a drunken or a careleſs neighbour; only ſo much worſe, as that there will be no inſurance here to make you amends, as there is in the caſe of fire.

To conclude this paragraph: if formality is to be allowed in
any

any instance, it is to be put on to resist the invasion of such forward women as shall press themselves into your friendship; where, if admitted, they will either be a snare or an incumbrance.



CENSURE.

I WILL come next to the consideration, how you are to manage your censure; in which both care and skill will be a good deal required. To distinguish is not only natural, but necessary; and the effect of it is, that we cannot avoid giving judgment in our minds, either to absolve or to condemn, as the case requireth. The difficulty is, to know when and where it is fit to proclaim the sentence. An aversion to what is criminal, a contempt of what is ridiculous, are the inseparable companions of understanding and virtue; but the letting them go farther than our thoughts hath so much danger in it, that though it is neither possible nor fit to suppress them entirely, yet it is necessary they should be kept under very great restraints. An unlimited liberty of this kind is little less than sending an herald, and proclaiming war to the world, which is an angry beast when so provoked. The contest will be unequal, though you are never so much in the right; and if you begin against such an adversary, it will tear you in pieces, with this justification, that it is done in its own defence. You must therefore take heed of laughing, except in company that is very sure. It is throwing snowballs against bullets; and it

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is the disadvantage of a woman, that the malice of the world will help the brutality of those who will throw a slovenly untruth upon her. You are for this reason to suppress your impatience for fools; who, besides that they are too strong a party to be unnecessarily provoked, are of all others the most dangerous in this case. A blockhead in his rage will return a dull jest that will lie heavy, though there is not a grain of wit in it. Others will do it with more art; and you must not think yourself secure, because your reputation may, perhaps, be out of the reach of ill-will; for if it findeth that part guarded, it will seek one which is more exposed. It lieth, like a corrupt humour in the body, to the weakest part. If you have a tender side, the world will be sure to find it, and to put the worst colour upon all you say or do; give an aggravation to every thing that may lessen you; and a spiteful turn to every thing that may recommend you. Anger layeth open those defects which friendship would not see, and civility might be willing to forget. Malice needeth no such invitation to encourage it; neither are any pains more superfluous than those we take to be ill spoken of. If envy, which never dieth, and seldom sleepeth, is content sometimes to be in a slumber, it is very unskilful to make a noise to awake it.

Besides, your wit will be misapplied if it is wholly directed to discern the faults of others, when it is so necessary to be often used to mend and prevent your own. The sending our thoughts too much abroad hath the same effect, as when a family never stayeth at home; neglect and disorder naturally follow; as it must do within ourselves, if we do not frequently turn our eyes
in-

inwards, to see what is amiss with us; where it is a sign we have an unwelcome prospect, when we do not care to look upon it, but rather seek our consolations in the faults of those we converse with.

Avoid being the first in fixing a hard censure; let it be confirmed by the general voice, before you give into it: neither are you then to give sentence like a magistrate, or as if you had a special authority to bestow a good or ill name at your discretion. Do not dwell too long upon a weak side, touch and go away; take pleasure to stay longer where you can commend; like bees, that fix only upon those herbs out of which they may extract the juice of which their honey is composed. A virtue stuck with bristles is too rough for this age; it must be adorned with some flowers, or else it will be unwillingly entertained: so that even where it may be fit to strike, do it like a lady, gently; and assure yourself, that where you care to do it, you will wound others more, and hurt yourself less, by soft strokes, than by being harsh or violent.

The triumph of wit is to make your good-nature subdue your censure; to be quick in seeing faults, and slow in exposing them. You are to consider, that the invisible thing called a good name is made up of the breath of numbers that speak well of you; so that if by a disobliging word you silence the meanest, the gale will be less strong which is to bear up your esteem. And though nothing is so vain as the eager pursuit of empty applause, yet to be well thought of, and to be kindly used, by the world, is like a glory about a woman's head; it is a perfume she carrieth about with her, and leaveth wher-

ever she goeth; it is a charm against ill-will. Malice may empty her quiver, but cannot wound; the dirt will not stick; the jests will not take; without the consent of the world a scandal doth not go deep; it is only a slight stroke upon the injured party, and returneth with the greater force upon those that gave it.



VANITY AND AFFECTATION.

I MUST with more than ordinary earnestness give you caution against vanity, it being the fault to which your sex seemeth to be the most inclined; and since affectation, for the most part, attendeth it, I do not know how to divide them. I will not call them twins, because, more properly, vanity is the mother, and affectation is the darling daughter; vanity is the sin, and affectation is the punishment; the first may be called the root of self-love, the other the fruit. Vanity is never at its full growth till it spreadeth into affectation, and then it is complete.

Not to dwell any longer upon the definition of them, I will pass to the means and motives to avoid them. In order to it, you are to consider that the world challengeth the right of distributing esteem and applause; so that where any assume, by their single authority, to be their own carvers, it groweth angry, and never faileth to seek revenge. And if we may measure a fault by the greatness of the penalty, there are few of a higher size than vanity; as there is scarce a punishment which can be heavier than that of being laughed at.

Vanity maketh a woman tainted with it so top-full of herself,
that

that she spilleth it upon the company. And, because her own thoughts are entirely employed in self-contemplation, she endeavourereth, by a cruel mistake, to confine her acquaintance to the same narrow circle of that which only concerneth her ladyship; forgetting that she is not of half that importance to the world that she is to herself: so mistaken is she in her value, by being her own appraiser, she will fetch such a compass in discourse, to bring in her beloved self, and rather than fail, her fine petticoat, that there can hardly be a better scene than such a trial of ridiculous ingenuity. It is a pleasure to see her angle for commendations, and rise so dissatisfied with the ill-bred company, if they will not bite. To observe her throwing her eyes about to fetch in prisoners, and go about cruizing like a privateer, and so out of countenance, if she returns without booty, is no ill piece of comedy. She is so eager to draw respect, that she always misseth it; yet thinketh it so much her due, that when she faileth, she groweth waspish, not considering that it is impossible to commit a rape upon the will; that it must be fairly gained, and will not be taken by storm; and that, in this case, the tax ever riseth highest by a benevolence. If the world, instead of admiring her imaginary excellencies, taketh the liberty to laugh at them, she appealeth from it to herself, for whom she giveth sentence, and proclaimeth it in all companies. On the other side, if encouraged by a civil word, she is so obliging, that she will give thanks for being laughed at in good language. She taketh a compliment for a demonstration, and setteth it up as an evidence, even against her looking-glass. But the good lady being all this while in a most profound ignorance

rance of herself, forgetteth that men would not let her talk upon them, and throw so many senseless words at their heads, if they did not intend to put her person to fine and ransom for her impertinence. Good words of any other lady are so many stones thrown at her, she can by no means bear them; they make her so uneasy, that she cannot keep her seat, but up she riseth, and goeth home half burst with anger and strait lacing. If, by great chance, she saith any thing that hath sense in it, she expecteth such an excessive rate of commendations, that, to her thinking, the company ever riseth in her debt. She looketh upon rules as made for the common people, and not for persons of her rank; and this opinion sometimes tempteth her to extend her prerogative to the dispensing with the commandments. If by great fortune she happeneth in spite of her vanity to be honest, she is so troublesome with it, that, as far as in her lieth, she maketh a scurvy thing of it. Her bragging of her virtue looketh as if it cost her so much pains to get the better of herself, that the inferences are very ridiculous. Her good humour is generally applied to the laughing at good sense. It would do one good to see how heartily she despiseth any thing that is fit for her to do. The greatest part of her fancy is laid out in choos- ing her gown, as her discretion is chiefly employed in not pay- ing for it. She is faithful to the fashion, to which not only her opinion, but her senses, are wholly resigned: so obsequious she is to it, that she would be ready to be reconciled even to virtue, with all its faults, if she had her dancing-master's word that it was practised at court.

To a woman so composed, when affectation cometh in to im-
prove

prove her character, it is then raised to the highest perfection. She first setteth up for a fine thing, and for that reason will distinguish herself, right or wrong, in every thing she doth. She would have it thought, that she is made of so much the finer clay, and so much more sifted than ordinary, that she hath no common earth about her. To this end she must neither move nor speak like other women, because it would be vulgar; and therefore must have a language of her own, since ordinary English is too coarse for her. The looking glass, in the morning, dictateth to her all the motions of the day; which, by how much the more studied, are so much the more mistaken. She cometh into a room as if her limbs were set on with ill-made screws, which maketh the company fear the pretty thing should leave some of its artificial person upon the floor. She doth not like herself as God Almighty made her, but will have some of her own workmanship; which is so far from making her a better thing than a woman, that it turneth her into a worse creature than a monkey. She falleth out with nature, against which she maketh war without admitting a truce; those moments excepted in which her gallant may reconcile her to it. When she hath a mind to be soft and languishing, there is something so unnatural in that affected easiness, that her frowns could not be by many degrees so forbidding. When she would appear unreasonably humble; one may see she is so excessively proud, that there is no enduring it. There is such an impertinent smile, such a satisfied simper, when she faintly disowneth some fulsome commendation a man happeneth to bestow upon her against his conscience, that her thanks for it are more visible under such a thin disguise, than they

they could be if she should print them. If a handsomer woman taketh any liberty of dressing out of the ordinary rules, the mistaken lady followeth, without distinguishing the unequal pattern, and maketh herself uglier by an example misplaced; either forgetting the privilege of good looks in another, or presuming, without sufficient reason, upon her own. Her discourse is a senseless chime of empty words; a heap of compliments so equally applied to differing persons, that they are neither valued nor believed. Her eyes keep pace with her tongue, and, are therefore, always in motion. One may discern that they generally incline to the compassionate side; and that, notwithstanding her pretence to virtue, she is gentle to distressed lovers, and ladies that are merciful. She will repeat the tender part of a play so feelingly, that the company may guess, without injustice, she was not altogether a disinterested spectator. She thinketh that paint and sin are concealed by railing at them. Upon the latter she is less hard; and being divided between the two opposite prides of her beauty and her virtue, she is often tempted to give broad hints, that somebody is dying for her; and of the two, she is less unwilling to let the world think she may be sometimes profaned, than that she is never worshipped.

Very great beauty may, perhaps, so dazzle for a time, that men may not so clearly see the deformity of these affectations: but when the brightness goeth off, and that the lover's eyes are by that means set at liberty to see things as they are, he will naturally return to his senses, and recover the mistake into which the lady's good looks had at first engaged him; and, being once undeceived, ceaseth to worship that as a goddess,

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which

which he seeth is only an artificial shrine, moved by wheels and springs to delude him. Such women please only like the first opening of a scene, that hath nothing to recommend it but that of being new. They may be compared to flies, that have pretty shining wings for two or three hot months, but the first cold weather maketh an end of them; so the latter season of these fluttering creatures is dismal: from their nearest friends they receive a very faint respect; from the rest of the world the utmost degree of contempt.

Let this picture supply the place of any other rules which might be given to prevent your resemblance to it. The deformity of it, well considered, is instruction enough; from the same reason, that the sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice, than the best that was ever preached upon that subject.



PRIDE.

PRIDE.

AFTER having said this against vanity, I do not intend to apply the same censure to pride, well placed, and rightly defined. It is an ambiguous word; one kind of it is as much a virtue as the other is a vice: but we are naturally so apt to choose the worst, that it is become dangerous to commend the best side of it.

A woman is not to be proud of her fine gown: nor, when she hath less wit than her neighbours, to comfort herself that she hath more lace. Some ladies put so much weight upon ornaments, that if one could see into their hearts, it would be found, that even the thought of death is made less heavy to them by the contemplation of their being laid out in state, and honourably attended to the grave. One may come a good deal short or such an extreme, and yet still be sufficiently impertinent, by setting a wrong value upon things which ought to be used with more indifference. A lady must not appear solicitous to ingross respect to herself, but be content with a reasonable distribution; and allow it to others, that she may have it returned to her. She is not to be troublesomely nice, nor distinguish herself by being too delicate, as if ordinary things were too coarse for her:

this is an unmannerly and offensive pride; and where it is practised, deserveth to be mortified, of which it seldom faileth. She is not to lean too much upon her quality, much less to despise those who are below it. Some make quality an idol, and then their reason must fall down and worship it. They would have the world think that no amends can ever be made for the want of a great title, or an ancient coat of arms: they imagine that with these advantages they stand upon the higher ground, which maketh them look down upon merit and virtue as things inferior to them. This mistake is not only senseless, but criminal too, in putting a greater price upon that, which is a piece of good luck, than upon things which are valuable in themselves. Laughing is not enough for such a folly; it must be severely whipped, as it justly deserves. It will be confessed there are frequent temptations given by pert upstarts to be angry, and by that to have our judgments corrupted in these cases: but they are to be resisted; and the utmost that is to be allowed is, when those of a new edition will forget themselves, so as either to brag of their weak side, or to endeavour to hide their meanness by their insolence, to cure them by a little seasonable raillery, a little sharpness well placed, without dwelling too long upon it.

These, and many other kinds of pride, are to be avoided.

That which is to be recommended to you, is an emulation to raise yourself to a character by which you may be distinguished; an eagerness for precedence in virtue, and all such other things as may gain you a greater share of the good opinion of the world. Esteem to virtue is like a cherishing air to plants and flowers, which maketh them blow and prosper; and for that
reason

reason it may be allowed to be, in some degree, the cause, as well as the reward of it. That pride which leadeth to a good end cannot be a vice, since it is the beginning of virtue; and to be pleased with just applause is so far from a fault, that it would be an ill symptom in a woman who should not place the greatest part of her satisfaction in it. Humility, is no doubt, a great virtue; but it ceaseth to be so when it is afraid to scorn an ill thing. Against vice and folly it is becoming your sex to be haughty; but you must not carry the contempt of things to arrogance towards persons; and it must be done with fitting distinctions, else it may be inconvenient, by being unseasonable. A pride that raiseth a little anger to be outdone in any thing that is good, will have so good an effect, that it is very hard to allow it to be a fault.

It is no easy matter to carry even between these differing kinds so described; but remember, that it is safer for a woman to be thought too proud than too familiar.



DIVERSION.

THE last thing I shall recommend to you, is a wise and a safe method of using diversions. To be too eager in the pursuit of pleasure whilst you are young is dangerous; to catch it in riper years is grasping a shadow; it will not be held; besides, that by being less natural, it groweth to be indecent. Diversions are the most properly applied to ease and relieve those who are oppressed by being too much employed: those that are idle have no need of them; and yet they, above all others, give themselves up to them. To unbend our thoughts, when they are too much stretched by our cares, is not more natural than it is necessary: but to turn our whole life into a holiday, is not only ridiculous, but destroyeth pleasure instead of promoting it. The mind, like the body, is tired by being always in one posture; too serious breaketh, and too diverting looseneth it; it is variety that giveth the relish: so that diversions too frequently repeated grow first to be indifferent, and at last tedious. Whilst they are well chosen, and well timed, they are never to be blamed; but when they are used to an excess, though very innocent at first, they often grow to be criminal, and never fail to be impertinent.

Some ladies are bespoken for merry meetings, as Bessus was
for

for duels. They are engaged in a circle of idleness, where they turn round for the whole year, without the interruption of a serious hour: they know all the players names, and are intimately acquainted with all the booths in Bartholomew fair. No soldier is more obedient to the sound of his captain's trumpet than they are to that which summoneth them to a puppet-play, or a monster. The spring, that bringeth out flies and fools, maketh them inhabitants in Hyde Park: in the winter they are an incumbrance to the playhouse, and the ballast of the drawing-room. The streets all this while are so weary of these daily faces, that men's eyes are overlaid with them. The sight is glutted with fine things, as the stomach with sweet ones; and when a fair lady will give too much of herself to the world, she groweth luscious, and oppresses instead of pleasing. These jolly ladies do so continually seek diversion, that in a little time they grow into a jest; yet are unwilling to remember, that if they were seldomer seen they would not be so often laughed at: besides, they make themselves cheap, than which there cannot be an unkind word bestowed upon your sex.

To play sometimes to entertain company, or to divert yourself, is not to be disallowed; but to do it so often as to be called a gamester, is to be avoided next to the things that are most criminal. It hath consequences of several kinds not to be endured; it will engage you into a habit of idleness and ill hours; draw you into ill-mixed company; make you neglect your civilities abroad, and your business at home; and impose into your acquaintance such as will do you no credit.

To deep play there will be yet greater objections. It will
give

give occasion to the world to ask spiteful questions : how you dare venture to lose, and what means you have to pay such great sums ? If you pay exactly, it will be inquired from whence the money cometh ? If you owe, and especially to a man, you must be so very civil to him for his forbearance, that it layeth a ground of having it farther improved, if the gentleman is so disposed, who will be thought no unfair creditor, if, where the estate faileth, he seizeth upon the person. Besides, if a lady could see her own face upon an ill game, at a deep stake, she would certainly forswear any thing that could put her looks under such a disadvantage.

To dance sometimes will not be imputed to you as a fault ; but remember, that the end of your learning it was, that you might the better know how to move gracefully : it is only an advantage so far. When it goeth beyond it, one may call it excelling in a mistake, which is no very great commendation. It is better for a woman never to dance, because she hath no skill in it, than to do it too often, because she doth it well. The easiest as well as the safest method of doing it is in private companies, among particular friends, and then carelessly, like a diversion, rather than with solemnity, as if it was a business, or had any thing in it to deserve a month's preparation by serious conference with a dancing-master.

Much more might be said to all these heads, and many more might be added to them. But I must restrain my thoughts, which are full of my dear child, and would overflow into a volume, which would not be fit for a New Year's Gift. I will conclude with my warmest wishes for all that is good to you.

That

That you may live, so as to be an ornament to your family, and a pattern to your sex: that you may be blessed with a husband that may value, and with children that may inherit, your virtue: that you may shine in the world by a true light, and silence envy by deserving to be esteemed: that wit and virtue may both conspire to make you a great figure! When they are separated, the first is so empty, and the other so faint, that they scarce have right to be commended. May they therefore meet and never part; let them be your guardian angels, and be sure never to stray out of the distance of their joint protection. May you so raise your character, that you may help to make the next age a better thing, and leave posterity in your debt, for the advantage it shall receive by your example.

Let me conjure you, my dearest, to comply with this kind ambition of a father, whose thoughts are so engaged in your behalf, that he reckoneth your happiness to be the greatest part of his own.







LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S Lament,

Below my Boy, he still and sleeps.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S
LAMENTATION.

BALOW,* my bābe, and go to sleipe,
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe;
If thoust be silent, I'ls be glad,
Thy maining makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy meither's joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly still, and sleipe,
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

Whan he began to court my luv,
And with his sugred wordes to mulve,
His fayning fals and flatt'ring cheire
To me that time did not appeire :

* Balow (a Scotch nursery term), hush, lullaby, &c.

THE LADIES LIBRARY,

But now, I see, most cruell hee
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
 Balow, my babe, ly still, and sleipe,
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

Ly still, my darling, sleipe a-while,
 And when thou wakest, sweetly smile :
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids : nay, God forbid !
 Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neir
 Thy father's heart and face to beir.
 Balow, my babe, ly still, and sleipe,
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
 Be luvng to thy father still :
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
 My luv with him maun still abyde :
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
 Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
 Balow, my babe, ly still, and sleipe,
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
 To faynings fals thine hart incline ;
 Be loyal to thy luvver true,
 And nevir change hir for a new :

If gude or faire, of her have care,
 For women's bannings wond'rous fair.
 Balow, my babe, ly still, and sleipe,
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father's gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun ease my paine :
 My babe and I'll together live ;
 He'll comfort me whan cares do grieve :
 My babe and I right fast will ly,
 And quite forget man's cruelty.
 Balow, my babe, ly still, and sleipe,
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

Fareweil, fareweil, 'thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a woman's mouth !
 I with all maides be warn'd by me
 Nevir to trust man's curtesy ;
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'le use us than they care not how.
 Balow, my babe, ly still, and sleipe,
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe,



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REFLECTIONS
ON THE SEVEN DAYS
OF THE WEEK,

BY MRS. TALBOT.

ON SUNDAY.

“O LORD, thou hast searched me out, and
“ known me : thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-ris-
“ ing : thou art about my path, and about my bed, and spiest
“ out all my ways.”

How true, how astonishing, is this thought ! Almighty God,
my Maker, is ever present with me. He is infinite in being,
and

and therefore must be every where. He is infinite in knowledge, and therefore every thing must be known to him. No creature is too inconsiderable for his notice, who is the maker of all, and "careth for all alike." The friends, the relations, and acquaintance, whom I see and converse with every day, know not half so much of my conduct as he does, nor are half so attentive to it. How hourly careful should I be, then, to approve myself to him! Among my relations and friends, there are some, whom I regard more than the rest, either out of greater affection for their goodness and kindness; or out of reverence for their greater wisdom and dignity; or out of interest, as being capable of doing me more good or hurt. All these motives of the highest regard are joined in him. His excellence is more than thought can conceive: whatever is beautiful, or good, or amiable in the world, flows from him as its source. In him is all greatness and majesty, all wisdom and knowledge: every thing that is glorious, awful, venerable. My hourly dependance is upon him, and all my expectations, through an eternity to come. From him I have received my life, my being, every power and faculty of soul and body. Every innocent delight I enjoy, is his gift: in every danger, he is my present help. No power but his could guide me safely through the intricate mazes of life. Hitherto his providence has carefully watched over me, and his right hand has held me up: and through all my future life, he, who is truth itself, has promised never to fail me nor forsake me, if, on my part, I will but serve him faithfully, as in my baptismal vow I have promised to do. That blessed covenant I am going to renew, by par-
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taking of the holy sacrament. Had not our blessed Saviour died to redeem mankind, we must all have appeared before an all-seeing God, of infinite justice and holiness, without security of being considered otherwise than as objects of displeasure. But we know, that he looks upon us now, as objects of the tenderest mercy. He invites us to "pour out our hearts before him," at all times: "To call upon him in the time of trouble." "To look unto him, and be saved." O my soul, in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

Let me then ask myself, as in his sight, what is the general turn of my temper, and disposition of my mind? My most trifling words and actions are observed by him: and every thought is naked to his eye. Could I suppose the king, or any the greatest person I have any knowledge of, were within reach of observing my common daily behaviour, though unseen by me, should I not be very particularly careful to preserve it, in every respect, decent, and becoming? Should I allow myself in any little froward humours? Should I not be ashamed to appear peevish and ill natured? Should I use so much as one harsh or unhandsome expression even to my equal, or my meanest inferior, even were I ever so much provoked? Much less should I behave irreverently to my parents or superiors. This awful being, in whom I live, and move, and from whom no obscurity can hide me, by whom the very hairs of my head are all numbered, he knows the obligations of every relation in life. He sees in their full light the reciprocal duties of parents and children, of husbands and wives, of neighbours, and fellow-servants. He knows the aggravated guilt of every offence

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against

against these ties of society, however we may be disposed to treat them as trifles: and every piece of stubbornness and pride, of ill humour and passion, of anger and resentment, of sullenness and perverseness, exposes us to his just indignation.



MON.

MONDAY.

"**BLESSED** are they that do hunger and thirst
"after righteousness."—Our Lord and Saviour has pronounced
this blessedness, and through his grace, I hope to partake of it.
Hunger and thirst naturally prompt us to seek, without delay,
the means of satisfying them. What then is the food of the
mind? Wholesome instruction and religious meditation. If
then I sincerely do hunger and thirst after righteousness, I shall
be frequently feeding my mind with pious books and thoughts.
I shall make the returns of these meals as regular as I can, and
seldom shall I find any necessity strong enough to make me miss
them a whole day together.—But then it ought to be remem-
bered too, that even these, the best hours of my life, ought never
to encroach upon the duties and employments of my station,
whatever they may be. Am I in a superior station of life?
My duty then probably takes in a large compass: and I am ac-
countable to my maker for all those talents entrusted with me
by him, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. I must not
think of living to myself alone, or devoting that time to imitate
the employment of angels, which was given me for the service
of men. Religion must be my chief end, and my best delight:

it must regulate all I think, or do; but whatever my station is, I must fulfil all its duties. Have I leisure and genius? I must give a due portion of my time to the elegant improvements of life: to the study of those sciences that are an ornament to human nature: to such things as may make me amiable, and engaging to all whom I converse with, that by any means I may win them over to religion and goodness. For if I am always shut up in my closet, and spend my time in nothing but exercises of devotion, I shall be looked upon as morose and hypocritical, and be disregarded as useless in the world. When this life is ended, we have a whole eternity before us to spend in those noblest employments, and highest delights. But man, in this low state of mortality, pays the most acceptable obedience to God, by serving his fellow-creatures.

Perhaps all these considerations are wide from my case. So far from having leisure upon my hands, I have scarce a moment free from the necessary engagements of business and bodily labour. While I am working hard for bread for myself and my family, or attending diligently the commands of a strict master, to whom I am justly accountable for every hour I have, how can I find frequent opportunities for studying the word of God, or much time to spend in devout meditation? Why, happily, much is not required, provided I make the best use of what little I have. Some time I must needs have on Sundays, and this I may improve. I may diligently attend to what I hear at church: I may examine whether my own practice is conformable to what I am there taught; and I may spend some hours in that day, either in good discourse, with such as are able to instruct me,

me, or in reading such religious books, as are put into my hands. Still enough will be left for chearful conversation, and pleasant walks. Why should either of them be the less chearful, for a mixture of religious thoughts? What indeed is there so gladdening as they are? Be my state ever so mean and toilsome, as a christian, if indeed I behave like one, I am equal to the greatest monarch upon earth. Be my misfortunes and sorrows never so severe, as a christian, I can look beyond death to an eternity of happiness, of happiness certain, and unspeakable. These thoughts therefore, I should keep upon my mind, through the whole week: they should be the amusement of my labour, and the relief of my weariness: and when my heart is thus ready, I shall gladly take every opportunity to sing and give praise. I shall awake early to worship that God, who is my defence and my delight; and I shall close every evening with prayer and thanksgiving to him, whose "Ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace." Whenever I can have a quarter of an hour to spare from the necessary business, and the (at fit times) as necessary relaxations of life, which, while they are innocent, moderate, and reasonable, will never be disapproved by that good God, who has created every thing that is comely and pleasant in the world, and invites us to rejoice, and do good, all the days of our life: When I have any spare time, I shall gladly spend it in reading, with reverence and attention, some portions of the Bible. In all my common conversation, I shall have my eye continually up to him, who alone can direct my paths to happiness and improvement, and crown all my endeavours with the best success. I shall try to be something the better for every scene

scene of life I am engaged in; to be something the wiser for every day's conversation and experience. And let me not fear, but that if I daily thus faithfully strive to grow in holiness and goodness, be my growth at the present never so imperceptible, I "shall in due time arrive at the measure of the fulness of stature in Christ."

That I may be better for the last twenty-four hours, let me examine a little what temper I have been in all that time. In general, perhaps, I can recollect nothing much amiss in it; but let me descend to particulars. Things are often very faulty, that appear at first sight very trifling. Perhaps I have so fond a conceit of myself, as to think, that I can never be in the wrong. Has any uneasiness happened in the family this last day? Perhaps I think the fault was wholly in others, and the right entirely on my side. But ought I not to remember, that in all disputes, there is generally some fault on both sides! Perhaps they began:—But did not I carry it on?—They gave the provocation:—But did not I take it?—Am I not too apt to imagine, that it would be mean entirely to let a quarrel drop, when I have a fair opportunity to reason, and argue, and reproach, to vindicate my injured merit, and assert my right? Yet, is this agreeable to the precepts and example of him, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again?" Is it agreeable to his commands, who has charged me, if my brother trespass against me, to forgive him, not seven times only, but seventy times seven? Is it agreeable to that christian doctrine, which exhorts us, not to think of ourselves highly, but soberly, as we ought to think; and that, in lowliness of mind, every one should think others better

better than himself? And alas, how often do I think this disrespect, though a slight one, provoking to me? This situation, though a happy one, not good enough for me? How often have I had in my mouth that wise maxim, that a worm, if it is trod upon, will turn again? Wretch that I am, shall I plead the example of a vile worm of the earth for disobeying the commands of my Saviour, with whom I hope hereafter to sit in heavenly places?



TUES-

TUESDAY.

"**I** MUST work the work of him who sent me, " while it is day."—If our blessed Saviour, infinitely great and excellent, was, when he assumed human nature, so far from being exempted from the general law of nature imposed on our first father and all his race, who is there amongst men, that shall plead an exemption? The duty of employment is two-fold. First, as we are active and spiritual beings, ill would it become us to sit wrapt in indolence, and sleep away an useless life. Constant activity, and extensive usefulness, are the perfection of a spiritual being. The great God himself is infinitely active. " My father worketh hitherto (saith our Saviour), and I work." In their various degrees, all the orders of angels are ministering spirits. In the happy worlds above, all is life and activity. And shall man, who is so fond of life, lose his little portion of it in a lazy, slothful, half state? shall he quench those sparks of immortality, that glow in his bosom, and content himself with being, for three parts of his time, little better than a lump of organized clay? Innocent man in Paradise, was not made for idleness. But guilty fallen man is peculiarly born to labour, and to trouble. Equally just and merciful was the doom pronounced

to Adam; "in the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread." Human nature, corrupted and depraved by the fall of our first parents, would be incapable of employing ease and leisure to any happy purposes. Greatly do we need constant employment to keep us out of the reach of those temptations from within, and from without, that in idleness particularly assault us. Greatly do we need to have much of our minds taken up with perpetual attention to necessary business, and hourly duty, that they may not prey too much upon themselves. Labour and pain are the necessary, though unpalatable medicine of our souls. Shall we refuse to follow the prescription of that heavenly physician, who drank the bitterest cup for us? Toil and trouble are the just punishments of guilty human nature: Shall we rebel against our awful judge? Activity and employment are the law of our being; and shall we not obey our sovereign ruler, our great and good creator?

What then is my proper business and employment, that I may yet diligently to it? In most stations of life, this is too evident to be asked: and it is equally certain, that every station, even the very highest, has its proper work and labour, which whoever performs not to the utmost of their power, is a wicked and slothful servant; for we have all a master in heaven.

Come then, my heart, let us cheerfully set about our business. Be it study and improvement of the mind, toil of the body, or industry of the hands: be it care of our families and domestic affairs: be it care of the public and distribution of justice: be it care of our neighbours, and charity to the poor: be it education of children, instruction of the ignorant, attendance on

the sick, culture of the ground, defence of our country : whatever it be, let us do it diligently and heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men. As subjects, children, servants, let us obey our rulers, parents, masters. And if it be the will of Providence to disable us, for the present, from all active service, by confining us in chambers of sickness, in a weak and useless state, let us set the example of an uncomplaining submission, and cheerful resignation : and let patience, at least, have its perfect work.

This submissive, this humble, this obedient disposition, is poverty of spirit. We ought to think nothing beneath us ; nor to desire any thing but what is allotted us. We ought to imagine nothing our own, and surely therefore not our time : yet how apt are we to think it quite a hardship put upon us, if any small portion of it is to be spent disagreeably ; and if we have not hours, and days, and years, to indulge in careless idleness and giddy pleasure.

Among other works, that of reforming my temper is surely a most necessary one. Let me therefore take myself a little to task. How have I behaved the last day ?

I have not, perhaps, been positively out of humour : but have I guarded my disposition against every failing ? Have I not indulged a nice fancy, in taking some disgust at any of those that I converse with ; which, trifling as it seems at present, may, in time, quite alienate our minds from one another ? A disagreeable look, or manner, too often gives a prejudice against persons, who are really deserving. Let me be upon my guard against such prejudices. Let me overlook all trifling infirmities in others ;

others; but let me spare them the pain and difficulty of having many such to overlook in me. Let me observe in every thing a perfect cleanliness and neatness; for nothing is so disgustful as the contrary. Let me be mild and civil, moderate and discreet in all my ways of speaking: let my behaviour always be easy and obliging, natural and unaffected. Let me always preserve, as much as I can, even under severe trials, a cheerful pleasing countenance; and, among other things, let me try to avoid, as much as possible, falling into those little foolish tricks and peculiarities, which every body is so apt to acquire, without even perceiving it. I cannot help seeing in others, how disagreeable they are, though in them, I ought as little as possible to attend to it. But let me watch myself a little, and discover, in order to reform, whatever I may have in me, that makes me less agreeable, and therefore less useful, in society.



WEDNESDAY.

“**A**ND God saw every thing that he had made ;
* and behold, it was very good.”

Such was the face of things at the creation. Every view that could be taken was a view of order and beauty, of happiness and pleasure. Too soon, by the frailty and by the guilt of man, this happy state was changed ; and through sin, death and misery entered into the world. Every part of our world was affected by the general disorder. The earth produced thorns and thistles. The seasons became unfavourable. The beasts grew wild and savage : and hence sprung a necessity of labour and self-defence. Toil and weariness must be its natural consequence to bodies now become mortal and corruptible. Pain and sickness, the infirmities of old age, the fear of death and sufferings, both for ourselves and our friends, with all that variety of evils that burthen human life : all are the sad effects of sin. The disorder of our minds, the vehemence of our passions, the dimness of our understandings, those tendencies to evil, which even the best people, at some times, must feel strongly working in their bosoms, are the bitter fruits of the original corruption of human nature in the first of men, our common parent. Hence, surely, we should draw the strongest motives

motives of humility, and throw ourselves down in the deepest abasement of soul, before that God of holiness, in whose "Sight" the heavens are not pure;" and who "chargeth his angels" with folly: How much more man, which is a worm; and "the son of man, which is a worm?" Unassisted human nature could not be in a more perfect state than our first parents were created: infinitely superior certainly to whatever we can imagine of good or excellent among ourselves. If they were such frail, such wretched creatures, and so soon forfeited their beings—Good God! then what is the very best of us? "Let our confusion be ever before us:" "Let the shame of our face cover us."

Strange it may seem, after these considerations, to mention a happy and chearful enjoyment of our beings, as a serious and important duty. Many good persons, who have deeply dwelt on this dark view of our mortal state, have represented it as utterly unfit and sinful for such creatures, in such a world, to think of any thing but suffering and mourning. But, as sure as our heavenly father is good to all, and peculiarly so to us, his helpless new-adopted children, so surely they are widely mistaken. The blessed promise of our redemption was uttered in the same moment with the doom of our mortality, and from that moment all was good again. Pain, and suffering, and sorrow, became remedies to cure our corrupted nature: temptations, but a purifying fire to prove and to refine our virtue; and death, a kind release from toil, a happy admission into a better paradise. Through our blessed Saviour, we have obtained the grace of God to guide us in all our ways, and to support us
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under all our distresses. Through him, in him, we have every thing that can make us happy, unless we wilfully destroy ourselves. "Rejoice then in the Lord, all ye righteous; be thankful, all ye who are true of heart."

Serious and careful indeed we ought to be, watchful and diligent, humble and submissive: reflecting deeply on the frailty and vileness of our nature, and the important, the eternal interest, that depends on this our short, and very uncertain time of trial here. In this sense, we ought to "work out our salvation with fear and trembling," and even to "rejoice before the Lord with reverence." But while we "keep innocence, and take heed to the thing that is right," let our chearful hearts and looks confess the goodness of our gracious master, who "gives us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." Of him, who has made every thing good and pleasant; who has the tenderest consideration for all our infirmities, and has provided every support, and every relief, that can make our passage through this world tolerable and comfortable to us. With joyful gratitude let us accept and improve these his mercies and indulgences. Let us make this world as happy as we can to ourselves and one another: to do this, we need only be good christians. Our wills being perfectly resigned, will acquiesce, without pain, in whatever disposals providence may see fit to make of us, and ours: and taking "no thought for to-morrow," we shall neither be tormented with vain schemes, nor anxious fears. Our desires being moderate, we shall pass quietly and easily through life: and no unruly passions, or vehement wishes, will discompose
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our peace. Being free from private interests and selfish views, we shall have no rivalries nor contests with our neighbours. Being in perfect charity with all men, we shall with all be easy, chearful, friendly: in every thing studying to promote their good and happiness: and in our turn receiving from many of them offices of kindness: and from such as are ungrateful, receiving the greatest benefit of all—a noble opportunity to exercise those duties, on which God's forgiveness of ourselves depends. With pleasure and complacency our heavenly father looks down on every society of his children united in brotherly affection, and gives his blessing to every set of friends, and neighbours, and relations, that perform their mutual relative duties, as they ought, and love and delight in one another. Every innocent entertainment, that keeps up the chearfulness and kindness of society, he approves. "The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous." Our health can alone be preserved by temperance, calmness, and industry. Industry too makes the world look beautiful around us. It turns the barren wilderness into a fertile, pleasant land: and for thorns and thistles, plants the rose-tree and the vine; or sows the tender grass and useful corn. Industry preserves us from inclemencies of weather, and finds some means to supply every want. It procures us wherewith to give alms to the poor, and thereby enables us to lay up a treasure in heaven.

Happiness, then, a great degree of it, is in our power, even at present. But fools that we are, we forfeit even present happiness, for the indulgence of every peevish, froward humour. Let me examine myself a little on this. As much as I condemn it,

it, am I not often guilty of this unaccountable folly? Am I not readier to cherish unkind suspicions of those I live amongst, than to put a fair and favourable interpretation upon every disagreeable incident? Am I not almost upon the watch to take offence at every trifling disregard? Do I not think it beneath me ever to take the first step towards a reconciliation? Do I not make it a point of honour to keep up resentment, even though it pains me? How much happier are they who go through the world with an easy good humour! never suspecting that any body means them ill, who does not really and seriously hurt them: passing over every trifle: and by placing themselves above all such peevish follies, maintaining more real dignity, than those who are the proudest.



THURS.

THURSDAY.

“**BLESSED** are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” How greatly do we all of us need this blessing ; poor guilty creatures, who are every day offending infinite goodness, and provoking almighty power, and perfect justice ! how then shall we be merciful as we ought ? Can this duty be practised by any but the great, or the injured ?—In relieving the distressed, or in pardoning offenders ? Yes : every one of us may practise it every day we live. It is a great mistake to think there is no superiority, but that, which rank and fortune give. Every one of us may in something or other assist or instruct some of his fellow-creatures ; for the best of human race is poor and needy, and all have a mutual dependance on one another : there is no body that cannot do some good : and every body is bound to do diligently all the good they can. It is by no means enough to be rightly disposed, to be serious, and religious in our closets : we must be useful too, and take care, that as we all reap numberless benefits from society, society may be the better for every one of us. It is a false, a faulty, and an indolent humility, that makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe, that they are capable of doing much : for every body can

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do something. Every body can set a good example, be it to many, or to few. Every body can in some degree encourage virtue and religion, and discountenance vice and folly. Every body has some one or other whom they can advise, or instruct, or in some way help to guide through life. Those who are too poor to give alms, can yet give their time, their trouble, their assistance in preparing or forwarding the gifts of others: in considering, and representing distressed cases to those, who can relieve them: in visiting and comforting the sick and afflicted. Every body can offer up their prayers for those who need them: which, if they do reverently and sincerely, they will never be wanting in giving them every other assistance, that it should please God to put in their power. Even those, whose poor and toilsome life can admit of their giving no other help to society, can by their frugality and industry, at least keep themselves, in a great measure, from being burthensome to the public. A penny thus saved, is a penny given. Dreadful state of those idle creatures, who, dragging on a wretched, profligate life, in laziness and rags, draw to themselves those charities, that ought to support the helpless, and really disabled poor! Severely, I fear, shall they be accountable for it at the last day: and every one in proportion, who lives an useless and burthensome drone in society. It is our duty to prevent poverty, as well as to relieve it. It is our duty to relieve every other kind of distress, as well as the distress of poverty. People, who are always innocently chearful, and good humoured, are very useful in the world. They maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all, that live around them.

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Thus far in general : but it is well worth considering in particular my own duties and obligations. Who are the people that I ought especially to study to make happy? Are they parents?—What a debt of gratitude do I owe them, for all their care of me, and for me, in my helpless years? How kindly did they bear with the forward infirmities of my childhood : and shall not I with most affectionate tenderness support and relieve all those, which years and cares bring upon them? My more active strength and vigour, my younger spirits and clearer thoughts, may now make me, in my turn, very helpful to them. If they are good people and good parents, I am sure this is my duty : if otherwise, I owe them one of still higher importance. I owe them the most earnest endeavours I can use for the reformation of their faults, or instruction of their ignorance. This duty extends to all my relations : and to all from whom I have ever received any benefit, or any offices of friendship. If it is my misfortune that any of them should be bad people, though they have been good to me ; or if any of those who are related to me, are engaged in a wrong course of life, ought I to fly from them, and leave them to ruin? No : gratitude and affection forbid it. Ought I then to encourage vice, and flatter folly, if it happens among those that I love? This, my higher duty to almighty God, to truth and virtue, absolutely forbid. What then is to be done? To preserve the tenderest affection for their persons, and keep up and declare openly the strongest abhorrence of their faults. To avoid every degree and every instance of ease and familiarity, that may seem to give the least countenance to

their vices ; and at the same time to employ every art, and every earnest endeavour, that can have the least chance of reclaiming them. To pray for, and pity them: to reprove, and advise them: to please, and oblige them, in every thing I innocently can. —But if, upon the whole, I find them irreclaimable, and myself in the least possible danger of being infected by their example—then to fly them, as I would the plague ; then to cut off a right hand, and pluck out a right eye, and break through every fondness, and every attachment, that would destroy my highest, my eternal interest. No ties, that subsist among human creatures, can be so strong, can be so dear, or ought to be so indissoluble, as those which for ever bind us to our creator and redeemer.

Next to the bonds of nature, are those of choice. Married persons are bound to the observance of very sacred vows, and ought therefore often to recollect them, and examine their conduct by them. Among other things, they should carefully consider, whether they have so strict a guard upon their temper as they ought, now the happiness of another person is made so greatly to depend on their easy good humour and cheerfulness. Whether they assist and improve one another : and whether they are ready to receive assistance and advice as kindly as to give it. Whether they preserve a delicacy of behaviour, a neatness of appearance, a gentleness of manner, a mildness of speech. Whether they enter kindly and affectionately into one another's interests and concerns.

Friends should consider what engagements they are entered into with each other ; how strictly they are bound diligently to
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promote each other's welfare : to think of one another candidly and kindly : to overlook little offences : to bear infirmities : to repay kindnesses a thousand fold : to be watchful over each other's conduct : to be true, sincere, faithful, obliging, open, constant : and to have the generous courage of reproving and opposing others follies and faults.

All persons should consider to whom they are accountable for their time, their labour, the superfluity of their fortune : to masters, to friends, to society in general, to the deserving, or the helpless poor. Rich persons owe a due portion of their riches to works of charity and to the public : the great owe their protection to merit : and all people owe it to themselves, to improve every moment, and every opportunity, this life affords them.

Surely while I am making these reflections, I cannot omit more literal debts, and more immediate duties. Do I owe money, I am not able to pay ? Let me retrench every superfluous expence, till my real debts are paid. Let me work and labour indefatigably, till I am enabled to be honest : and let me not be one moment easy, while I unjustly live on the expence of other people, and am hurtful to the society, that ought to be the better for me.

It is worth considering, too, what promises I have made. Were they ever so rash, if they engaged me in nothing contrary to innocence, it is my duty to fulfil them. Happy if it teaches me the wisdom, to be more cautious for the future.

FRIDAY.

“**BLESSED** are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.” Alas! does it not seem from this, and many other passages of scripture, worthy of all observance, and of all acceptance, as if it was our bounden duty in this world to lead a melancholy, wretched, uncomfortable life? And can this indeed be the will of him, who delighteth in mercy? Who filleth our hearts with food and gladness, and has, in not a few places, expressly commanded us to rejoice evermore? Is there, then, an inconsistency in the duties of religion? God forbid! Yet short-sighted men, capable of taking into one view, but a part of the vast and perfectly consistent scheme of duty, and guided too generally by passion or weakness, are perpetually acting as if this was the case. Some free spirits there are, who throw off all lawful restraint, and, fully satisfied with themselves, if they keep within the widest bounds of what is just allowable, indulge, without caution, in every thing they think so. Their whole time is given up to mirth and jollity: their whole fortunes perhaps are spent upon themselves, without any regard to the calls of charity or duty. Jollily they go on in life, till some
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unforeseen misfortune stops them short, and throws a deep gloom over their sunny landscape.

Another sort of people, much to be esteemed, and greatly to be pitied, are scrupulous about every thing, and, frightened by misapprehension of some alarming text, dare not allow themselves in the most innocent conveniences, and most harmless, and, on many accounts, useful and commendable pleasure. Their minds are so truly pious, that they are far from deliberately thinking of the infinitely great and good God, as a hard and rigid master; but they act with such a slavish fear, as must needs make those, who are less well disposed, frame such horribly false imaginations of him: and their well meant strictness has the most dangerous tendency in the world.

Between these two extremes undoubtedly lies the plain path of duty: the narrow, but not thorny road, that leads through the truest comfort this life can afford, to everlasting happiness in a better.

The natural enjoyments of life are dispensed to us by a gracious providence, to mitigate its natural evils, and make our passage through it not only supportable, but, at fit times and seasons, so far pleasant, as to make us go on with vigour, cheerfulness, and gratitude: and to give us some kind of earnest of what we are bid to hope hereafter: some kind of faint notion what happiness is: some sensible assurances, that there really is such a thing, though not to be, in any high degree, enjoyed on this side of the grave.—Still it is yet a more merciful dispensation of the same fatherly care, that pain and imperfection, satiety and disappointment, should be so mixed up with all our best

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enjoyments in this low state of being, as to turn our chief aim and desire towards heaven. And let us not fear, unless we wilfully and madly throw ourselves into a giddy round of pleasures, on purpose to be intoxicated by them; Providence will mercifully interpose in the fullest tide of innocent prosperity, and make us, by some means or other, feel an emptiness and dissatisfaction, in the best, this world can give: especially may this be hoped by those, who take care to keep their minds always open to such serious thoughts and right impressions, as will perpetually present themselves, if not rejected: and who reserve some leisure time in every day, for reading and reflecting.

Our maker knows so well the weakness of our frame, that he has not left it to us, to inflict upon ourselves, merely by way of punishment, such sufferings as he sees it necessary for us to undergo. That task would be so hard a one, that he would by no means impose it upon us. No: he will take care himself, that we shall unavoidably feel and experience a great deal of that evil which sin introduced into the world: and all he requires of us is, to support it as we ought. He requires nothing contrary to reason, and the innocent inclinations of nature: if any of his laws appear harsh and difficult, it is from their opposition to our acquired habits, our prejudices and corruptions. To forgive injuries, to return good for evil, to live peaceably with all men, to be always mild, obliging, and good humoured, to be kind and patient, charitable, and industrious, temperate, sober, and modest; these are no grievous laws to a pure, and well turned mind: nor can its genuine dictates be better complied with, than by observing them. Still they will be a very grievous restraint

straint on the licentiousness of our corrupted wills, our heightened passions, and indulged imaginations. To be continually attentive to our conduct in every minute instance; to set a watch before our mouth, and keep the door of our lips; to set scourges over our thoughts, and the discipline of wisdom over our hearts; require a soberness of mind, a diligence, a resolute adherence to duty, that may undoubtedly deserve the name of self-denial, and mortification; though in effect nothing so certainly ensures our happiness, both here and hereafter. To think we can do this by our own strength, would be presumptuous and vain. Tell a man helpless with the palsy, that perfect health is his natural and eligible state; convince him ever so clearly how happy it would be for him to become active and industrious—your eloquence is mockery, and will not help him to the use of a single limb. But though we daily confess that we have “no health in us,” he who did actually say to the sick of the palsy, “arise, take up thy bed, and walk,” and was immediately obeyed, can effectually relieve our still more helpless state. To this sovereign physician we can apply for help; and by the aid he imparts, are enabled to follow the regimen he enjoins; and thus to “go on from strength to strength, till unto the God of gods shall appear every one in Sion.”

Though our comfortable passage through this life, and the attainment of unspeakable blessedness in another, are the allowed, the necessary, the enjoined objects of our pursuit, yet still, in a great degree, we are to renounce ourselves. By sincere humility we are to consider the vileness and wretchedness of our natural state; we are to acknowledge, that of ourselves we are

able to do nothing as we ought; and, far from indulging any thoughts of vanity or self-complacence, we are, when we have done our very best, to confess, with unfeigned lowliness, that we are unprofitable servants. We are to trust and hope alone in the merits and intercession of our blessed redeemer; and to own ourselves "less than the least of God's mercies." As his creatures, we are to direct all our thoughts and actions to his honour and service. "Whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we are to do all to the glory of God." In every thing we are to consider carefully the rule of duty; not scrupulously or superstitiously, for that tends to the dishonour of God and religion, as well as our own discomfort. We are never to do any thing for so low an end, as merely to gratify our own childish humour; but in all cases, to moderate and guide ourselves by the rules of reason and religion. Thus, even in using the necessary refreshments, the easy amusements, and innocent pleasures of life, we are to behave with a due sense of that God, who is every where present. We are to look up to him with thankfulness, as the bountiful bestower of all good, and cheerfully accept these indulgencies for the ends to which he has appointed them. Food, to restore our strength wasted in active service, to preserve our health and ease: sleep, to renew our wearied spirits: pleasure, to gladden our hearts, and fill them with pious gratitude and filial love. This cuts off at once all that intemperance, that crosses those good purposes, destroys our healths, distresses our hearts, makes our lives sluggish and useless, and dissipates or corrupts our minds. Riches and honours also are to be received with thanksgiving, by whomsoever Providence

vidence allots them to; but then they are to be diligently, and carefully, and generously employed in the best purposes: and even the richest and the greatest ought to deny themselves all indulgencies of mere humour and fancy; how well soever they may seem able to afford it, and kindly and faithfully consider the more pressing wants of their distressed fellow-creatures. To answer the purposes of charity, the rich must be frugal, and the poor industrious; and all give freely and discreetly, as proper calls require. Every body, in their turns, to maintain the peace of society and Christian concord, must repress the little risings of temper, and fretfulness of humour; must be ready to forgive and forget, to indulge and overlook.

It is endless to go on enumerating instances, in which the just, the necessary adherence to our duty, requires us to deny our sinful selves. Our cowardice, our false shame, our vanity, our weakness and irresolution, our fondness and partial affection, our indolence and love of ease: these, and numberless infirmities more, must be struggled with and conquered, when we are called out to encounter dangers: to confess our Saviour before men: to withstand the strong torrent of custom and fashion, of importunity and ill example: to turn a deaf ear to flattery, or candidly acknowledge our errors: to resist solicitations: to give righteous judgment: to forget all our private relations and attachments, where justice or public good are concerned: to resign our dearest enjoyments, when it is the will of God we should: to check our sorrows in their fullest flow; and to go on indefatigably improving ourselves, and doing good to others, till the night overtakes us, "in which no man can work."

The sufferings, which it shall please Almighty God to inflict upon us; we are to accept with humble resignation; acknowledging his justice, and submitting to it without a murmur. Thus patiently also we are to receive all the lesser crosses he sees fit to lay upon us; nor ever suffer ourselves to fret or repine at the various infirmities of human nature, in ourselves or others. All these we must look upon as parts of that penalty justly inflicted on our first parents guilt; and heartily thank him, that he does not, according to the terrifying notions of popery, either expect us to inflict them on ourselves, or give us the dreadful alternative of a purgatory after death. Uncommanded severities, that are of no apparent use, but to torment ourselves, and sour our natures, and shorten our lives, can never be acceptable to our gracious maker. Our blessed Saviour, when he mentions fasting as a duty, along with prayer and almsgiving, leaves the frequency and strictness of it to our own discretion; and only insists upon one circumstance, which is, that we should avoid in it all hypocrisy and ostentation; and be careful to keep up all ease, good humour, and agreeableness of behaviour. There are very proper occasions for exercising this duty, without the least superstition or moroseness, and where it may tend to the best purposes. Public calamities, private distresses or temptations, perplexities and difficulties, times of peculiarly solemn devotion, and of resolutely endeavouring to conquer such obstinate faults and ill habits, as, like the dumb spirit in the gospel, can "come out only by prayer and fasting." But where it makes us appear stiff and disagreeable, interferes with the innocent cheerfulness of society, or may influence our health or
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temper in any wrong way; in such cases it becomes a hurtful superstition, and as such unallowable. To observe the public fasts appointed by authority, in a manner suited to every person's strength and ability, with decency and reverence, can have none of these evil consequences: and the practice of this duty, at fit times, and in a reasonable degree, is an excellent remembrancer of the wretchedness of being attached to any sensual gratifications, and the easiness as well as necessity, at fit times, to forbear them.



SATURDAY.

ANOTHER week is past ; another of those little limited portions of time, which number out my life. Let me stop a little here, before I enter upon a new one, and consider what this life is, which is thus imperceptibly stealing away, and whither it is conducting me ? What is its end and aim, its good and its evil, its use and improvement ? What place does it fill in the universe ? What proportion does it bear to eternity ?

This mortal life is the beginning of existence to beings made for immortality, and graciously designed, unless by wilful guilt they forfeit it, for everlasting happiness. Compared with eternity, its longest duration is less than a moment : therefore its good and evil, considered without a regard to the influence they may have on an eternity to come, must be trifling to a degree below contempt. The short scene begun in birth, and closed by death, is acted over millions of times, in every age ; and all the little concerns of mortality are pursued, transacted, and forgotten, like the labours of a bee-hive, or the bustle of an ant-hill. “ The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be ; and that which is done, is that which shall be done ; and
“ there

"there is no new thing under the sun." Our wisdom, therefore, is to pass through this busy dream as calmly as we can; and not suffer ourselves to be more deeply attached to any of these transitory things, than the momentariness and unimportance of them deserves.

But considering this short life as a probation for eternity, as a trial, whose issue is to determine our everlasting state, its importance to ourselves appears beyond expression great, and fills a right mind with equal awe and transport. The important day will come, when there shall be a new thing indeed, but not under the sun; for "heaven and earth shall pass away;" but the words of him who created them, "shall not pass away."

What then is the good or evil of life, but as it has a tendency to prepare or unfit us for that decisive day, when "the son of man shall come in the clouds with power and great glory, and shall send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds." That son of man who is the son of God, "blessed for evermore," and once before came down from heaven, and took upon him this our mortal nature, with all its innocent infirmities and sufferings: and subjected himself even to the death of the cross, that he might redeem us from all our sins, and obtain the gift of everlasting life for all, who should not wilfully frustrate this last and greatest effort of divine mercy.

What then have we to do, but with love and gratitude unutterable to embrace the offers of salvation; and henceforth become in every thing his true and faithful disciples? To whom should we live, but to him, who died for us? To whom should

we

we give up ourselves, but to him, who gave up himself for us? whose "yoke is easy and his burden light." In whom should we trust, but in eternal truth? In whom should we cheerfully hope, but in infinite goodness? Whom should we copy, but him, who was made like unto us in all things, sin only excepted; and has left us an example that we should follow his steps? which if we do faithfully to the utmost of our power, his grace shall so assist us, that in the end we shall be where he is, to behold his glory, and partake his bliss.

Let me think then, and think deeply, how I have employed this week past. Have I advanced in, or deviated from, the path that leads to life? Has my time been improved or lost, or, worse than lost, mispent? If the last, let me use double diligence to redeem it. Have I spent a due portion of my time in acts of devotion and piety, both private, public, and domestic? And have they been sincere, and free from all mixture of superstition, moroseness, or weak scrupulosity? Have I, in society, been kind and helpful, mild, peaceable, and obliging? Have I been charitable, friendly, discreet? Have I had a due regard, without vanity or ostentation, to set a good example? Have I been equally ready to give and receive instruction, and proper advice? Careful to give no offence, and patient to take every thing in good part? Have I been honest, upright, and disinterested? Have I in my way, and according to my station and calling, been diligent, frugal, generous, and industrious to do good? Have I, in all my behaviour, consulted the happiness and ease of those I live with, and of all who have any dependance upon me? Have I preserved my understanding clear, my temper calm,

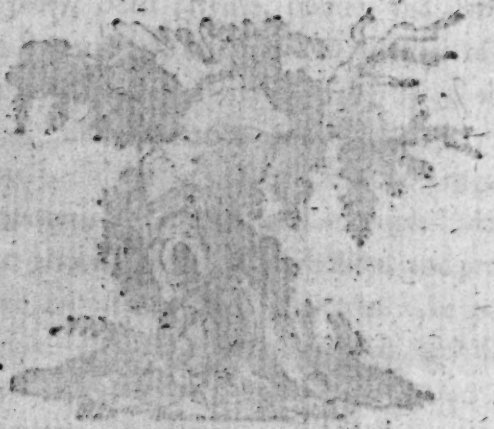
calm, my spirits chearful, my body temperate and healthy, and my heart in a right frame? If to all these questions I can humbly, yet confidently answer, that I have done my best: If I have truly repented of all the faulty past, and made humble, yet firm, and vigorous, and deliberate resolutions for the future, poor as it is, the honest endeavour will be graciously accepted: and I may to-morrow gladly and securely approach the sacred table, and partake that bread of life, which our blessed Saviour gave, to nourish to all goodness those who receive it worthily, and to be not only the means of grace, but the pledge of glory, Amen!





OF PATENTABLE SUBJECTS

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LORD THOMAS and FAIR ANNETT.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

LORD Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill ;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill :
“ A' ! I will nevir wed a wife
“ Against my ain friends will.”

“ Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
“ A wife wull neir wed yee.”
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee :

O rede, O rede, mither he says,
A gude rede gie to mee :
O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet be ?

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

" The nut-browne bride hæes gowd and gear,

" Fair Annet she has gat nane ;

" And the little beauty fair Annet has,

" O it wull soon be gane ! "

And he has till his brother gane :

Now, brother, rede ye mee ;

A' fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,

And let fair Annet bee ?

" The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,

" The nut-browne bride has kye ;

" I wad hæe ye marrie the nut-browne bride,

" And cast fair Annet bye."

" Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,

" And her kye into the byre ;

" And I fall hæe nothing to my sell,

" Bot a fat fadge by the fyre."

And he has till his sister gane :

Now, sister, rede ye me ;

O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,

And set fair Annet free ?

" Ife rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,

" And let the browne bride alane ;

" Lest ye sould figh and say, Alace !

" What is this we brought hame ? "

" No,

" No, I will take my mithers counsel,
" And marrie me pwt o' hand;
" And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
" Fair Annet may leive the land."

Up then rose fair Annet's father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet he says,
Put on your filken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.

" My maidens, gae to my dressing roome,
" And drefs to me my hair,
" Whair-eir ye laid a plate before,
" See ye lay ten times mair.

" My maids, gae to my dressing roome,
" And drefs to me my smock;
" The one half is o' the holland fine,
" The other o' needle-work."

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' filler he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

Four and twanty filler bells
 Wer a' tyed till his mane,
 And, 'at ae' tift o' the norland wind,
 They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knights
 Rade by fair Annets side,
 And four and twanty fair ladies,
 As gin she had bin a bride,

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
 She sat on Maries stean;
 The cleading that fair Annet had on
 It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
 She shimmer'd like the sun;
 The belt that was about her waift,
 Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
 And her een they were fae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clean forgot the bride,
 When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
 And he gave it kisses three,
 And, reaching it by the nut-browne bride,
 Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite;
And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee fae white?

" O I did get ' that' rose-water,
" Whair ye wull neir get nane,
" For I did get that very rose-water,
" Into my mithers wame."

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she nevir spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was fae sharp,
That was fae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-brown bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
Now stay, my dear, he cry'd;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord

THE LADIES LIBRARY;

Lord Thomas was buried without the kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thait grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right well,
They were twa lovers deare.

F I N I S.



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